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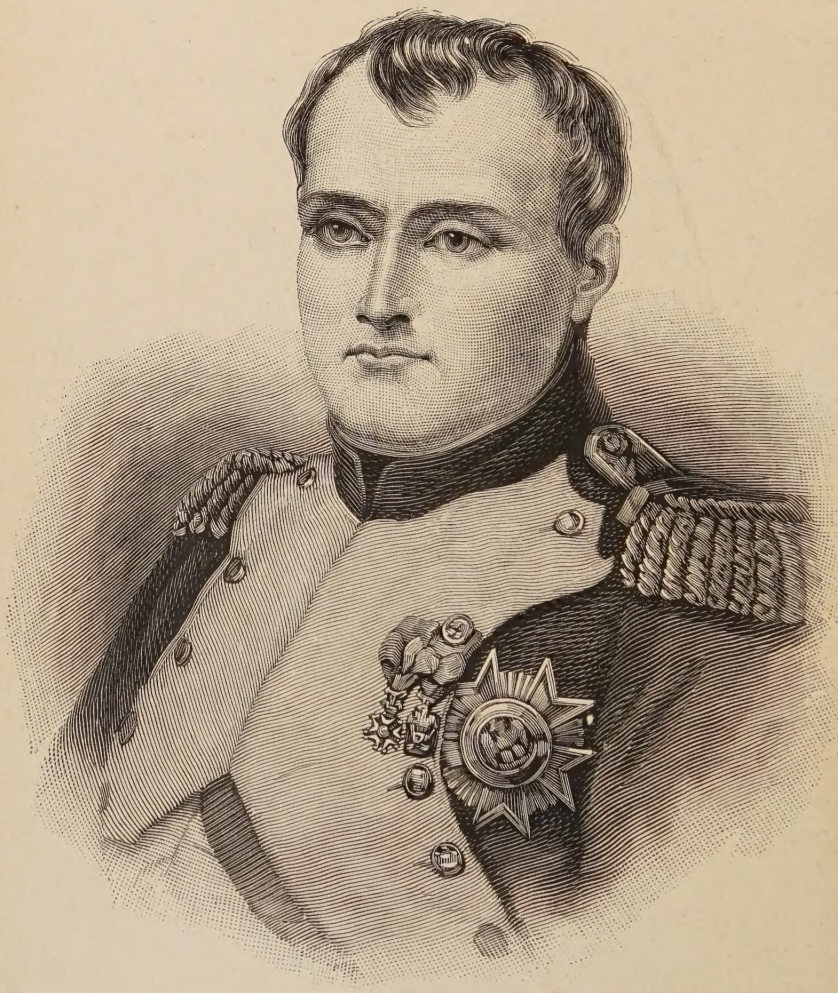

NAPOLEON.

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY

JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE," ETC.

AND A WORD PAINTING OF THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO,

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY.

TOGETHER WITH A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF

NAPOLEON'S PARTING WITH JOSEPHINE,

BY

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT,

AND

THE DIARY OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, DURING NAPOLEON'S PASSAGE TO ST. HELENA,

AND

A COPY OF NAPOLEON'S WILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE peculiar advantages of position, in regard to his present subject, so long enjoyed by M. de Bourrienne, from his official situation, his literary accomplishments and moral qualifications, have already obtained for these "Memoirs" the first rank of authenticity in contemporary history. In France, where they had for years been expected with anxiety, and where, since the Revolution, no work, connected with that period, or its consequent events, has created so great a sensation, the volumes of Bourrienne have, from the first, been accepted as the only trustworthy exhibition of the private life and political principles of Napoleon.

For six-and-twenty years, from his childhood upwards, the intimate relations of the historian with the master spirit of his narrative, were such as necessarily opened up an insight into character and motives, occasioned disclosures, and prepared revelations, which the world neither looked for, nor would have received without hesitation, save from the early companion and confidential secretary, united in the original author of the volumes now presented to the English reader. During this period of unrestrained intercourse, not only occurred many of the most important acts in that astonishing career which Bourrienne, with such exclusive advantages, has undertaken to describe, but also were determined the grand lines of future policy. The present work, therefore, while it displays, under aspects hitherto concealed from observation, a lively portraiture of the presiding genius, will be found minutely to unfold many, and to supply a key to most, of those gigantic schemes which agitated France and affected Europe.

The station which Bourrienne so long held near him who had only to will "where to choose," will probably be admitted as sufficient evidence of no common capabilities nor ordinary attainments. But in the narrator, who describes important transactions as an eye-witness and original authority, other qualities are demanded, to which those of

literature or mere talent are secondary. In the present case, especially, where so many living influences still mingle with our reminiscences of the past, moral accomplishments are equally indispensable and invaluable. The merits of M. de Bourrienne are here of the highest order, and such as conciliate not less respect than confidence.

A regard for truth has been by him held superior to all other considerations. By a period of publication remote in time, and when the hands that might have rewarded or punished are forever powerless, he has labored to obviate even the possible imputation that interested motives have given a coloring to his narrative. Removing still farther from the influence of whatever fear or temptation may yet exist, he has sought security and retirement in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Under the protection of a tried friend, the Duchess de Brancas, he there drew up, in the course of this and the preceding year, the memoirs composing the following volumes. The manuscripts, transmitted from the chateau of Fontaine-Leveque to Paris, were published successively; the holographs of original documents, and the autographs of many of the potentates of Europe, being placed for verification in the hands of the publishers.

The reader will also observe, that these "Memiors" do not belong to the class of books which pass by the name of Reminiscences: the volumes have been arranged from copious materials and notes, collected or written while the events were passing. Thus, with every improvement of mature thought, the work possesses all the liveliness and vigor of first impressions. A conversation was no sooner ended, a fact no sooner determined, than it was registered in the private journals of Bourrienne, who, from the first, on becoming an actor in events which he foresaw would belong to history, watched and recorded all with laudable diligence.

Bourrienne, though privy to many very questionable transactions—frequently, indeed, the writer of instructions for conducting them—never once became so implicated, that his personal reputation could suffer by declaring, or his vanity be concerned by concealing or distorting, the truth. Thus, with all the secret and intimate knowledge of a partisan, there exists no possible reason why he should write as an apologist.

Predilections, however, do occur in the work; but these—to be respected in their objects, at least—are seldom, if ever, carried to an ungracious length; while an honest exposition of facts always supplies materials for an independent opinion. These little partialities, therefore, it may prove useful to the reader to be previously made aware of.

Though candidly and correctly estimating the actions of Napoleon, and his claims to fame, considered in themselves, Bourrienne shows himself jealously alive to these pretensions, as they can be connected with the honor and glory of France.

Yet do these very pages bear witness, that the glory of Napoleon is but a wild vision—a blood-stained phantom, predominating, indeed, in the imagination, but wherein the heart can have no share, save to mourn the laceration of its holiest ties. Of all those agents in mighty events whom history will designate under the name of great, Bonaparte will assuredly be pronounced, by an impartial and distant posterity, to have among the fewest pretensions to intrinsic or personal greatness. His grandeur was that of position alone; and not only so, but of circumstances, in the creation or even guidance of which, in the first instance, the energies of his own spirit, or the perspicacity of his own foresight, held no control. His rise was prepared by events; and the manner in which he turned these to advantage furnishes no example of ennobling emulation, nor supplies one lesson of which human nature can be proud. His connection with the fortunes of thirty millions of men, whose generous confidence he abused, whose best hopes he deluded, and whose thraldom he achieved, through the weakness of the worthless, and the supineness of the good, will give to his name its immortality.

Napoleon's public character was entirely factitious, and, in all transactions, his grand instrument was artifice. Even his ambition, uniformly selfish and heartless, maturing its purposes and attaining its aims by elaborated contrivance, resembled more the artificial passion of a little mind, than the mistaken virtue of a lofty soul. With him, even virtuous actions rarely displayed the impulse of a native benevolence; they appeared rather as the calculated result of an experience, that mankind are most effectually deceived into evil by the semblance of good. In private, and while with no object immediately in view, Bonaparte is found habitually giving way to vulgar excitement and unbecoming passion, unrestrained by the conventional decorum of polished life—withheld still less by the steady dignity of fixed principle. Both in good and evil, in hostilities as in friendships, we discover the workings of an ill-regulated and capricious mind, upon an impatient temperament—often, too, the operation of the meanest motives.

Forgetting the man and the ruler whom he has thus delineated, Bourrienne, in speaking of Napoleon the military leader, often remembers only the victorious chief, whose splendid, though delusive tri-

umphs, have added to the glory of France. Under the influence of such feelings, England's achievements in arms, and the spirit of her policy, are naturally enough viewed with the prejudices incurred by her as the grand mover of that opposition which withstood, and of the reverse which finally closed, this career. But this is a matter which may be safely left to the decision of the reader, in possession of the facts of Britain's lengthened and single-handed struggle, and of her great adversary's own admissions, as contained in these volumes.

In withstanding the erection of France into a great military, and consequently enslaved and dangerous, community, under a fortunate soldier, the policy of England ought, in consistency, to have met the approbation of our author. For, from the opinions expressed in his own work, her opposition cannot be considered as having been directed against the French people. As soon as they beheld their hopes of a free representative government disappointed, they disavowed all communion of purpose with a self-imposed ruler, and preferred the more peaceful dominion of their ancient sovereigns. The erection of the throne became the signal for recalling its legitimate possessors; and, in so far as the question rested between Bonaparte and the Bourbons, England, in aiding to reinstate the latter in their milder rights, only conferred a benefit long desired, and promoted the earlier accomplishment of the national wish of France.

The ulterior measures of the allied powers, however, as respects the loss of conquest seem most offensive to Bourrienne, who here expresses the sentiment of a majority of France. But the ancient and real territory of the kingdom was held sacred; while she was deprived only of forced accessions, the retaining of which threatened the pacific relations of Europe. With the disparting of defenseless states, the traffickings in human rights, which elsewhere ensued, England cannot be impeached. Her exertions had freed the nations, but her example could not persuade allies to be generous victors. To have recurred to other means, save those of persuasion, would have been injustice to her own people : to their painful sacrifices, in a protracted struggle, the British government owed peace, leaving the odium to remain with others, if peace brought not freedom to all.

The statements of Bourrienne, too, though his political predilections exhibit an opposite bias, will convince every impartial reader of the necessity of those precautions which have been misrepresented as a conspiracy of sovereigns against the liberties of subjects. The meteor which had long shed a portentous glare, had been indeed arrested, and shivered in its flight; but blazing fragments were scat-

tered far and wide, with inflammable materials everywhere at hand. "A band of landless resolutes," and a state of society in France, such as described in these volumes, demanded a strong manifestation among the powers of Europe, decidedly to put an end to the hope of disturbing social order.

The most daring and the ablest spirits in France, perfectly regardless of Bonaparte, were not therefore reconciled to the Restoration, save as an alternative measure. Though with the mass of the nation, they preferred the Bourbons in a choice of masters, they would much rather have been all masters and legislators according to their own notions. But these volumes afford melancholy evidence how miserably incapable the French had shown themselves to establish and conduct a republican government; how injurious to the nation and to others its renewal and its principles were likely to prove. Without reverting to the horrors of the Revolution, the manner in which the republic was overturned exhibits a deplorable instance of the instability which a succession of sudden and violent changes produces in the characters of men. The low intrigues, so minutely described by Bourrienne, the insignificant and unworthy artifices, the ludicrously disproportionate means, which, on the 18th and 19th Brumaire, placed in the hands of a foreign adventurer, a fugitive from his post, the mastery over the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of the human race, would excite our laughter, if ridicule on such a subject were not as hideous, as idiot mirth in the chamber of death. Is, then, the character of the French adverse to the genius of republicanism? or are the principles then acted upon erroneous? The former cause may have operated in this sad failure; but the destructive tendency of the latter is certain, and reads the lesson to our experience. The principles of equality and universal suffrage are, from their very nature, incompatible with a useful, respectable, or steady legislature. Thirty millions of Frenchmen were then not so fully represented, even numerically, as twenty-two millions now are in our own country. But will any one say, that the representative government of Great Britain could be overturned as was that of France? Yet the principle of *representation* is the same; the principle of *election* only differs. Hence the melancholy insecurity of the republican administration, and the steady dignity of the British legislature.

The influence of religion in France during the period properly belonging to these volumes, is another consideration full of moment, as exhibiting the most powerful of all principles of legislation and of human action fearfully misunderstood or misapplied. Bonaparte could estimate

the external usefulness of religion; and the re-edification of the altar is rightly placed among the number of his great actions; but the establishment of its rites was by all regarded as a measure merely political, and the reader will find that our author and France appreciated this sufficiently, or perhaps even too much. What were the consequences? Revolutionary France, which discarded religion, based in crime, had fallen contemptibly: Imperial France existed without religious principle, and terminated with the reign of force. In these volumes appears the most striking evidence on record of the nullity of every other guarantee of moral action, in comparison with that religion which constrains the heart. Bonaparte was surrounded by those who, among their fellows, were admired for lofty character, heroic bravery, love of country, and esteem of honor. Yet these men beheld him stained with the most atrocious of all crimes—cool, contrived, deliberate, and wanton murder—murder committed on a helpless and unsuspecting victim, the descendant of their own kings (for the horrible recital in these pages leaves not a doubt on the manner of the Duke d'Enghien's death). And how acted these pretenders to magnanimity, to republican honesty, to the soldier's honor? Was one voice lifted up—one finger pointed—one single source of gain resigned? No. All quailed, or, meaner still, cringed before the tyrant and murderer, because from his polluted hands were to be dispensed the rewards of their base servility. Happily, to prove the immeasurable superiority of religion over all human substitutes, there still remained in France one practical Christian—the well-known author of the "Genius of Christianity," whose conduct as a man illustrated his principles as an author. He was in full favor; a most brilliant career opened to his honorable ambition; he had been named to a high mission, and had just retired from an audience of leave: two hours after, he learned the murder of the prince; and in two hours—to the certain loss of worldly honors, at the probable peril of life or liberty—his resignation was in the hands of government!

The preceding reflections are inferences forced upon the mind by the perusal of the following work. They are offered here, not more as pointing out the slight predilections of Bourrienne, than as showing, that even his volumes afford the best refutation of certain opinions or prepossessions, which may be entertained by readers in this country. Illusions still hang round the name and actions of Napoleon. The publications which have appeared hitherto, wanted the authority, or were supposed to be deficient in the impartiality necessary to the removal of such illusions. It is in this light that the Translator views his present undertaking as calculated to be of general utility. The authenticity,

the candor, the authority, and the friendly dispositions, even, of the original author, cannot be questioned. We have thus a portraiture of times, of men, and especially of principles, which, while it commands unreserved confidence, if examined candidly, can hardly fail to reconcile the inquirer to the wholesome restraints and attendant blessings of established order, true religion, regular government, and real freedom.

As respects the translation, it will be found to be faithful to the original—a quality of which the Translator has been desirous of giving the fullest assurance by the sanction of his name. This seemed proper, not only in accordance with the principle of avoiding anonymous publication, adopted in the truly valuable work in which these volumes appear, but also, because, by the rejection of numerous repetitions, and a variety of less interesting or more common documents, in order to bring the work within general reach, some change has been made on the bulk, though, it will be found, none on the value of the original. On this subject, the reader will bear in mind, that the original, which is in ten volumes, is widely printed, and with large type; while the author's anxiety to establish facts has frequently induced him to recur to them nearly in the same words. In the translation, on the other hand, the author's individual reflections and opinions, but not his narrative, have occasionally been condensed, not by omission, but by a brevity of expression, of which, as is well known, the English, as compared with the French language, is peculiarly susceptible. In all important respects, however, the translation is a full and complete version. Especial attention has been paid to the rendering, word for word, of every conversation or document emanting directly from Bonaparte. Some value, too, may perhaps be attached to the circumstance that the Translator, from former studies and researches, begun with views long since laid aside, has enjoyed means of verifying many of the statements in the original. An Appendix has been added, which, it is believed, will prove useful. And, on the whole, it is hoped, that, even in a translation, no careless appearance has been made before the public, on a subject of such deep and general interest.

J. S. M.

July, 1830.

MEMOIR OF M. DE BOURRIENNE.

THE varied and momentous interests of his immediate subject have, in the following "Memoirs," most properly engrossed the thoughts of the author, to the almost entire exclusion of merely personal details. Perhaps no biographer has less paraded himself on the same stage with the great actors of his history, while few have enjoyed so many opportunities of self-display as Bourrienne. Among all the motives, then, which may be assumed to have actuated him in the composition of his work, vanity can hardly be allowed a place. He even apologizes for "sometimes introducing himself in the foreground of the picture;" but it will be found that, on these occasions, he either appears as a witness to the truth of facts previously known, or is obliged to point attention to his own figure among the personages of the principal group, as voucher for what may be at variance with the representations of others, or altogether new. While the reader cannot but approve of this modesty, he may not the less desire to see, collected apart, the leading particulars in the life of one who has contributed so largely to the authentic history of one of the most stupendous eras in the annals of the world. A brief memoir, too, will afford an opportunity of refuting certain absurd calumnies, which, after having been exposed, laughed at, and exploded in France, have, we observe, been imported into this country.

LOUIS-ANTOINE FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE is descended of wealthy and honorable parentage, in the department of the Yonne, province of Burgundy. His native place, Sens, with its venerable cathedral, and Napoleon's own "beautiful valley" in the background, the writer recalls with pleasure, as one of the most magnificent landscapes of which even "sunny France" can boast. In this city was born the future historian of "the man of thousand thrones," only a few weeks before his hero, on the 9th of July, 1769, the younger son, and by a second marriage, of M. de Bourrienne, *rentier*, who died in September of the same year.

The respectability of the family sufficiently appears from the station the surviving members held within the period of these "Memoirs," as also from its ancestral honors. In the house of Madame de Bourrienne,

senior, we find Bonaparte passing the brief stay which he permitted himself on his rapid journeys, and this at a time when, at all seasons exceedingly punctilious in the observance of etiquette, he was more than usually solicitous to maintain the conventional appearances of greatness, because real rank and power were but ill assured, or recently acquired. As victorious Chief of the Army of Italy, however, and afterwards as First Consul, he condescended to visit Bourrienne's mother; and, from information communicated to the writer of this account, by those personally acquainted with the circumstances of the parties, the First Consul of France could not, in Sens, have found society more suitable, or better entitled to receive such marked honor. The reader will also recollect that while young Napoleon was receiving an eleemosynary education, his youthful companion drew his necessary income as a gentleman from his paternal inheritance.

The ancient nobility of Bourrienne's family, also, is proved by letters patent, still extant, and which, in 1777, were remitted to Paris, and placed in the hands of a legal adviser, M. d'Ogny, for the purpose related in the "Memoirs." These letters, granted by Louis XIII., were dated 1640, and in them that monarch makes reference to the "good service," and consequent titles, of Sieur Fauvelet de Villemont, an ancestor of our author by the father's side. The Sieur Fauvelet, during the wars of the League, in 1586, had maintained, at the peril of life and property, various provinces in the Duchy of Burgundy in their fidelity to Henry III. The patent continues to state, that, from the fourteenth century, the representatives of the name had discharged the highest dignities of the magistracy in their native province. Subsequently, the families of Fauvelet and De Bourrienne intermarrying, the name now borne by him descended to the writer of the following "Memoirs."

When little more than seven years of age, our author commenced his studies at Brienne. In the course of ten years, during which he remained at this seminary, young Bourrienne was greatly distinguished, both for talents and application. Of this one instance may suffice: At the close of the session of 1783, the last which Bonaparte passed at Brienne, and in which he carried off the mathematical prize, Bourrienne received no less than *seven* premiums, for the languages and mathematics. A very pleasing anecdote, of one of the most accomplished ladies of regal and imperial France, is connected with this event. In the "Memoirs" it is mentioned, that the Duke of Orleans (father of the reigning king), and Madame de Montesson, being on a visit to the Count de Brienne, attended the public examinations of the Royal Military School. Madame de Montesson had been requested, by the good

fathers, to present the prizes, and to crown the youthful aspirants for academical honors. To this request she acceded; and, when young Fauvelet de Bourrienne's name had been called for the seventh time, turning to his mother, who had come from Sens to be present at the ceremony, Madame de Montesson, with feeling and good taste, said to her, "Madam, my hands are wearied; do you yourself, this time, crown your son."

This incident is associated, also, with a very interesting and romantic fact in the history of Bonaparte, which singularly displays the well-known trait in his character, that seemed to lead him eagerly to seek out opportunities of requiting favors conferred upon his youth, when the acknowledgment did not interfere with his riper glory. Madame de Montesson was privately married to the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of the *late* Duke, who is now King of France. To this union Louis XVI. had consented, on condition that it should be kept secret till the birth of a child. Madame de Montesson was, therefore, received at court by Louis, who publicly addressed her by the title of "Cousin." From this period, the Hôtel de Montesson became the resort of all the most elegant and noble in the most polished society of Europe. How heavily the sadness of the Revolution came over the happiness of France, the reader is well aware; and if, in the higher circles, it sometimes fell upon hollow refinement merely, or worthless imbecility, it struck, in Madame de Montesson, a victim whose talents, demeanor, and amenity of character, had such qualities been more common, would have saved the kingdom, and the race of Bourbon, from crime, contempt, and misfortune. It is pleasing to know, that, in such a case, the individual evils were not of long duration. Shortly after Bonaparte attained to the Consulate, he sent, requesting to see Madame de Montesson. The moment she arrived, he addressed her—"Madam, ask of me whatever I can grant, capable of affording you pleasure."—"But, General, I have no claim on the services you would now render."—"Have you then forgotten, madam, that from you I received my earliest honors? At Brienne, you placed upon my head the first laurel—precursor of some others. 'May this,' said you, 'young man, be a happy omen of success, and an encouragement to perseverance.' I am, it is said, a fatalist; thus, madam, nothing can be more simple, than that I should not have forgotten what has escaped your recollection: I long to requite the service. The tone of good society is almost lost in France; with you we shall yet recover it. I have need of some traditions; do you give them to my wife. When a distinguished stranger arrives in Paris, by an invitation to your fêtes, send him away with the impression, that in

no other capital can he find more gracefulness and refinement." The Consul immediately restored the pension of 160,000 francs (£6,666, 13s. 4d.), which the duke, her husband, had settled upon her, previous to the Revolution; and, both under the Consulate and Empire, Madame de Montesson enjoyed great influence.

On leaving the academy at Brienne, nearly four years after the events above related, Bourrienne, now in his eighteenth year, passed some months in the neighborhood of Châtillon, at the residence of the Marquis d'Argenteuil, who had conceived a regard for the young student. The remainder of the same year, 1787, he spent at Mentz, occupied in practical preparation for the artillery service. On the disappointment of these hopes—a temporary obstacle, which neither the sufferer, nor especially the reader, has cause to regret; for Bourrienne, both by acquirements and disposition, appears, evidently, to have been better fitted for a civil than for a military career—he returned to Sens. With the anxiety natural to an enterprising mind, Bourrienne longed to be employed, and applied to his protector, the Marquis d'Argenteuil, who recommended diplomacy, and presented him with strong recommendations to M. de Montmorin, then minister for foreign affairs.

With these credentials, our youthful diplomatist repaired to the French capital early in 1789, received a letter from the Minister to the Duke de Noailles, ambassador at the Austrian court, and soon after departed for Vienna. Here he remained two months, in the capacity of *attaché* to the embassy, and had the honor of being twice introduced to the Emperor Joseph, by the nobleness of whose manners and amiable dispositions he appears to have been deeply and lastingly impressed. After receiving some general instructions on diplomacy, Bourrienne, by advice of the ambassador, entered the University of Leipsic. Here he remained nearly two years, and left, in that celebrated seminary, a name not yet forgotten. Many years afterwards, we find La Sahla making confession of his mysterious attempt on the life of Napoleon to our author alone, whom he had selected for this confidence, on account of his still remembered fame at Leipsic, and reputation throughout Germany. While the writer of the present memoir was surveying the battlefield of Leipsic from the tower of the college observatory, the attendant remarked, "that one of their cleverest lads," for such is the nearest version of his words, "long ago, had lived with Napoleon, and was to write his life, and, he supposed, would particularly describe the battle of Leipsic." This excited farther inquiries; and a member of the university afterwards said to the narrator—"Our Sacristan is so

far correct, that he refers to M. de Bourrienne, who, though considerably before my time, was one of our most distinguished students; and, partly as such, partly from matrimonial connections, and, especially, on account of his excellent conduct as imperial minister in Hamburg, is still known amongst us." It will be remarked, too, that, in the best German works on the subject of Napoleon, Bourrienne is named with respect, and the greatest importance attached to his expected revelations.

Having finished his studies, Bourrienne prepared to leave Leipsic. Of these studies, the chief objects had been international law, and a practical acquaintance with the German and English languages—acquirements wherein his superiority is admitted and praised by friend and foe — by Fouché, Savary, Bonaparte himself—by every one, in short, who has written minutely on the men and times. The aspect of things in France, however, uniting with a laudable desire of seeing a little more of the world, induced him, instead of hastening home, when he left the university, to make a tour through Prussia and Poland. In the capital of the latter country he passed a portion of the winter of 1791–2. His residence at Warsaw was rendered equally agreeable and advantageous to him as a young man entering the world, through the friendship of the Princess Tyszciwiez, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, and sister of the brave Poniatowski. The Princess, highly accomplished herself, and attached to the literature and language of France, condescended to receive, with peculiar favor, a young Frenchman, recommended by honorable introductions, and, more effectively, to one of her tastes, by his own highly cultivated mind. Through the same kind patroness, our author became known to her royal uncle, in a circle whose limited numbers permitted an approach to intimacy. The King delighted to hear the *Moniteur* read by Bourrienne, who has left on record that the manly loyalty breathed in the speeches of the Girondist deputies, was especially pleasing to Stanislaus.

At Warsaw, Bourrienne first appeared in the character of an author. He had translated, for his private amusement or improvement, Kotzebue's play of "Menschen-hass und Reüe," or "Misanthropy and Repentance," to which he had given the title of "The Unknown." This is the same piece so popular on the English stage under the name of "The Stranger." With this drama the Princess was so pleased, that she requested to have it printed at Warsaw, at her own expense. The work was published in Paris by Dessay, and is noticed by the *Journal de France* in one of the July numbers for 1792. This translation Bourrienne afterwards gave to Bonaparte to read, while

they were together in Italy. The Commander-in-chief was much pleased with his secretary's version. About the commencement of the Consulate, another translation was brought out at one of the theaters. The first night of the representation, Bonaparte, on entering the cabinet, said, "Bourrienne, they have robbed you."—"Me, General! how?"—"You are robbed, I tell you; your piece is played at the theater—you must interdict the representation." Every night the First Consul went to see the performance, and every night returned with the same advice; being with difficulty convinced, that foreign works were the property of any one who translated them. Bonaparte afterwards prevailed on Bourrienne to undertake a translation of "Werther's Leiden," or "The Sorrows of Werther," of which trashy production, with its wretched affectation, false sentiment, and worse morality, he was passionately fond—another proof how little good taste had fallen to Napoleon's lot. This translation, however, never advanced beyond one letter, real business preventing all indulgence in fiction. These translations, with numerous official and political papers, bound the literary exertions of our author, till the appearance of his long expected "Memoirs."

Departing from Warsaw early in the spring, Bourrienne reached Vienna on the 26th of March, the day before the death of the Emperor Leopold II.—whose corpse he twice saw, and thence positively contradicts his having died by poison. Traversing Austria and Germany, he returned to Paris in April, 1792, and there found his friend of the Military College as affectionate, but still poorer than himself. After five months spent idly in the capital, as described in the "Memoirs," the youthful companions were again separated, by Bourrienne's appointment to the embassy at Stuttgard. This situation he owed to his former interest, but retained it little more than seven months, the revolutionary excesses of 1792-3 having put the finishing stroke to all the respectability and security that yet remained in the social system of France. Dreading the effects of a storm which had fallen upon, or removed, his former supporters, Bourrienne, instead of throwing himself within its influence, resolved to watch the progress of events from a distance, though he thus incurred the penalties of contumacy, or, in the language of the period, of emigration. Thus passed rather more than two years, from March, 1793, when he was recalled by the mandate of the Convention, which he disobeyed, to May, 1795, when the comparatively mild government of the *representatives* encouraged his return to France, though he knew his name to be inscribed among the emigrants. During this interval, he married the lady to whom the

reader of her husband's "Memoirs" is indebted for the graphic description of Bonaparte's early character and habits.

Madame de Bourrienne belonged to a family which resided near Leipsic. Her father is understood to have been formerly professor of law in that university; and, probably, an attachment, commenced while at college, not a little contributed to Bourrienne's resolution of expatriation, which, however, prudence also would have dictated. Be this as it may, intimacy with Josephine is a certain proof of elegance of manners, while the literary accomplishments of Madame de Bourrienne are too generally known to admit of question. Our author mentions a shawl sent by him from Egypt: it may not be inappropriate to quote here on this subject, from the work of a lady, who is not without claims to relationship with the blood of the Bourbons, though a favorite member of the consular and imperial court, the postscript of a letter from Josephine to Eugene, then absent on the Egyptian expedition:—"I have received the shawls. They may be very fine and very dear, but they appear to me most ugly. Their great recommendation is their lightness. I doubt whether the fashion takes. No matter; say they gratify me much, for they are extraordinary and warm." "Madame Bonaparte," continues our authority, "had received two cashmeres sent by her husband. Mesdames Bourrienne, Hamelin, and Visconti, had also shawls. These ladies at first wore them only because the dress was strange, for we all thought it frightful and not to be adopted. However, from that time they became the universal rage; and truly unfortunate was the *élégante* who could not procure one of these *ugly* shawls." This quotation shows sufficiently the position occupied by Madame de Bourrienne in Parisian society, and that, too, long before the situation of her husband, as confidential secretary of the First Consul, had bestowed an adventitious but powerful influence over its opinions.

After a short residence in Paris, during which, as we find from original documents, the most perfect confidence and friendship were renewed between Bonaparte and Bourrienne, the latter retired to Sens, where he became a father—his wife having been urged by his mother to increase the mutual joy, and secure affectionate attendance on that occasion, by quitting Paris. In the bosom of his family, residing on his own property, our author passed the summer in probably as much happiness as a suspicious and insecure government permitted. This state of tranquillity, indeed, appears to have excited the longing desire of his friend, to whom a little property in the Vale of the Yonne then bounded an ambition, more rational by far, but apparently less easy of

attainment, than kingdoms afterwards became. Meanwhile, the first step in the march of aggrandizement had at last been effected by the result of the famous 5th October, 1795, the day of the Sections. In November following, Bourrienne returned to Paris, where he remained during the winter, till arrested in the month of February, and placed in peril of his life as a returned emigrant.

Known for a man of some property, and as having been employed under the system which had been overturned, Bourrienne presented a fair mark to the satellites of a government, suspicious from consciousness of insecurity, and grasping from its necessities. His arrest, therefore, placed his life in danger, and the precautions against evasion were long and vexatiously continued. From the worst consequences of such a situation, the interference of General Bonaparte unquestionably saved him; though Madame seems little disposed to give credit to the latter for efficient interposition. Escaping thus with banishment from the capital, and subsequently occupied in literary avocations, our author had begun to recover comparative tranquillity, when the friendly summons of his old companion invited him to share in the cares and triumphs so ably described in the following volumes. From the spring of 1796, when he joined the youthful chief of the Army of Italy, till 1803, the historian of the commander of the army of invasion, of the leader in Egypt and Syria, of the agitator on the 18th Brumaire, and, finally, of the First Consul, necessarily becomes also his own biographer. Thenceforward, for many years, the incidents of his own life merge in the grand and surprising events of his narrative. Of this period, the most wonderful, and, on the whole, the most interesting and praiseworthy in the career of his hero, he has put forth a relation whose authority cannot be questioned, and its merits hardly equaled.

The separation which ensued towards the close of 1802 constitutes an important era in the life of Bourrienne, and supplies a proper pause, not to refute—for, when explained, they carry their own refutation along with them—but to make the reader acquainted with certain calumnies attaching to the portion of his life just referred to, invented originally for temporary purposes of political or personal malice, and which have been revived, in the evident intention of shaking confidence in the impartiality, if not trustworthiness, of his history.

The misrepresentation which affects Bourrienne's earliest years is comparatively of recent manufacture—to wit, that he has no right to his own name! This, it is alleged, was really some obscure appellation (*Charbonelle* is fixed upon), which, on the outbreaking of the Revolution, he had sense enough to exchange for one already known to his country-

men, as a preliminary step to obtaining notoriety. This absurdity is at once answered by the preceding statements in this memoir. These, again, are supported by reference to the records of the municipality of Sens, or the register of the college of Brienne—a document still extant, though the seminary is destroyed, and in the possession of one both able and willing to use it against an impartial historian of Bonaparte. This invention, however, involves so many contradictions that it need hardly be seriously combated: it cannot be denied that he was employed by the King as Bourrienne before the Revolution occurred; consequently, had the change been made, it must have taken place prior to any operation of the alleged motive. But neither could this alleged motive exist; for, to every one conversant with the history of the French Revolution, it is well known that an illustrious name exposed the bearer only to insult and danger and loss—even to death itself—but never could promote its owner to a share in the criminal advantages of that dark catastrophe. But lastly, it is not denied that, as Bourrienne, he witnessed or partook in the events which he has described, or that he was the early friend and confidential secretary of Bonaparte. Even were the assertion that he changed his name true, therefore—as it is false—this could not affect the "Memoirs of Napoleon."

Coming later down, we find an attempt made to establish an understanding between him and the worst actors in the Revolution and Convention. The whole accusation, however, falls to the ground when we discover it to be based upon nothing but the *presumption* that Bourrienne entered France by procuring his erasure from the list of emigrants, through correspondence with those by whom that list had been inscribed in blood. Now, the reverse of this is the truth; like many others, he returned at his own peril, on the first appearance of something like settled government. Not only was he not erased, in 1795, by the men of the Convention, but in consequence of his name remaining in the fatal list, he had nearly suffered death under their successors in the Directory. Finally, the erasure was not obtained till 1797, and then not easily, even with all the influence and at the repeated instances of Bonaparte.

An imputation growing out of the preceding, rather than a distinct charge, is, that Bourrienne, after resigning the secretariat to the Legation at Stuttgard, was arrested at Leipsic, by order of the Elector of Saxony, and detained in confinement for ten weeks, as a *terrorist*. This imprisonment is ascribed to his intimacy with an agent of the French Republic, which excited the suspicions of the emigrant royalists and alarmed the local authorities. To this, the translator merely

replies, that, though not improbable, considering the disturbed state of Germany, and the aversion with which Frenchmen were viewed throughout the Continent, he finds the assertion supported by no credible authority. This, and the preceding accusation, are obviously inconsistent with each other, and, in truth, highly honorable to Bourrienne; for how could the same individual be treated abroad as an agent of the revolutionists, and at home imprisoned, and his life endangered, as a returned emigrant, save that he was actually connected with neither party?

Bourrienne has been farther accused of having intruded himself as an adventurer upon the Commander-in-chief of the Italian army, and of showing himself subsequently ungrateful to the memory of the man who rescued him from persecution, and placed him in a confidential situation near his own person. This is true in neither respect. From the first letter in the correspondence, 1796, inviting the future secretary to join the army, it certainly appears that Bourrienne had previously written to Bonaparte—a circumstance by no means singular, since they had so long corresponded—but that document by no means implies prior solicitation for employment. On the contrary, we remark that a delay took place on the part of Bourrienne, and that Marmont's letters, by order of his general, became more and more urgent, as the army approached the Austrian territories; that is, in proportion as its leader experienced greater necessity of having a confidential functionary skilled in the German language. As to gratitude, Bourrienne speaks with deep feeling of the services rendered, by the Consul, in rescuing him from the effects of imputed emigration; but if the word imply sacrifice of fidelity in public history to a sense of private obligation, the accusation of having failed to make that sacrifice is an honor.

At a still more interesting period of his life, we come to the heaviest of all the charges against our author. The dismissal of Bourrienne from the service of the First Consul is to be attributed, say the enemies of the former, not to the causes which he has assigned, but to certain fraudulent transactions of his own; and this it is, which has tinged with jaundiced coloring all the representations in the "Memoirs." Some refer the cause of the rupture to a clandestine speculation in corn, in which Lucien also was implicated; others, to tampering in the funds, the secretary making nefarious use of the secret information obtained through his official situation.

The former of these imputations amounts to this: Lucien, Minister of the Interior, and Bourrienne, confidential secretary, united their *information* and *influence,* clandestinely and unlawfully, to introduce

from France, by way of Hamburg, into Great Britain, vast quantities of grain, greatly to the detriment of the public service, and no less to their own particular profit. The First Consul coming to the knowledge of this fact, would certainly have capitally convicted the secretary, had it not been for the Minister; he therefore banished the latter on an embassy to Spain, and dismissed the former from his presence and cabinet. Such is the statement, the truth of which is to be examined. In 1802, a traffic of the sort, to say the least, is most improbable; and, farther, the combination of the alleged agents is impossible. During that year, indeed, and the preceding, a scarcity prevailed in England. The consequent distress, however, fell with equal severity upon France, Spain, and Italy. Germany and Poland suffered less; but the supplies brought from these countries by the English ministry, required no intermediate agency—especially no French agency; for Hamburg, a free port, and the ports on the Baltic, were much more accessible to us than to France. Besides, Lucien Bonaparte ceased to be Minister of the Interior in 1800, and, almost immediately after, set out on his Spanish embassy, which, though a most lucrative mission, was certainly a banishment disguised. The real cause of that disgrace has, for the first time, been fully explained in the graphic history of the famous "Parallel," contained in these volumes. That pamphlet made its appearance about the 20th of the preceding December, and, in January, 1801, Lucien was on the road to Madrid. Bourrienne, on the other hand, remained in office, and on a perfectly good understanding with Napoleon, till the end of October, 1802, and was not finally discharged till three weeks later. Between these two dismissals, at the interval of nearly two years, could there possibly be any connection, or could the same cause produce both? Unquestionably not. But this is not all: Some versions of the story add, that Bourrienne was then also sent off. And whither? To Hamburg—the scene of his alleged crime! He was not in that city before 1805. Yet to such absurdities have even respectable publications lent themselves in this country, either from careless inquiry, or because "scandal is sweet." To be dangerous, however, or even amusing, a story like this should be made consistent.

The charge of speculating in the funds, Bourrienne has himself taken up; and, to every candid mind, satisfactorily refuted. At the same time that he avows his connection with the house of Coulon, army contractors, whose bankruptcy produced a great sensation at Paris, in the end of 1802—and which has also been turned to his disadvantage—it is proved that he himself was among the sufferers; and that advancing money to such houses, for an adequate share of the profits, was

not only considered not culpable, but an ordinary method of investing capital.

Thus there exists not the shadow of a reason for doubting the truth of the account of the separation, and its causes, given in these volumes. Our author's statement is farther corroborated by reference to the testimony of Prince Talleyrand, a living witness; by the letter of the excellent Marbois; by Bonaparte's hesitation in rendering the dismissal definite; and the intention, more than once manifested, of recalling his former secretary. This last fact is rendered still more certain by a confidential servant of the Emperor having recently mentioned, accidentally, that the apartments in the Tuileries, occupied by Bourrienne, were kept shut up for a length of time, as if waiting his return, and were never afterwards inhabited, Napoleon retaining them for private receptions.*

Having thus, we trust successfully, combated the malicious and ignorant assertions by which it has been attempted to cast suspicion on the veracity of M. de Bourrienne as an historian, we proceed to the remaining incidents of his life.

During the interval of about two years and a half, from what he terms his disgrace to his appointment, on the 22d March, 1805, to be minister plenipotentiary to the circle of Lower Saxony, Bourrienne, though not officially employed, enjoyed excellent opportunities of observation, in his occasional interviews with Napoleon—in the confidence with which he was honored by Josephine—and his intimacy with old friends who continued in power. His own previous experience, also, contributed to give him a perfect understanding of those occurrences which preceded and accompanied the creation of the empire. Accordingly, his notes on the leading events of this era—the trial of Moreau, Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the secret springs of their pretended conspiracy; on the death of the Duke d'Enghien; the intrigues which conducted to the imperial throne; the sentiments of the French people; the collecting of their votes; and the first acts of the new Emperor—will be read with universal interest. From his arrival in Hamburg, in May, 1805, to his recall, December 8, 1810, Bourrienne constantly

* The same authority, speaking of the consular establishment, observes—"M. de Bourrienne superintended all these agents, and regulated the expenditure. Though very sharp, he knew how to conciliate universal esteem and affection: he was kind, obliging, and, above all, strictly impartial and just. No wonder, then, that, upon his disgrace, the whole household were in affliction. As for myself, I have ever retained a sincere and respectful remembrance of him, and hope, that if among the great he had the misfortune to find enemies, he witnessed among his inferiors only grateful hearts, by whom he was most deeply regretted."

resided there, or at his country house in the neighborhood, overwhelmed, to use his own words, with responsibility and labor. He appears to have fulfilled the arduous duties of his station with fidelity to the Emperor, and with all possible lenity to others. Of the former, his continuance in office, of the latter, numerous autograph letters from the princes of Germany, must be admitted as sufficient proof. To the letters introduced in the body of the work, the following, from the amiable and accomplished Duke of Weimar, the Mecænas of Germany, may be added as peculiarly honorable to our author:—

"Be pleased to accept, with kindness, the assurance of my earnest gratitude for all the instances of friendship which I received from you during my stay in Hamburg, and for the attentions which I experienced in your house. Sir, your personal merit has made a deep impression upon me, and I consider that as one of the happiest days of my life, in which I enjoyed the advantage of conciliating your acquaintance. Permit me to present to Madame de Bourrienne the homage of my respect; and, as I exceedingly desire that the remembrance of me may be preserved in your amiable family, I enclose a diamond, which I beg you to accept, on my part, and to retain, as a pledge of my sincere gratitude, and of my solicitude to retain a place in your regards. It is ever with a sentiment of profound esteem that I have the honor to be, etc. "The Duke of WEIMAR.

"To M. de Bourrienne," etc.

During his six years' residence in Germany—in direct correspondence with the Emperor, daily receiving or transmitting despatches for the army when in the field, corresponding confidentially, and occasionally conversing, with some of its most distinguished commanders—Bourrienne's position for forming a true estimate of the polity of the empire, was more favorable than even a residence at court. Accordingly, his accounts of the campaigns of that period are stamped with intrinsic value: but what he has written in his "Memoirs" on the principles and effects of the imperial policy, is extremely important to the general history of Europe. In truth, the publication of his work has thrown new light upon the taxation, trade, resources, finance and jurisprudence of Imperial France, as well as upon the nature and effects of the Continental System, that "gigantic folly"—subjects before imperfectly known, and, in their consequences, often greatly miscalculated. The result is, that in many of the grand principles of the political economy of governing, Napoleon is shown to have been defi-

cient. We do not except his jurisprudence. As a manual of law and equity, in the abstract, his "Code" is admirable; but the enforcement of it universally, without the slightest adaptation to the peculiar feelings of nations among whom we find so great a diversity as between the Gascons and Westphalians, the Belgians and Piedmontese was a measure unwise and hazardous in the extreme. The science of legislating depends rather upon the application, than the invention, of systems. Here Bourrienne's practical experience in Germany proves Bonaparte's failure.

From the commencement of 1811 till the occupation of Paris by the Russians, Bourrienne held no office: traduced by his enemies, though supported by a few friends, he was kept at a distance, and never gained even admission to Napoleon's presence, although finally the Emperor was forced to do him justice. Davoust first endeavored, by means of the Black Office, to implicate him in a transaction somewhat similar to the corn affair already disposed of. This failing, Bourrienne was next accused of peculation at Hamburg. Upon this he wrote to the Emperor, demanding an inquiry. Of this letter, no notice was taken to the writer; but it seems that the Emperor referred the matter to the minister of police, the Duke of Rovigo (Savary). His report, published in the appendix of Bourrienne's ninth volume, but too long, and otherwise too unimportant for translation, is not only exculpatory, but highly commendatory of our author's conduct, and most severe against Davoust. It appears to have completely established our author's integrity to the Emperor. To this report, even against the statements in the "Memoirs of Rovigo," we refer all those, who still ignorantly or maliciously traduce the writer of these volumes. Bourrienne seems to think, however, that the abiding cause of the Emperor's displeasure was a belief that he had corresponded with the English. This opinion he founds upon the following note, subsequently discovered among the imperial archives:—

"Monsieur Duke de Bassano (Maret), I send you some papers very important, and which concern the Sieur Bourrienne. I request you to draw up for me a *confidential* report touching this affair: keep these papers for yourself alone. The matter demands the utmost secrecy; everything induces me to believe that the above individual has entertained intrigues with London. Bring me the report by Tuesday next. On this, I beseech God to have you in His holy keeping.

"NAPOLEON.

"*At Paris, 25th December*, 1811."

Escape, after such an inquiry and report, is the strongest proof that Bourrienne's own solemn denial of the charge is true; and that Bonaparte was convinced of his innocence appears from the subsequent offer of a dukedom, made to our author on the 29th of December, 1813, as an inducement to undertake a mission to the allies, then on the point of passing the French frontier. The honor was declined, or rather refused; and so terminated all relation between Bourrienne and his ancient friend, and, certainly, benefactor. The mission, though but in gratitude, ought to have been undertaken, hopeless as it might appear.

Upon occasion of the siege of Paris, 30th March, 1814, Bourrienne advocated the surrender of the capital; in April, he was appointed by the Emperor Alexander—not by Talleyrand, as has been reported—postmaster-general, and member of the provisional government. Of this post he was some time after deprived in the comical fashion related by himself, and remained without employment, though not unobservant, till March, 1815, when, on hearing of Bonaparte's landing, Louis XVIII., in his strait, called Bourrienne to the ministry of police. This office he accepted, in circumstances apparently more desperate than those under which he had refused a dukedom. His foresight, however, was just, though it never was rewarded. During the Hundred Days, he first fled to Lille, where he met the king, and, by his majesty's command, afterwards resided as his agent at Hamburg. Returning instantly to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo, he was graciously received; had subsequently some courtesy extended towards him; but excepting his honorable inscription among the ministers of state, and privy councilors, with which his "Memoirs" close, on the 19th September, 1815, he has never held office.

The remaining portion of our author's public life is chiefly occupied with his legislative duties. Elected representative to the Chamber of Deputies, by his native department of the Yonne, in 1815, he has sat in two septennial parliaments. During the former of these, terminating in 1821, he took no very active part in the debates, but regularly voted with the ministry. Though a royalist in principle, he regarded loyalty as existing in a respect of mutual rights, not in abstract sentiment, and had hailed the return of a lawful king as the best and only secure pledge of national freedom. In the disappointment of these hopes, through the measures of the restored government, he deeply sympathized with millions of his countrymen. It is equally evident, that, from an early period, he apprehended some catastrophe, similar to the crisis which has lately produced civil bloodshed, on principles at

best but doubtful—whose present results are but ill assured, and whose distant consequences are yet to be evolved. Indeed, his own volumes, by disclosing the latent sources of the commotion, and the rivalry of party in its remote origin, give ground to suspect that, as it was not produced altogether by the national sentiment, as has been represented, so the change may not prove permanent, while the example is certainly a dangerous one. These principles and these fears may serve to explain why, though in the first parliament voting with government, he was not publicly active in its support, and why, in the second, commencing in 1821, he evinced more decided zeal. His report on the budget for that year attracted considerable attention, and drew upon him no little obloquy. By combating innovation, proposing certain retrenchments, and an increase of some grants for religious purposes, he called forth a bitter attack upon this document, as if it advocated priestcraft, despotism, and the overthrow of liberal institutions. He proceeded, however, though more quietly, in the same course, for constitutionally strengthening the hands of government. That his conduct satisfied his constituents, appears from his third election, in 1827. In these parliamentary duties, however, he had attracted, and wished to attract, little notoriety; and, on the breaking up of the Villele ministry, with whom he had generally voted, he vacated his seat in 1828, or obtained leave of absence, in order to devote himself wholly and in earnest to the work of his "Memoirs."

The whole of the preceding period may be looked upon as in some degree devoted to the composing, or, at least, preparation of these "Memoirs." Bourrienne, amid his official duties as deputy, kept a steady attention on every work of importance on the subject of Napoleon, which issued from the Parisian or foreign press. He read all his predecessors, not, as is sufficiently evident, for the purpose of borrowing their information, but of correcting their errors and supplying their deficiencies. Meanwhile, during this silent preparation, repeated attempts were made, by initials and allusions, to palm upon the world, as proceeding from him, publications of no authority. These, and all such like forgeries, our author felt himself called upon to disown so early as 1815, and from time to time subsequently he renewed the disavowal. In these attestations, inserted in the French and other journals, while he disclaimed the mass of absurdity, folly and falsehood attributed to him, he gave it clearly to be understood, that his pen should one day be wielded in the cause of truth, but that he never had published, nor ever would publish, any work on the acts of Napoleon, till he could do it under more favorable times and circumstances. When

that period should arrive, he promised to establish his authorship so as not to be doubted. The pledge then given he has since redeemed. The actual preparation of the manuscripts for the press commenced in the spring of 1828, when the writer left France for the seat of the Duchess du Brancas, in the Netherlands. Here, in a retreat embellished at once by Nature and by taste, he continued to enjoy the leisure and security requisite for his important task. The first volume appeared on the 15th of March, 1829; and, notwithstanding the delay of transmitting proofs and returning the corrected sheets to Fontaine-Leveque, the whole was completed within the year. This feat of putting through the press ten volumes in ten months, is viewed by the publishers, to judge by a note, with no little self-complacency. On announcing the successive volumes, their doors are reported to have been beset by applicants for copies, as in the instance of Fielding's and the Scotch novels. From the first, the work assumed a station among the most valuable historical annals of France.

The labor of the author, which was merely that of arranging materials long before collected, and in the language of which frequently not a word was to be altered, might seem no very arduous one. The singular fortune, however, of these materials, and their very value, occasioned no inconsiderable difficulty. We are informed in the work itself of the precaution taken by Bourrienne of burying his papers under ground. In this concealment they remained so long, that all of them acquired a brownish tinge, and many, by the fading of the ink, had become nearly illegible. Autographs, too, were to be deciphered, which a considerable interval had rendered less familiar; and it was not without difficulty that the eye of the writer traced even his own notes, committed to paper at the period of the transactions referred to, and not examined till after a lapse of thirty years.

For some time following the publication of his "Memoirs," Bourrienne continued to reside in the Netherlands. But civil strife forced him to leave the asylum opened by friendship for studious ease; and he escaped from the savage excesses of those ignoble madmen, who have run amuck at humanity, and desecrated even the venerable name of freedom. Returning to France, he has since resided chiefly near Sens, only occasionally visiting Paris; and, though some share in hastening the late crisis in that capital is assigned to the disclosures in his last volumes, he has never been mentioned as in the slightest degree personally concerned.

Some time has now been given for supplying the explanations which have been required of statements in the work. The small number,

however, and general insignificancy of these reclamations, furnish in every instance proof of the value, and, in most cases, of the candid spirit, pervading the original. In fact, only one has made any noise—a brochure of Baron de Stein, relative to a confession of the too famous La Sahla, wherein he accused the Baron of having tampered with him for the destruction of Napoleon in 1815. The letter is unnecessarily angry in its tone, since at most the blame of reporting, not of fabricating, is laid to the charge of Bourrienne, who has replied, that he doubted the truth of the confession, as in fact he states, but shall expunge it entirely in next edition. This we think rather too much, than too little concession. What is infinitely more important, with every disposition to cavil, Baron de Stein is constrained to conclude in the following terms:—"*Although I have reason to complain respecting the manner in which I am mentioned in the 'Memoirs' of M. de Bourrienne, I am not the less bound to admit that these contain materials most important and precious to history, especially touching those events which he has witnessed.*" The Baron having likewise applied to Prince Metternich, that statesman, one of the most accomplished in Europe, and who here speaks from personal knowledge, while he denies the statements of La Sahla, continues his letter thus:—"*These are accusations which, while they affect honor, are received by readers, generally credulous, with eagerness as truths. Against such it is ever proper to lodge a protest: and this necessity becomes urgent, when the error is consigned to a work such as that of M. de Bourrienne—a work which bears a character essentially different from the wretched productions of the day.*" Were they required, many other extrinsic testimonials to the value of the work now presented to the English reader might be adduced. But that work speaks for itself.

To conclude: "In these 'Memoirs,'" says their author, "truth, at least, will be found. I entertain no ambition to be taken as a rule, but I insist upon being consulted." No estimate can be more just—no demand more reasonable, than this pronounced and urged by Bourrienne himself. Nor does the public seem inclined to dispute the claim, save, perhaps, in those instances where it has been said that personal feelings have led him to depreciate the character of Napoleon. The preceding statements and remarks have, it is hoped, in a great measure met this objection. But still, if bias be discovered, it exists only in their reflections; the facts of the volumes are honest. Let the latter be consulted, without taking the former as a rule. In urging this supposed defect, it seems to have been altogether overlooked, that Bourrienne has labored more authoritatively, and more successfully, than any other writer has done, or perhaps can now do, to remove im-

puted blemishes, and to give forth that extraordinary character in its fair proportions of good and evil. Truth, indeed, has constrained him to fix indelibly upon Napoleon's memory some sad and fearful deeds—often to tear from him and his followers the illusions of generous bearing or exalted heroism—to show him not infallible in political wisdom; but he has also put away many atrocities, whence had been falsely argued the possession of a mind gratuitously and naturally depraved. On the whole, though the portraiture of Bourrienne exhibits a dark and troubled image, it wears a perfectly human resemblance; if little of the demigod, it shows nothing of the fiend. Moreover, all this is established on the evidence of living and reputable witnesses, official documents, or autograph manuscripts. J. S. M.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

THE following remarks may be useful to the reader. The era of the French Republic corresponds to September 22, 1792. The autumnal equinox at midnight formed the commencement of the year, divided into twelve months, of thirty days. Each month was subdivided into three *decades* of ten days, whose names implied their order in the decade, *primidi*, *duodi*, etc., to *decadi*, the tenth; no Sunday, of course. The day was also divided into ten parts, or hours, reckoning from midnight to midnight. These divisions giving only 360 days to the year, the number was completed by making the last five intercalary days in every year. The last of every Franciade, or period of four, was a sextile, or leap year, a sixth complementary day being added, as in the ordinary method, for the difference between solar and sideral time, so as to preserve the due succession of the seasons. The following table shows the order, meaning of the names, and first day of the revolutionary months:—

Autumn.	Vendemiaire,	Vintage month,	22d September.
	Brumaire,	Foggy month,	23d October.
	Frimaire,	Sleety month,	22d November.
Winter.	Nivose,	Snowy month,	23d December.
	Pluviose,	Rainy month,	21st January.
	Ventose,	Windy month,	20th February.
Spring.	Germinal,	Budding month,	22d March.
	Floreal,	Flower month,	21st April.
	Prairial,	Meadow month,	21st May.
Summer.	Messidor,	Harvest month,	20th June.
	Thermidor,	Hot month,	20th July.
	Fructidor,	Fruit month,	19th August.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—OPPORTUNITIES AND PRINCIPLES OF THE AUTHOR—BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF NAPOLEON—LETTER OF HIS FATHER—STUDIES AT BRIENNE—ANECDOTES OF HIS EARLY CHARACTER.

THE desire of speculating, with an illustrious name as the subject, could alone have given birth to the torrent of publications which have appeared about NAPOLEON. While perusing these works—whether they assume the guise of historical narratives, or secret memoirs; take unto themselves the title of public acts, or private lives—one knows not which more to admire—the audacity of some compilers, or the easy faith of certain readers. These gross and undigested collections of ridiculous anecdotes, and absurd disquisitions—of fictitious crimes and imaginary virtues, heaped together in daring disregard of date or order, instead of being consigned to merited contempt, or speedy oblivion, find, in these our days, speculators ready to turn them to account, and, more wonderful still, obtain zealous partisans—enthusiastic apologists. Once, for a moment, I entertained the thought of exposing the numerous errors which thus abound on my present subject. But the idea was quickly renounced. The task would have proved too laborious in my case, and its results far too tedious for the reader.

Concerning that extraordinary man, whose name alone constituted a power to which we can with difficulty find a parallel, I am about to state all I know—all that I am confident I know well, and in my own belief, more perfectly than any one else—that which I have seen and heard, and on which I have retained copious notes. The intimate relations I enjoyed at all hours, and for so long a period, with the General, the Consul, the Emperor, placed me in a situation to observe and to appreciate whatever was transacted—whatever was even projected—during that space. Not only was I admitted to unreserved confidence, while so many important events were planned, and their issues decided, but every day, notwithstanding the indispensable labor of almost continual occupation in those very affairs I now narrate, I found means to employ the brief leisure left me, in amassing the important documents exclusively in my possession; in taking notes; in registering for history the truth of facts so difficult to ascertain; and, above all, in preserving those profound, brilliant, pointed, and almost always re-

markable sayings which burst from the ardent mind of Bonaparte during the unrestrained flow of unstudied converse.

If, then, it be asked, why should we repose more confidence in yo than in others who have written before you? my answer is a plain one I enter upon my task now, at the eleventh hour; I have read ALL tha my predecessors have published; I have an inward consciousness tha all I state is true; I have no interest in deceiving—no disgrace to fear—no reward to expect; I have no desire either to obscure or to embellish the glory of Napoleon. I speak of him, such as I have seen, known, often admired, sometimes blamed him: in every circumstance, I relate what I have witnessed, heard, written, thought. I allow myself to be swayed by no illusions of imagination—neither by love nor by hatred. I shall not insert even a reflection which did not arise on the occurrence of the event that called it forth. Alas! how much awaits me to disclose, alien to my character, feelings and principles, over which I can but grieve!

The assurance, also, that my intention always was to write and publish these Memoirs, ought to conciliate confidence; since, at the same time, I ever adhered to an unalterable resolution not to give them to the world, until it should be possible for me to speak the truth—the whole truth. For this reason, while Napoleon reigned in the plenitude of power, I withstood his pressing commands, and the entreaties of the greatest personages of the times. Truth would then sometimes have seemed flattery, and not unfrequently, too, there would have been danger in its avowal. When, at a later period, the progress of events had relegated Bonaparte to a distant isle of the ocean, other considerations imposed upon me silence—consideration of propriety and of feeling. When death had removed these, other causes retarded the accomplishment of my design. The tranquillity of a retreat was requisite, to enable me to collect, compare and arrange the voluminous materials at my disposal. I had need, also, of a long course of reading, in order to rectify important errors, accredited by some writers, through deficiency of authentic documents. The wished-for repose I have now found.

Finally, it is not the entire life of Napoleon that I write. The reader, therefore, ought not to expect to find in these Memoirs the uninterrupted series of his battles and his sixty victories. I shall speak but seldom of those events which I have not witnessed, of what I have not heard, or of any fact unsupported by official documents. Let every one do as much. To proceed:—

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th

of August, 1769. The name had formerly been written *Buonaparte;* but, during his first campaign in Italy, he dropped the *u*. In this change, he had no other motives than to assimilate the orthography to the pronunciation, and to abbreviate his signature. Some pretend that he gave himself out for a year younger than his real age, having been born in 1768. For this assertion there is no ground. To me, he always represented the 15th August, 1769, as his birthday; and, as I first saw the light on the 9th July of the same year, we loved to find, while at the Military School of Brienne, in this fortuitous concurrence of dates, an additional reason for our union and our friendship. The following extract from the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the college, supports my reply to the above causeless supposition :—

"Napoleon Buonaparte entered the Royal Military School of Brienne-le-Château, at the age of nine years, eight months, and four days. He remained there five years, five months, twenty-seven days, and removed, at the age of fifteen years, two months, two days, to enter the Military Academy of Paris, as appears from the register of the King's scholars, thus:—'17th October, 1784, Passed from the Royal Military School of Brienne, M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, *Gentleman*, born in the city of Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, 15th August, 1769, son of Charles-Marie de Buonaparte, *Noble*, Deputy of the Nobles of Corsica, inhabitant of the city of Ajaccio, and of Dame Lætitia Ramolyno, his wife, according to the certificate transcribed into the register of matriculation here, folio 31. He was received into this establishment 23d April, 1779.'"

This document, while it removes all doubts regarding Bonaparte's true age, also discredits those false aspersions which have been disseminated, touching the lowness of his extraction. His family certainly possessed no fortune: so far, remarks on this subject have been just. Not only was Bonaparte educated at the expense of the state—a royal benevolence extended to many youths of honorable parentage—but we likewise perceive, from the following petition, presented by his father to M. de Segur, then minister at war, what circumstances obliged him again to solicit the same bounty in favor of one of Napoleon's brothers:

"My Lord:—Charles Buonaparte, of Ajaccio, in Corsica, reduced to indigence by an attempt to drain the salt marshes, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, who deprived him of the estate of Odonne, which had devolved to him, and which is now attached to the fund for public instruction, has the honor to inform you that his younger son has

attended, during six years, at the Royal Military School at Brienne, and has always comported himself in a distinguished manner, as you may easily know, my lord, by referring to his certificates: that, according to the advice of M. le Comte Marbœuf, he has directed his studies to the naval service. His success has been such, that he was destined, by M. de Keralio, for the school at Paris, and afterwards for the department of Toulon. The resignation of the former inspector, my lord, has changed the prospects of my son, who has now no longer any classes at college, except the mathematical, and is at the head of his division, with the suffrage of all his masters. The petitioner has boarded his third son at the same college of Brienne, in order that he may succeed to his brother's place. He has the honor to inclose the professor's certificate, and the extract of baptism, supplicating you, my lord, on giving a commission to his second son, to admit, as King's scholar, his third son, now nine years old, and supported at the expense of the petitioner, who has no longer the means of paying his salary and board. You cannot, my lord, perform an act of greater charity, than by thus assisting a family who find themselves without means, who have always faithfully served the King, and who will redouble their efforts for the good of the service.

"And the petitioner, etc., etc. BUONAPARTE."

The minister has written on the top of this letter, "Return the usual answer, if a vacancy." On the margin is to be read, "This gentleman has been informed that his request cannot be granted while his second son shall be at the Military School of Brienne; two brothers not being admitted King's scholars at the same time in the military colleges."

At this era, the young Napoleon had not yet completed his fourteenth year. His father petitioned that he might be placed, as probably were all the youthful pensioners of from fourteen to sixteen years of age, who could command a slight degree of interest and favor—that is to say, as sub-lieutenant in a regiment. When Napoleon had attained the age of fifteen, he was sent to Paris till the proper period for entering the army. It appears that Lucien was not immediately named King's scholar; at least, that he did not receive his appointment before Napoleon had quitted the Military School of Paris.

I shall quote hereafter another document, likewise proving the unfortunate situation and the honorable connections of this family in Corsica. Bonaparte, then, claimed to be what is termed *well born*. I have seen his genealogy, which he caused to be sent from Tuscany to

Milan, and which is quite authentic. In several works mention is made of certain civil dissensions which had forced his family to leave Italy and seek refuge in Sicily. Of these transactions I know nothing.

Much, and in a very opposite spirit, has been said of Napoleon's boyhood. Enthusiasm and ridiculous exaggeration, have been alike at work. Writers have painted the boy in the blackest colors, in order to have the pleasure afterwards of making a monster of the man. It will ever be thus with those whom their own genius or circumstances elevate above their compeers. Why constantly endeavor to discover in the first acts of infancy the germ of great crimes or of shining virtues? This is to view too abstractedly those circumstances—sports of fortune, and trains of events—which often, as if in spite of himself, urge on the individual to the highest renown. Men absolutely will, that he who has distinguished his manhood, should likewise have exhibited an extraordinary infancy; yet, does not experience show, that in truth one child can differ little from the ordinary run? and how often do we find precocious talent, promising the most brilliant future, pass through life in a manner truly insignificant? Bonaparte himself laughed heartily at all such fables, and at all those fooleries with which writings, dictated by admiration or hatred, have embellished or blackened his early years. I may here recall a simple anecdote, which will be immediately recognized as the original of numberless inventions and misrepresentations.

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, which everywhere lay to the depth of six or eight feet, young Napoleon showed himself singularly annoyed. No more little gardens—none of those delightful seclusions he so much courted. During his play hours, he was constrained to mingle with the crowd of his companions, and to walk with them backwards and forwards in a large hall. In order to escape from this tiresome exercise, Napoleon contrived to stir up the whole school, by the proposal of a different amusement. This was to clear various passages through the snow in the great court, and with shovels to erect horn-works, dig trenches, raise parapets, construct platforms, etc. "The first labor finished," said he, "we can divide into parties, and form a kind of siege; and, as inventor of this new sport, I undertake to direct the attacks." Our joyous troop entered into this project with enthusiasm: it was executed, and the mimic combat maintained for the space of fifteen days. Indeed, our warfare ceased not, till, by gravel and small stones mixing with the snow, of which we made our balls, many of the students, besiegers as well as besieged, had been pretty seriously wounded. I remember well that, of all the

scholars, none was more severely pelted than myself with these missiles.

It would be useless here to disprove various unfounded incidents of early life, such as the fool-hardy adventure of Blanchard's balloon, falsely attributed to young Bonaparte.* His thoughts were, in fact, soon directed to far other objects: he was occupied with the political sciences. A letter from the principal of the school of Brienne, since communicated to me, states that, of his vacations, one was passed there, while the preceding had been devoted to the society of the famous Abbé Raynal, who condescended to receive and converse with the young student upon government, legislation, commerce and other similiar subjects.

At our holiday fêtes, to which all the inhabitants of the place received invitations, guards were established for the maintenance of order, no one being permitted to pass to the inner hall without a ticket signed by the principal or sub-principal. The dignities of officer and subaltern were conferred only on the most distinguished; and, as ranking among these, there happened to Bonaparte, who commanded a station, a little adventure, which I cannot pass over in silence, because it afforded an opportunity of displaying his firmness of character. Upon one of the fêtes of St. Louis, the jaintor's wife, who was, of course, perfectly well known, presented herself for admittance to the representation of the "Death of Cæsar," *corrected*, in which I played the part of *Brutus*. As she had no ticket, and insisted, raising a clamor, in the hope of passing, the sergeant of the post reported to his officer, Napoleon: he, learning the circumstances of the case, with an imperative tone exclaimed—"Let that woman be removed, who brings into this place the license of a camp." This occurred in 1782.†

Bonaparte and myself were little more than eight years old when our intercourse commenced. We soon became most attached. There appeared to exist between us one of those natural sympathies which quickly ripen. This intimacy and friendship I enjoyed without interruption, till 1784, when he quitted the seminary at Brienne, for that of Paris. Of all our school-fellows, I best understood how to accommodate myself to his character, melancholy as it was, and severe. His seclusion, his reflections on the conquest of his country, and the impressions graven on his young spirit of evils suffered by Corsica and by his

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* Dudon de Cambon, one of our fellow-students, was the real hero of that absurdity.

† This woman, and her husband, named Hautè, were, at a later period, transferred to Malmaison, where they died, the husband holding the office of porter. This proves Bonaparte's memory to have been good.

own family, made him seek solitude, and rendered his address, though in appearance only, very forbidding. Age placed us together, in the classes of languages and mathematics. From his first entrance to school, he manifested an eager desire of acquiring knowledge. At this period, as he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and, on that account, already excited a very lively interest, the Sieur Dupuis, then sub-principal—a young man, no less amiable, than distinguished as a grammarian—undertook to give him private lessons in French.* His pupil so well repaid this care, that in a very short space of time, it was judged proper to commence the study of Latin. The youthful aspirant applied to this language with such unconquerable aversion, that in his fifteenth year he was still low in the fourth form. I had here speedily left him behind, but remained throughout in the same mathematical class, where, unquestionably, he was the ablest of the whole school. I sometimes exchanged with him the solution of the problems given out—and which he demonstrated off-hand, with a readiness that always astonished me—for themes and versions, of which he detested the very mention.

I have read the veriest nonsense about his being the hermit of the school, with no equals, and his school-fellows all friends or flatterers. How sadly is the illusion of descriptions and pictures destroyed by a near view of objects! For, during nearly seven years of companionship, I can recollect nothing to justify such pitiful play of words. At Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the color of his complexion, afterwards so much changed by the climate of France; a quick and searching look; and for the tone of his conversation, with both masters and companions. There appeared always something of bitterness in his remarks; and he certainly seemed little inclined to cultivate the softer moods. He was, in fact, averse to forming particular attachments. This I have already attributed to the misfortunes of his early years: and the following is an instance how deeply he felt the subjection of his country. The students received invitations in turn to dine with Father Berton, principal of the seminary. Bonaparte's day having arrived, some of the professors, who knew his admiration of Paoli, affected to speak slightingly of that patriot. "Paoli," warmly replied Bonaparte, "was a great man—he loved his country; and I cannot forgive my father, formerly his adjutant, for having consented to the union of Corsica with France. He ought never to have forsaken the fortunes of such a leader, but to have fallen with him."

* Afterwards made librarian to the Emperor.

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was no favorite with his comrades, who, truly, were far from being his flatterers. He associated very little with them, and rarely joined in their sports. The painful remembrances already noticed weighed upon his young heart, and held him aloof from the boisterous enjoyments of others. But I was almost constantly in his company. On the arrival of our play hour, he flew to the library, where he devoured books on history, especially Polybius and Plutarch. He liked Arrian also very much, but had little regard for Quintus Curtius. Often did I leave him thus quite alone, to mingle in the exercises of our companions.*

The temper of the youthful Corsican was yet farther soured, by the railleries of the students, who often made game of his country and his name Napoleon.† Repeatedly did he say to me, in the bitterness of the moment—"I will do these Frenchmen of thine all the mischief in my power;" and, upon my endeavoring to sooth his irritation, he would add—"But you, Bourrienne, you never insult me—you love me."

Our principal was named Louis. On one occasion, we had made some crackers in order to celebrate his birthday; and having ranged them on a bench in the court, they were somehow fired accidentally. Bonaparte standing hard by, sustained no injury; but a young scholar, who happened to be at his side, remained quite black from the effects of the explosion.

Father Patrauld, our professor of mathematics, though a very ordinary man, was much attached to Bonaparte, made a boast of his young friend's acquirements, and cherished a pride in having been his instructor. He had reason. The other professors, in whose classes he did not shine, troubled themselves very little about him. He had no taste for polite literature, the study of languages, or any of the lighter accomplishments. As nothing announced that he should ever figure in the capacity of a learned Theban, the pedants of the establishment would charitably have put him down for a dunce. Yet across his pensive and reserved character were to be perceived indications of brightest intelligence. If the monks, good, easy men, to whom was confided the instruction of our youth, had possessed tact to appreciate his temperament—had their professors of mathematics been more able, and could they efficiently have turned our attention to chemistry, natural phi-

* I have heard a different reason assigned for Bonaparte's seclusion, by one of his old school-fellows; but the imputation requires additional proof.—*Translator.*

† In the *patois* of the lower classes in France, Nicolas and Nicole are used for Napoleon, upon which the students seem to have made other and more offensive changes.—*Translator.*

losophy, and astronomy, I am convinced Bonaparte would have carried into studies of this nature those powers of research and of genius which shone forth in a career far more brilliant, indeed, but much less useful to mankind. Unfortunately for us, these monks knew nothing, while they were too poor to procure good masters elsewhere. Nevertheless, they were obliged, after Bonaparte's departure, to bring two professors from Paris, under whom I studied, and without whose aid the school must have gone to ruin. The assertion, therefore, so often repeated, that Napoleon received at Brienne an accomplished education, is false; our good minims were incapable of conferring such a gift; and I avow, for my part, the instruction of the present age recalls very disagreeably that which I received among these blockheads in cowls. It is difficult to conceive how even one man of talent could have been sent forth from their institution.

Though Bonaparte had little cause to praise his fellow-students, as respected their conduct towards himself, he disdained to prefer complaints against them; and even when, in turn, it became his duty to see that the rules were not transgressed, he chose rather to go into confinement, than denounce the young culprits. Once I found myself an accomplice in this non-performance of monitorship: he persuaded me to follow him to prison, where we remained three days. This had oftener than once happened to him before; but punishment had been inflicted with less severity.

In 1783, the Duke of Orleans* and Madame de Montesson came to Brienne. The magnificent residence of the count, for upwards of a month, resembled a little Versailles, where variety of delightful amusements permitted not the illustrious travelers to regret the palace and the capital. During this period, the prince and his fair companion expressed a desire to preside at the distribution of honors in the royal college. Upon this occasion, Bonaparte and I carried off the prizes for mathematics, a department to which he had chiefly directed his studies, and wherein he excelled.

Napoleon, in the course of his life, performed a sufficiency of great actions, to render unnecessary here farther explanation of the pretended marvels of his boyhood. I should be unjust were I to describe him as an ordinary boy; I never thought him so; but must on the contrary declare that, under a variety of aspects, he was a most distinguished scholar in the seminary whence he was now to remove.

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* Afterwards surnamed *Egalitè*, father of the present King of France.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER II.

BONAPARTE TRANSFERRED TO THE MILITARY COLLEGE AT PARIS—MEMORIAL ON THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION—FIRST COMMISSION—VALENCE—RETURN TO PARIS—POVERTY—REVOLUTION.

Over all the military schools an inspector presided, whose duty it was to transmit an annual report on the progress of each pupil, whether pensioned by the State, or educated at the charge of his family. I copied the certificate that follows from the report for 1784. I intended also to purchase the original manuscript, which had probably been stolen from the war-office, but Louis Bonaparte obtained this document. I did not transcribe the note concerning myself, because modesty would always have prevented my using it. It would have served, however, to show how great a distance chance and circumstances, in the course of life, may interpose between those whose situations on the forms of a school were very different. I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that not upon little Bonaparte would he, who should then have read the certificates of the students at Brienne, in 1784, have rested his predictions of grandeur and renown, but upon several others, much more favorably noticed, who, notwithstanding, were left infinitely behind.

"1784.—Report presented to the King, by M. de Keralio (inspector of the college at Brienne).

"M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769, height four feet, ten inches, ten lines, has finished his fourth course; of good constitution, excellent health, of submissive disposition, upright, grateful, and strictly regular in conduct; has always been distinguished for application to the mathematics. He is tolerably well acquainted with history and geography. He is rather deficient in the ornamental branches, and in Latin, in which he has barely completed the fourth course. He will make an excellent seaman. He is fit to pass to the Military School at Paris."

Notwithstanding this, Father Berton opposed the removal of Bonaparte, because he had not finished the studies of the fourth division, whereas, by the rules, he ought to have been in the third. I have been positively informed by the sub-principal that a note touching Napoleon,

dispatched from the school of Brienne to Paris, designated him—"Character domineering, imperious, obstinate." I knew Bonaparte well, and, on the whole, approve the certificate of the inspector. I believe, however, it ought to have ran thus:—"He is *very well* acquainted with history, and especially geography. He is *very* deficient in the ornamental branches, and in Latin." There could be no grounds for saying that he would prove an excellent seaman: he never once entertained a thought of the naval service.

In consequence of the report of M. de Keralio, Bonaparte, with four others, passed to the Military Academy at Paris. His companions were also King's scholars, with certificates at least equally good; indeed, cadets of this class only had the privilege of nomination to the Military College; there was no competition; age, and the certificates of the monks, determined the choice of the inspector in the twelve provincial seminaries.* What then has induced writers to attribute this promotion to Napoleon's previous superiority at Brienne? The facts stated above, and the report of the inspector, attest his slender progress in most of the ordinary branches except mathematics. Neither in these, as has been advanced, was great eminence the cause of any premature removal to Paris. He had attained the proper age, could produce certificates sufficiently favorable, and was quite naturally one of the five selected in 1784, according to ordinary custom.

I have read in some biography—"Bonaparte was fourteen years old, when, one day, a person eulogized Turenne. A lady present, having added, 'Certainly, he was a great man; but I should have liked him better had he not burned the Palatinate.'—'What signifies that,' retorted the future conqueror, 'if its destruction seemed necessary to his designs?'" This may be very pretty, but it is a clumsy invention. At fourteen, in 1783, Bonaparte was still at Brienne, where, most assuredly, we never received company, especially ladies.

Bonaparte was fifteen years and two months old on his promotion to the Military College at Paris. I accompanied him in a gig to the stage at *Nogent-sur-Seine*. We separated with unfeigned regret, not to meet again till 1792. During these eight years, both maintained an active correspondence; but, so little did I foresee those high destinies announced by the pretended miracles of his boyhood (discovered, by the way, *after* his elevation), that I have preserved not a single letter of this period. I tore the precious autographs as soon as they were

* The names of the four removed with Bonaparte were, Montarby de Dampierre, De Castres, De Comminges, and Langier de Bellecourt.

answered. I remember the substance of only one of these epistles, written about a year after his first arrival in Paris, urging me to fulfill the promise I had made at Brienne, and enter with him upon the career he was about to embrace. I had studied as well as he, and in the same class, the branches required in the artillery service. I had even passed three months at Metz, in order to unite practice with theory; but a strange regulation, issued, I believe, in 1778, by M. de Segur, minister at war, declared it to be quite out of all rule for a person to possess the requisite talents for serving his king and country in the profession of arms, unless he had also four quarters of nobility on his scutcheon! Upon this discovery, my mother went to Paris, where she presented letters patent from Louis XIII., in favor of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. Things were in train, when, unluckily, it appeared that the said patent of nobility had not been registered by the parliament. To repair this slight omission, twelve thousand francs (£500) were demanded, and refused. While others thus enjoyed the privilege of being officers and no soldiers, I rejected the alternative of being a soldier, but no officer; and so the affair rested.

Upon entering the Military College, Napoleon found himself on a footing so brilliant and expensive, considering the professional and mental education there received, that he deemed it incumbent to draw up a memoir, addressed directly to the sub-principal Berton.* The youthful reformer here insisted, that the plan of education was really hurtful, and could never accomplish the end proposed by every wise government. He dwelt forcibly upon the effects of such a system, affirming, "that the royal pensioners, being all gentlemen in reduced circumstances, instead of having their minds improved, could derive nothing therefrom, save a love of ostentation, and sentiments of conceit and vanity; so that, on rejoining the domestic circle, far from relishing the frugal gentility of their home, they will feel inclined to blush for the very authors of their being, and to despise their modest mansion. In place," continued the memorialist, "of retaining a numerous crowd of domestics about these youths, setting before them meals of two courses daily, making a parade with a very expensive establishment of horses and grooms, would it not be better, without in the least interrupting the course of their studies, to oblige them to do everything for themselves, that is to say, with the exception of a little cooking, which should be done for them; to set before them ammunition bread, or of a quality approaching to it; accustom them to the business of the field;

*A relative of the superior at Brienne.

make them brush their own clothes, clean their boots and shoes, etc. Since they are far from rich, and since all are destined for the military service, is not the duty of that service the only and true education which they should receive? Habituated to a life of sobriety, to maintain with steadiness the bearing of a soldier, they would at the same time grow up more robust; would be able to brave the inclemencies of seasons; to support with courage the fatigues of war; and inspire the men under their command with respect and devoted attachment." * Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen; time and his subsequent institutions evince that he never departed from these early views of military education.

But, thus stirring, a keen observer, and speaking freely what he thought with energy, Napoleon remained not long at college. His superiors, tired of so decided a character, hastened the period of his examination, that he might be provided for elsewhere, as second lieutenant, on the first vacancy in a regiment of artillery. This regiment was then at Valence (1785), where he remained several years, in the usual obscurity of country quarters.

The state of society which then obtained in the provinces, showed a much more primitive aspect than in these our times. Each manor-house, surmounted by its turrets and couple of pennons, stood forth the cynosure of a circle of some two leagues. The inmates of the château, male and female, were looked up to by all within this space as the oracles of political wisdom, and the models of elegance. Above all places, these abodes were remarkable for Utopian ideas on public affairs, and theories on the acts of government. While the country gentlemen thus occupied themselves in the innocent controversies which such discussions, and the modicum of news *permitted* to the journals, originated, a confidential letter, occasionally, from Paris supplied to other members of the family aliment for the conversation of more than one week. Yet has Bonaparte frequently talked to me of such a life, in easy circumstances, and exempt from ambition, as the happiest possible. At the period in question, he enjoyed full opportunity of founding this opinion on experience. During his long residence in Valence, he passed much of his time at a château in the neighborhood, belonging to a family named Boulat du Colombier. Often did he repeat, long afterwards, when at the height of power, that of his whole existence, he looked back upon these days with the most unmingled satisfaction. Hence, too, while master of France, he attached great importance to

* In this singular document, there is great terseness in the original expressions; but several of the idioms are foreign, and one word is pure Corsican.—*Translator.*

conciliating for his administration the good opinion of the provincial proprietors from having witnessed the moral influence exercised by the landed interest over the population of the surrounding district.*

As for myself, having left Brienne in 1787, and been denied, as already stated, a commission in the same service, I repaired the following year to Vienna, in the hope of being attached to the French embassy at that court. But, after two months' stay, our minister, M. de Noailles, giving me some general instructions on diplomacy, recommended a course of national law, and of foreign languages, in one of the German universities. I entered at Leipsic.

Here I had scarcely settled, when the Revolution broke out. Mighty was the interval between those reasonable meliorations, which time had rendered necessary, which men also of the most staid characters desired, and that total oversetting of all things—that destruction of the state, condemnation of the best of kings, and lengthened series of crime, with which France has sullied the pages of her history! In these remodelings of institutions, which time necessarily brings round, we may remark, that all the evil originates in a blind and presumptuous opposition on the one side, and in mad precipitation on the other. Time would have given to France, what terror and slaughter only gave. Nothing proves that one generation ought to suffer for the happiness of its successors.

Having finished my diplomatic studies, and acquired the German and English languages, traversing Prussia and Poland, and passing through Vienna, I arrived in Paris, April, 1792. Here I found Bonaparte. Our friendship of boyhood, and of college, yet remained undiminished. I had not been very prosperous: upon him adversity pressed heavily. He was often in absolute want of resources. We passed our time, as may be imagined of two young men of twenty-three, with no occupation, and hardly more money. His finances were yet at a lower ebb than mine. Every day we projected some new scheme; having all eyes about us for some profitable speculation. At one time he proposed our jointly renting several houses then building in Montholon street, in order to sublet them afterwards. We found the terms would not suit. Everything failed us. Meanwhile, he was soliciting employment from the war-office, and I from the secretariat for foreign affairs. For the moment, as will appear, I proved the luckier of the two.

While we were thus leading a somewhat vagabond life, the 20th

* The translator has transferred this paragraph to this, its proper place, from volume sixth of the original.

June arrived—unhappy prelude to darker scenes. We had met on that morning as usual, preparatory to our daily lounge, in a coffee-room, Rue Saint Honoré, near the Palais Royal. On going out, we saw a mob approaching, which Bonaparte computed at five or six thousand men, all in rags, and armed with every sort of weapon, clamoring, vociferating the grossest abuse, and proceeding with rapid pace towards the Tuileries. This route assuredly consisted of the vilest and most abject populace of the suburbs. "Let us follow that rabble," said Bonaparte to me. We got the start, and went to walk in the gardens, on the terrace overlooking the water. From this station, he beheld the disgraceful occurrences that ensued. I should fail in attempting to depict the surprise and resentment which these scandalous scenes aroused within him. He could not comprehend such weakness and forbearance. But, when the King showed himself at one of the windows fronting the garden, with the red cap which one of the crowd had just placed upon his head, Bonaparte's indignation burst forth uncontrolled. "What madness!" exclaimed he aloud, and in his *patois;* "how could they allow these scoundrels to enter! They ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon; the rest would then have taken to their heels."

While at dinner together—for which, by the way, I paid, as was pretty generally the case, happening to be in better condition—he spoke incessantly of the scene we had witnessed, discussing with great good sense the causes and the effects of this unsuppressed insurrection. He predicted and developed with sagacity all its consequences. Nor was he mistaken: the 10th of August speedily brought on the crisis. I had then left Paris; but Bonaparte himself has said—"At the report of the assault of the Tuileries, August 10th, I ran to the house of Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture wareroom in the Carrousal." This is partly true. My brother, with several others, had entered into a speculation of a national auction. They received everything which those who desired to quit France wished to sell, and funds were always advanced upon the articles lodged previous to sale. Here, at the period in question, Bonaparte's watch had been for some space in pawn!

CHAPTER III.

BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN—AFFAIRS OF GENOA—ARREST—SPIRITED DEFENSE—CONSEQUENCES—MYSTERY—DUROC.

Bonaparte, after the fatal 10th of August, retired to Corsica, whence he did not return till the following year, 1793. For my part, having been appointed Secretary of Legation at Stuttgardt some days after the 20th of June, I set out on the 2d of August, and saw not again my young and ardent friend till 1794. "Your departure," said he, "will hasten mine;" and we took leave of each other, with feeble hope, as then seemed, of ever meeting more.

A decree of the 28th March, 1793, directed all French agents abroad to return to France within three months under pain of being treated as emigrants. What I had previously witnessed, and the exasperated state of all minds at home, make me shrink from being possibly forced either to take part in these afflicting scenes, or to become their victim. My disobedience inscribed me on the emigration list, from which my name was not erased till November, 1797.

During our separation, Bonaparte, as chief of battalion, made his first campaign, in which he contributed so powerfully to the recapture of Toulon. With this period of his life I am unacquainted—at least I do not speak of it as an eye-witness; I only mention some particulars, and cite documents which filled up the time from 1793 to 1795, the date when he placed them in my hands. Of this number, one was the tract entitled, "The Supper of Beaucaire," which, on arriving at the consulship, he caused carefully to be sought out, and bought up at a dear rate, in order to destroy all the copies. This little work contained opinions very different from those which he wished should predominate in 1800, an era when such ideas were no longer in vogue, and when he entered upon a system altogether opposed to those republican principles which men might have recalled to mind, with his own pamphlet in their hands.* That composition, and other pieces proceeding from him previous to his great elevation, I consider far more valuable as history than those notes subsequently dictated at St. Helena, rather in personal feeling, than from regard to truth. In all his writings,

* See Appendix, A.

posterity will perhaps discover the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

The documents concerning the resumption of Bonaparte's command, and his arrest by the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, will rectify these important facts, till now always misrepresented. If I enter into some details respecting this epoch of his youth, it is because events have either been disfigured, or left in vagueness and uncertainty. Some have ascribed his disgrace to a military discussion on war; others, to his being an accomplice with the younger Robespierre; while a third party, in the spirit of flattery, say, that Albitte and Salicetti exposed to the Committee of Public Safety the *impossibility*, in which they found themselves, of *getting on* without the talents of General Bonaparte in the recommencement of military operations. All this is exaggeration. Let us come to facts :—

On the 13th July, 1794 (25 Messidor, year II.), the representatives of the people attached to the army of Italy, passed the following resolution :—"General Buonaparte will repair to Genoa, in order, conjointly with the ambassador of the French republic, to confer with the government of Genoa, as his instructions bear. The ambassador of the French republic will acknowledge him, and cause him to be acknowledged by the government of Genoa." To these public credentials, were added secret instructions, "That he should observe the state of the works and military stores of the fortresses of Genoa and Savona, and the condition of the surrounding country in both places." He was directed, also, "as far as possible, to unravel the conduct of the French minister, Tilly, and the intentions of the Genoese respecting the coalition."

This mission, and the secret instructions, evince the confidence with which Bonaparte, not yet twenty-five, had inspired men interested in not being deceived as to the choice of their agents. Thus accredited, Bonaparte repaired to Genoa, and there fulfilled his commission. The 9th Thermidor arrived: the terrorist deputies were replaced by Albitte and Salicetti. Whether the latter functionaries, in the confusion then existing, were not informed of the orders given to General Bonaparte; or whether some, jealous of the rising fame of the young general of artillery, had prejudiced Salicetti and his colleague against him, certain it is that these representatives caused Bonaparte to be arrested and his papers sealed; directing both him and them to be delivered up to the Committee of Public Safety at Paris. Their resolution, dated 19th Thermidor (6th August), singular as it may appear, purports to be principally grounded on the late journey made by General Bonaparte to

Genoa—a mission which, as we have just seen, he had undertaken by the express orders of the representatives of the people.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, states that he was put under arrest for some *minutes* by the representative Laporte: the resolution, however, is signed by three persons, of whom Laporte was probably the least influential, since he is not even addressed in Bonaparte's appeal. He continued under arrest fifteen days.

If a similar decree had been passed three weeks sooner, if Bonaparte had been denounced to the Committee of Public Safety *before* the 9th Thermidor, his fate, in all likelihood, would have been sealed; and we should have beheld perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, for the next quarter of a century, was to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic designs, his grand military genius, his prodigious fortune, his errors, his reverses, and his final sorrows!

It is to be remarked that, in this *post-thermidorian* decree, issued "after the death of the tyrant," not the slightest mention is made of any connection between Bonaparte and the younger Robespierre. The severity of the decree, too, will surprise the more, now that the mission to Genoa is explained. Did there, then, exist anything against him? or had calumny been able to efface the services he had just rendered to his country? Often have I conversed with him on this adventure; he constantly assured me he had nothing wherewith to reproach himself, and that his defense expressed his real sentiments, and the exact truth.

Bonaparte was not yet inclined to view his situation as desperate. He addressed the following vindication to Albitte and Salicetti: Laporte he does not mention. My copy is in the writing of Junot, but there are corrections in the General's own hand. Every one will here recognize his abrupt phrases, his rapid rather than concise style; sometimes his elevated ideas, always his good sense.

To the Representatives, Albitte and Salicetti.

"You have suspended me from my functions, arrested, and declared me suspected. I am thus disgraced, without having been judged, or, if judged, without having been heard. In a revolutionary state, there are two classes—the suspected and the patriots. When the former are accused, they are dealt with, for security's sake, on general measures. The oppression of the second class is the overthrow of public liberty. The magistrate here has not the power to condemn, even on the most trustworthy informations, save on a succession of acts—such as leave no choice. To denounce a patriot as suspected, is a judgment which tears from him all he holds most precious—confidence

and esteem. In which class am I to be placed? From the first movements of the Revolution, have not I ever been attached to its principles? have not I ever been found in the struggle either against domestic foes, or, as a soldier, opposing foreign invaders? I forsook my home—I sacrificed my means –I gave up all for the republic. I served afterwards under the walls of Toulon, with some distinction; and with the army of Italy, merited a share of the laurels which it acquired in the capture of Saorgio, Oneille and Tanaro. Since the discovery of the conspiracy of Robespierre, my conduct has been that of a man accustomed to respect principles alone. Thus, my right to the title of patriot cannot be disputed. Wherefore, then, am I declared suspected without being heard—have I been arrested, eight days after you had received intelligence of the tyrant's death? You declare me suspected, and you seal my papers. You ought to have done the reverse. You ought to have placed the seals upon my papers, heard me, demanded my explanations, and afterwards declared me suspected, if grounds of suspicion had then existed. You order that I be removed to Paris, with a resolution which declares me under suspicion. Every one will believe that you, the representatives, have acted thus, only in consequence of an information, and I shall be judged, not without the prejudice which a man of that stamp draws down upon himself. Innocent—a patriot—calumniated—whatever measures the Committee may take, I cannot complain of them. If three men thus denounce me as having committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury which should condemn me. Salicetti, thou knowest me: hast thou, during five years, seen in my conduct anything suspicious as regards the Revolution? Albitte, thou knowest me not: no one has proved a single fact to thee; thou hast not heard me; yet thou knowest with what address calumny may sometimes slander. Ought I then to be confounded with the enemies of the country? Are you patriots, and will you inconsiderately give up to ruin a general who has not been unserviceable to the republic? Are you representatives? Ought you to reduce the government to the cruel necessity of being unjust, no less than impolitic? Hear me; destroy the oppression which surrounds me; and restore me to the esteem of patriots. The next hour, if the wicked desire it, take that life I little value—which I have often despised! Yes, the hope alone that it may again be useful to our country, nerves me with courage to sustain its load!"

This defense, so remarkable for energetic simplicity, appears to have made an impression upon the representatives. Informations more pre-

cise were probably also more favorable to the General; for on 3d Fructidor (20th August), 1794, a resolution was passed, setting him provisionally at liberty, but directing that he should remain at headquarters. Salicetti subsequently became the friend and even confidant of young Bonaparte—a connection which did not survive his elevation. We have thus seen that there was no question about the impossibility in which the representatives found themselves of dispensing with the General's talents. But what are we to think both of the motives for the arrest, and of the setting at liberty *provisionally*, when they knew fully the error they had committed, and the innocence of Bonaparte?

Another circumstance which has been connected with this period, is the friendship of Duroc. It is printed that this intimacy commenced at the siege of Toulon, when the General took Duroc as his aide-de-camp from the ranks of the artillery. It was much later, while in Italy, that Bonaparte attached to himself this dependent. On hearing his praises, he requested the transference of his services from General L'Espinasse, commandant of the artillery, under whom Duroc had already made partly one campaign, as captain of artillery. His character, cold and contracted, suited Napoleon, whose confidence, from the expedition to Egypt, during the consulate, and to his death, he continued to enjoy. Appointments were bestowed upon him, perhaps, somewhat beyond his abilities. Bonaparte often said at St. Helena, that he loved him much. I believe it; but have proof that Duroc did not return the sentiment. There are so many princes void of generosity, why should we not sometimes find courtiers ungrateful?

CHAPTER IV.

BONAPARTE DISMISSED THE SERVICE—LIFE IN PARIS—PROPOSED EXPEDITION TO TURKEY — SCHEMES — ANECDOTES — ATTACK OF THE SECTIONS — ITS CONSEQUENCES.

General Bonaparte returned to Paris, where soon after I also arrived from Germany. Our intimacy resumed its ancient footing. He gave me all the details of his campaign of the south. He then reckoned much upon his "Supper of Beaucaire," which he was by no means desirous of denying, as at a subsequent period. He conversed with me often on the persecutions in which he had been entangled; and, confiding to my possession the preceding defense, desired the paper might be communicated to my friends and acquaintance; deeming it

very important, he said, that all should know him to be incapable of betraying his country, under pretense of a mission to Genoa—a mission endeavored to be represented as if converted by him into a political maneuver against the interests of France. He liked to repeat and dwell upon his warlike achievements at Toulon, and in the Italian army; speaking of his first successes, with the feeling of pleasure and satisfaction they had inspired.

At this period the government desired to send him to La Vendée as brigadier-general of infantry. Two motives determined the youthful general of artillery in his refusal to accede to the proposition. He looked upon this as by no means a field worthy of his talents; and the change of his arm as a species of injustice. The second was the stronger, and the only reason officially assigned for his refusal,—the change of service. On this was declared the following resolution, of the 15th September, 1794:—"The Committee of Public Safety decrees, that General of Brigade Bonaparte shall be erased from the list of general officers employed, in consequence of his refusing to repair to the station to which he had been appointed." Napoleon has told us from St. Helena, that he sent in his resignation: this resolution proves the contrary. He was unwilling to acknowledge a dismissal.

Upon this unexpected blow Bonaparte retired into private life; constrained to an inaction most irksome to his ardent character, heightened yet more by youth. He then lodged, Rue de Mail, in a house near the Place des Victoires. We began again the course of life we had led before his departure for Corsica in 1792. He had no little difficulty in forming the resolution to abide the termination of the prejudices against him which those in power entertained. In the perpetual mutations of this same power, he hoped that it might pass to others more favorably disposed. He very frequently came to dine and pass the evening with myself and my elder brother; never failing to render these hours agreeable by his engaging manners and the charms of his conversation. I went to visit him almost every morning. There were several individuals who called at stated times; among others, Salicetti, with whom he held very animated conversations, and who often showed a desire of remaining alone with him. At one time, this representative remitted three thousand francs (£125), as the price of the General's carriage, his necessities having obliged him to dispose of it.

I soon saw that our young friend was engaged, or, at least, endeavoring to be engaged, in some political intrigue. I thought I could even perceive that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to divulge what passed between them. He was now always thoughtful, often

melancholy and disturbed. He awaited with marked impatience the daily visit of Salicetti, who was subsequently implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, and, upon that account, forced to seek refuge in Venice.

At other times, the ex-general, returning to more humble ideas, seemed to envy the good fortune of Joseph, who had just married Mademoiselle Clary, daughter of a rich merchant, and of good repute in Marseilles. "How lucky that knave Joseph is!" was the usual ebullition in which this petty feeling often broke forth. Time was passing, yet nothing was accomplished; none of his projects in train; none of his representations attended to. Injustice embittered his spirit. He was tormented with the desire of doing something. To remain in the crowd, became to him insupportable. He resolved to quit France; and the favorite idea, ever afterwards pursued, that the East opens a fine field of glory, excited the wish to visit Constantinople, and offer his services to the Grand Signior. What dreams he did entertain! what gigantic projects were conceived in his heated fancy! He invited me to follow; I replied in the negative, regarding him as a young enthusiast, driven to extravagant enterprises, to desperate resolutions, by irritation of mind, by unmerited injury, by an irresistible necessity of action, and, if all must be told, by the want of money. He did not blame me; but said he would take Junot and some other young officers, whom he had known at Toulon, and who had attached themselves to his fortunes. Marmont was also named. This episode has always been lightly and incorrectly treated till now. Let our hero speak for himself.

Strongly engrossed with the idea of bidding adieu to his country; above all, tired of living obscurely in Paris, he drew out a paper, commencing—"Note for ——." There was no name; it was simply a proposal. Some days afterwards, he drew up a second, differing but slightly from the first, and addressed to Aubert and Coni. I transcribed it for him, and may remark, once for all that, in Bonaparte's writings given in these volumes, I have corrected the orthography, which, in general, is so miserably curtailed, that it would be ridiculous if exactly copied; also, in his manner of writing, there were numerous abbreviations and elipses, which he counted upon secretaries supplying. I never change a single iota of the style or spirit of any document.

"NOTE.

Aubert,
Coni, } 2,500 artillerymen.

"At a period when the Empress of Russia has drawn closer the relations which unite her with the Emperor, it is the interest of France to augment, by all means, the military resources of Turkey. That power has a numerous and brave militia; but is far behind in the scientific part of war. The formation and service of the artillery, so influential an arm in our modern tactics for gaining battles, and almost exclusively for the capture and defense of cities, forms especially that department wherein France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient. General Bonaparte, who from his youth served in the artillery, who commanded it at the siege of Toulon, and during two campaigns in Italy, proposes to the government to pass into Turkey with an official mission. He will carry with him six or seven officers, of different talents, and who may together unite the several parts of the military art. If in this new career he shall be able to render more formidable the power of the Turks, perfect the defense of their principal fortresses, and construct others, he will have rendered good service to France."

We see from this note how false is the assertion, so often repeated, that he demanded permission to combat in the Turkish ranks against Austria. He offered his service not to the Sultan, but to France, for her own interest. The note was not answered; Turkey remained without succor, and Bonaparte without occupation. I was not sorry—I should have witnessed his departure with regret. The pain was already sufficient, to see a young man of good hopes, and to whom I felt attached, thus pursuing a futurity so uncertain. If a commissioner-at-war had engrossed this note "Granted," that word might have changed the face of Europe. Who can divine what would have been the issue to Napoleon? Never did any man effect less towards creating events propitious to his views; and never did any one yield more subserviently to circumstances, yet turned them so ably to account. Bonaparte thus remained at Paris, constantly on the rack, seeking by all means to gratify his ambition of rising in the world, yet everywhere encountering obstacles.

Women appreciate, more justly than men, the characters of young people on their entering the world. I shall, therefore, here transcribe, without changing a single syllable, the notes of Madame de Bourrienne, respecting this period in the life of my young companion, whom, from his intimacy with me, she had closely studied. All the facts are yet present to my recollection. I confirm to the minutest particulars, though perhaps then viewing them with a different eye. Friendship probably blinded me to faults.

"The day after our second return from Germany, in May, 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal. He embraced Bourrienne, as one would a comrade one loves and sees again with pleasure. We went to the Theâtre-Français, where a tragedy was performed; but the after-piece convulsed the house. The actor was often forced to stop till the bursts of laughter had subsided.* Bonaparte alone—a circumstance which struck me very forcibly—maintained an icy silence. I remarked at this period of life, that his disposition exhibited coldness, and frequently gloom; his smile was false, and often exceedingly misplaced. As an illustration of this, I recollect, a few days after our meeting, he had one of his fits of ferocious hilarity, which shocked my feelings, and little disposed me to like him. He recounted to us, with the greatest gaiety, an adventure before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery. An officer in this service, and under the General's own orders, had received a visit from his wife, to whom he had been recently united, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after her arrival, directions were issued for a fresh attack upon the town, and the officer got orders to be on duty. His wife went to General Bonaparte, entreating him, with tears, to dispense with the presence of her husband for that day only. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a gaiety which amused, while it made one shudder. The moment of attack arrived; and this officer, who had always displayed extraordinary bravery, felt a presentiment of his approaching end: he became pale, and trembled. His station was by the General's side; and, at the moment of the hottest fire from the ramparts, Bonaparte cried out to him—'Beware! a shell! The officer,' added he, 'instead of throwing himself on the ground, only stooped, and was cut in two!' Bonaparte broke into shouts of laughter, while describing to us what part of the body was carried off!

"At this time, during a stay in Paris of six weeks, we saw him almost every day. He often dined with us; and, as there was a scarcity of bread—two ounces being the daily allowance in each section—it was the practice to ask the guests to bring their own bread, since it could not be procured for money. On these occasions, he and his brother Louis, then his aide-de-camp, an amiable and engaging youth, brought their rations, black and full of bran. It is with regret I speak it, the aide-de-camp alone made use of this; and we procured for the General the finest white bread, of flour brought secretly from Sens, where my husband had farms, and baked in a case, at a pastry-cook's. Had we

* The piece was, "The Deaf Man; or, the Full Inn," in which the famous *Batiste* played the principal character.

been discovered, there was quite enough to have sent us to the scaffold. We very often went in company with Bonaparte to the opera and Garat's charming concerts, the first brilliant assemblies since the death of Robespierre. There was always something singular in the habits of our friend; for he would often disappear from beside us, without a single word; and, while under the impression that he had left the theater, we would discover him in a box of the second or third tier, all alone, and looking quite gruff, like one in a pet. We had come to town preparatory to my first confinement, and, wishing to exchange our lodging for one larger and more cheerful, Bonaparte accompanied us in our search. We engaged a first floor, Rue des Marais, No. 19, in a handsome new house. He wished to live in Paris, and went to look at a dwelling opposite ours, which he proposed renting with his uncle Fesch, afterwards cardinal, and a person named Patrauld, one of his old masters at the Military Academy. 'That residence,' said he to us one day, 'you, my friends, over the way—a cabriolet—and I shall be the happiest of mortals!' We departed for Sens, some days after. The house remained unoccupied for him—other and more important business was forthcoming. On our return in November of the same year, all was changed."

Madame de Bourrienne here alludes to the 13th Vendemiaire (5th October, 1795), now fast approaching. The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new marvel—namely, the Constitution, so named, of the year III., the era of its birth. It was adopted on the 22d August, 1795. These provident legislators did not forget their own interests. They stipulated, that two-thirds of their body should compose a proportion of the new administration. The party opposed to the Convention, on the contrary, looked forward, in a total renewal and by general elections, to the introduction of a majority of their own opinion—that power ought not to remain in the hands of men, by whom it had been so grossly abused. To this sentiment inclined the greater part of the sections of Paris possessing the most influence in respect of wealth and intelligence. These sections declared that, accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th August, touching the obligatory re-election of the two-thirds. The Convention thus saw itself menaced in its most cherished possession—power. The members took measures for their own security, declaring that, if attacked, they would retire to Châlons, on the Marne; and, as a preparatory step, issued orders to the representatives commanding the armed force to stand to their defense.

From the 25th September, disturbance began to manifest itself: the

thunder commenced its distant growl. This agitation continued till the 5th October, when the storm burst. From that memorable day, on which the Sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is to be dated the rise of the incomprehensible destinies of Bonaparte. The events of that day became the unforeseen causes of great changes throughout Europe. The blood which then flowed, fed the germs of his young ambition; and the history of past times affords few eras, embracing events so wonderful as those which crowd the years between 1795 and 1815. The recital of that day, which I now give, is entirely his own, with all his peculiarities of style. The letter, written with his own hand, and now printed from the autograph, he dispatched to me at Sens, where I had remained since parting with him in July.

"On the 13th, at five in the morning, the representative of the people Barras was nominated commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and General Bonaparte second in command. The field artillery was still in the camp at Sablons, guarded by 150 men only: the remainder was at Marly, with 200 men. The depôt at Meudon was without any guard. They had at Feuillans only some four pounders, without gunners, and not more than 80,000 cartridges. The magazines of provisions were in various places throughout Paris. In several sections, drums were beating the generale. That of the Theâtre-Français had pushed forwards advanced posts to the Pont Neuf, which they had barricadoed.

"General Barras ordered the artillery to be moved instantly from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries; caused gunners to be sought out from the battalions of the 89th, and among the gendarmerie, and stationed them at the palace. He sent to Meudon 200 men of the legion of police, whom he drew from Versailles, fifty horsemen, and two companies of veterans. He ordered the transport of the stores at Marly to Meudon; sent for cartridges, and established a manufactory of them at Meudon. He assured the subsistence of the Army of the Convention for several days, independently of the magazines which were in the sections.

"General Verdier, who commanded at the national palace, maneuvered with great coolness. He had orders not to fire till the last extremity. In the meantime, reports arrived from all quarters, that the sections were assembling in arms, and forming their columns. He disposed the troops for the defense of the Convention, and prepared his artillery to repulse the rebels. He placed the cannon at Feuillans, so as to batter the Rue St. Honoré. Two eight pounders were planted at each opening, and, in case of mischance, two pieces were so stationed in

reserve, as to fire upon the flank of any column that might have forced a passage. He left in the square of the Carrousel three eight pounder howitzers, to play upon the houses whence the rebels might fire upon the Convention.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, the columns of the rebels issued from all the streets, in order to form. This critical moment would have been seized, by even the most inexperienced troops, to overwhelm them. But the blood about to flow was that of Frenchmen. It was proper to suffer these wretched beings, steeped already in the crime of revolt, to sully themselves still more by that of fraternicide, and with having to answer for the horrors of the first bloodshed. At three quarters past four the rebels had formed. They commenced the attack on all sides. Everywhere they were thrown into confusion. French blood flowed. The crime, as the infamy, fell that day all upon the sectionaries. Among the dead were recognized everywhere emigrants, landholders, and nobles. Among those who were made prisoners, it was found that the great portion were the Chouans of Charette.* Nevertheless, the sections did not hold themselves beaten. They betook themselves to the church of St. Roche, the Theâtre of the Republic, and the Palace of Equality; and, on all hands, were heard in their fury exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have flowed on the morrow, it required to allow them no time to recover themselves, but actively to pursue them, without, however, engaging ourselves in difficult passes.

"The general gave orders to General Montchoisy, who was at the Place de la Revolution with a reserve, to form column, and, taking two twelve pounders, to march by the Boulevard, turn the Place Vendôme, effect a junction with the piquet at headquarters, and return thence in column. General Brune, with two howitzers, advanced by the Rues St. Nicaise and St. Honoré. General Cartaux sent 200 men, with one four pounder, of his division, by the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre. General Bonaparte, who had had two horses killed under him, hurried to Feuillans. These columns moved forward. St. Roche and the Theâtre of the Republic were forced, and abandoned. The rebels then retired to the head of the Rue de la Loi, and barricadoed themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent out, and during the night, several cannon-shot were fired to oppose them. This completely succeeded.

"At day-break, the general was informed that the students from

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* Marquis de la Charette, leader of the Vendeans, who were termed Chouans. The reader will ascribe any strange phrases to the peculiarities of the original.—*Translator.*

the quarter of St. Genevieve, with two cannons, were in march to succor the rebels, and dispatched a detachment of dragoons, who captured the artillery, and brought both pieces to the Tuileries. Notwithstanding all this, the expiring sections still made head: they barricadoed the streets in the section of Grenelle, and planted cannon in the principal streets. At nine o'clock, attacks were preparing by Generals Beruyer, Vachet, Brune, and Duvigier, from different quarters; but the courage of the sectionaries failed with the dread of seeing their retreat cut off. They evacuated the post, and forgot, at the sight of our soldiers, the honor of French chevaliers, which they had to support. The section of Brutus still caused some uneasiness. The wife of a representative had been arrested there. Orders were given to General Duvigier to advance along the Boulevard; and to General Beruyer to draw up in the Place de Victoire. General Bonaparte occupied the Bridge of the Exchange. The section was surrounded; a charge was made upon the Place de Greve, filled with a multitude from the Ile St. Louis, the Theâter Français, and the Equality Palace. Everywhere the patriots had recovered courage; everywhere the poniards of the emigrants, armed against us, had disappeared; everywhere the people had discovered their folly and their error. On the morrow, the two sections of Le Pelletier and the Theâter Français were disarmed."

In this account, one circumstance is very remarkable—the solicitude shown by Bonaparte to throw upon those whom he calls rebels (the sections, inhabitants of Paris) the first effusion of blood. He holds it important to represent his adversaries as the aggressors. One thing is certain, he ever lamented his share in the events of that day. Often has he said to me, "I would give years of my life to erase that page from my history." He doubted not that the Parisians were exceedingly exasperated against him. He would much rather that Barras had not said the words, which at the time gave him so much pleasure—"It is to his (Bonaparte's) prompt and skillful dispositions that we owe the security of this palace (the Tuileries), around which he had distributed the stations with great ability." This was quite true; but the whole truth should not always be told.

The issue of this miniature civil war, in which the artillery of the Convention has been ridiculously exaggerated to 200 pieces, placed Bonaparte on an eminence apart from the crowd, and elevated him to the command of that army which ever after he led on to victory. The discomfited party, however, never forgave the past; those for whom he had conquered soon began to look upon him with apprehension for the future; and five years afterwards we shall find him reviving

the very principles he had now combated. On the 10th October, on the motion of Barras, he was confirmed in his post of general second in command of the Army of the Interior, and established his headquarters at the hotel where the archives of the foreign office are now lodged. The statement, though considered as proceeding from himself in St. Helena, is therefore altogether erroneous that he remained without employment at Paris. Far otherwise. He was unceasingly engaged in the business of the state and in advancing his own fortune. In close relation with those in power, he knew how to profit by all he saw or heard; and, in his turn, began to be courted.*

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE WITH JOSEPHINE—ANECDOTES—CORRESPONDENCE OF MARMONT AND BOURRIENNE—BOURRIENNE JOINS THE ARMY OF ITALY.

After the 13th Vendemiaire, I returned from Sens to Paris. During the period of my short stay in the capital, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than at former seasons. I have no reason to ascribe this restricted intercourse to any other cause, except the extensive duties of his new appointment. Madame de Bourrienne's notes, however, are continued thus:—"In the interval (of our residence in the country), many letters were exchanged between my husband and Bonaparte: those of the latter were most pleasing and affectionate. He showed, however, very little solicitude about old friends. On returning to town, we found all was altered. The college friend had become a great personage; he commanded Paris, as a recompense for the day of Vendemiaire. The small house in the Marais was exchanged for a magnificent residence in the most fashionable quarter; the modest cabriolet had given place to a superb equipage; and he himself was no longer the same. The friends of youth, indeed, were still received at the morning's sumptuous entertainments, where ladies sometimes appeared—among others, the beautiful Madame Tallien, and the graceful De Beauharnois, to whom he had already begun to pay attentions. But

* Bourrienne here introduces a severe and just censure on the "Manuscript from St. Helena," which Bonaparte himself subsequently disavowed, and which, at the time of its appearance, created so great a sensation that Bourrienne was consulted on the subject by the ministers of Louis XVIII., and, from internal evidence, declared it spurious. —*Translator.*

he seemed to care very little about his friends; and no longer *thee* and *thou*-ed them, as in times past. I shall mention one only, M. de Rey, son of a knight of St. Louis, whose father had perished at the siege of Lyons, and he himself had escaped almost by a miracle. Being an agreeable and amiable young man, and a devoted royalist, we became intimate. He, too, went to visit his old class-fellow of the Military College; but, being unable to bring himself to frame his speech in the all-important plural, Bonaparte turned his back upon him, and took no notice of a second visit. He never did anything for this youthful associate beyond giving him a miserable appointment of inspector of provisions, which M. de Rey could not accept. Three years after, the young man died of consumption, regretted by many friends."

I now most frequently met Napoleon at breakfast or dinner. One day he pointed out to my observation a lady seated nearly opposite to him, asking what I thought of her: my answer seemed to be highly agreeable. His conversation afterwards turned chiefly upon this topic, touching her family and amiable qualities. He gave me to understand that his probable marriage to the young widow, would contribute much to his happiness. I easily perceived, from the tenor of the discourse, that this connection would effectually second his ambition. His constantly increasing intimacy with her whom he loved, brought him also into contact with those most influential at that period; thus facilitating the means of realizing his pretensions. He remained in Paris only twelve days after the nuptials, which took place on the 9th March, 1796.*

Such was the union in which, with the exception of some light clouds, I have beheld uninterrupted harmony reign. Bonaparte, to my knowledge, never gave cause of real sorrow to his wife; and Madame Bonaparte, with many fascinating, possessed also many good, qualities. I am persuaded, that all who enjoyed intercourse with her, have matter only of praise, certainly few persons have had cause of complaint. In her greatness, she never lost a real friend; for she forgot no one. She was somewhat thoughtless, but an obliging and amiable patroness. Benevolence was with her a necessity of the heart; but she did not always use discrimination: hence, her favor often extended to those who little merited such protection. She indulged to excess her taste for splendor and expense. This love of luxury had become a habit; and almost always unconnected with real wants. To how many scenes have I been witness, when the time for paying her trades-people arrived!

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* See Appendix, B.

She never gave in more than half the amount of their bills. This caused a renewal of remonstrances. How many tears did she shed, which she might so easily have spared herself! Elevated by fortune to a crown, she declared to all who would listen, that this extraordinary event had been predicted. Certain it is, she put faith in the absurdities of fortune-telling. Often have I expressed to herself my astonishment at this. She willingly joined in the laugh, yet still adhered to her belief. The event confirmed the prediction—it is the prophecy itself we must doubt.

Bonaparte left Paris, 21st March, 1796. I remained still with my keepers. Madame de Bourrienne's notes will explain this latter expression :—"Though frequently visiting the General, after the 13th Vendemiaire, my husband was arrested as a returned emigrant, at seven o'clock in the morning, February, 1796. A band of men, armed with muskets, tore him from his wife and child, then only six months old, hardly allowing him to dress. I followed; they turned him over from the guard of one section to that of another—I know not whither at last. Everywhere he was treated with the greatest brutality; finally, thrown into the prison of the police, where, confounded with all that was worst in Paris, even with malefactors, he remained two nights and a day. His wife and friends ran everywhere, seeking protectors, and, among others, to Bonaparte. It was with difficulty they saw him. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by a friend of her husband, waited for the *commandant of Paris* till midnight. He did not come home. She returned very early next morning. On learning the situation of his friend, whose life was now at stake, he showed *very little* concern. However, he did decide upon writing to the minister of justice, Merlin. Madame de Bourrienne carried this letter as addressed. She met the great man on the stair, going to a meeting of the Directory. He was in grand costume, bedizzened with I know not how many plumes, and wearing a hat *à la Henri IV.*, an original ornament, truly, on one of his bearing. He opened the letter; and whether the General pleased him as little as the cause of my husband's arrest, I know not: he returned for answer that the affair did not belong to him, but to the public functionary. The minister got into his carriage, and the lady was conducted into various offices in the same building. There her heart was almost broken; for she found none but unfeeling men, who told her the accused deserved death. On the morrow, he was carried before the judge of the division, that the accusation might be examined. This person had nothing harsh or ferocious in his manners, like the agents of those times. He examined the affair long, oftener than once shaking

his head. The moment of giving an opinion arrived, and everything announced that the accusation was to be declared competent. The accused sent for his wife at seven o'clock. She flew to him and beheld a sight the most heart-rending. Her husband lay covered with blood; he had burst a vein, which had put a stop to the proceedings. The judge, with a melancholy air, was supporting the invalid's head with both hands. She threw herself at his feet, beseeching his clemency. His wife and two daughters, attracted by this scene of suffering, joined their entreaties. He was a man of probity, humane, honorable, and the kind father of a family: his feelings were evidently at variance with his sense of duty. He set to turning over all the laws: at length, after long search, he said to me:—'To-morrow, madam, is no court day. Find me, in the meantime, two respectable men, who will answer for your husband, and I will send him home with you in the charge of my officers. We found on the morrow two friends, who became bound for Bourrienne, but still the officers were retained for six weeks longer, till the decree passed obliging all those described in the fatal list to remove thirty miles from Paris. One of the officers was nobody; he remained always in the lobby; but the other was a knight of St. Louis. Him we had every evening for our partner in a hand at cards." *

In the course of these transactions, the police robbed me of the *affectionate* letters already mentioned, as having been written by Bonaparte to me at Sens, before the famous 5th October. These agents thought to please, and in fact did gratify him by the recovery of documents which recalled his wishes so lately humble, his depressed position, his limited hopes, his pretended dislike of public affairs; in short, his intimacy with those for whom, marked as emigrants, confiscation and death were planning. Would it have been wise, in such times, to have complained of this theft? To be silent, and to flee, offered the only prudent course. One of these letters, I remember, written a short time before that day which opened to him so mighty a career, proceeded thus:—"Look out for me some small possession in thy beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will buy it as soon as I have money. I wish to retire thither; but recollect, I will have nothing to do with national property." Not many days saw the writer Commandant of Paris, and General of the Interior. A few months later, he was on his way as Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy!

I shall say nothing of the military details of that brilliant campaign,

* "How liked you the French ladies?" was a question put in my hearing, to one of some note. "As I like an April day—sunshine and showers. I was never quite certain when it was tragedy and when comedy they played."—*Translator.*

in the course of which he bore the standard of France from the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, beyond the Rhœtian Alps. I limit myself to citing a few documents, and to the relation of some facts which may prove serviceable to the historian.

Scarcely had he arrived at the army, when Colli, the Austrian general, wrote to him, requiring the liberation of one Moulin, an emigrant, who had been arrested, though acting in the capacity of an Austrian envoy, and threatening otherwise reprisal on the person of a French officer. The Commander-in-chief of the French Army replied :—"Sir, an emigrant is a parricide, whom no character can protect. There was a want of respect towards the French people, in sending Moulin as envoy. You know the laws of war; and I cannot understand the reprisal with which you threaten my Chief-of-brigade Barthelemy. If, contrary to all the laws of war, you permit an act of such barbarity, every one of your prisoners in future shall answer for the consequences, with the most unsparing vengeance. As to the rest, I hold the officers of your nation in the esteem due to brave soldiers."

The executive directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest, but forbade any punishment beyond safe custody, from respect to the character of an envoy. On a project of joining Kellermann as his second in command, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot, 24th May, 1796 :—"Whether I carry on the war here or elsewhere, it is to me a matter of indifference. To serve my country—to merit with posterity a page in our history—this is my whole ambition. To unite Kellermann and me in Italy, is to ruin all. General Kellermann has more experience, and will better conduct the war than I; but together, we shall mar the affair. I cannot willingly serve with one who conceives himself the first commander in Europe."

There have been published a great number of letters from Bonaparte to his wife. Of these, I have neither the inclination nor means of contesting the authenticity. I simply give one here, which, in my judgment, differs not a little from the others. We shall find in it fewer of those exaggerated expressions of affection, and less of that style, so strangely affected, and full of pretension, remarkable throughout the whole of that correspondence—the authenticity of which, I repeat, I do not mean to deny. He announces to Josephine the victory of Arcola :—

"*Verona, 29th, midday.*—At length, mine adorable Josephine, I breathe again. Death is no longer before mine eyes, and glory and honor are once more in my heart. The enemy has been beaten at

Arcola. To-morrow we repair the blunder of Vaubois, in abandoning Rivoli. In eight days, Mantua will be ours; and soon in thine arms, I shall be able to give thee a thousand proofs of the ardent love of thy husband. On the earliest opportunity I will hasten to Milan. At present, I am somewhat fatigued. I have received a letter from Eugene and Hortense. They are delightful creatures. As my whole family is a little dispersed, the moment all have rejoined me, I will send them to thee. We have made 5,000 prisoners, and have slain at least 6,000 of the enemy. Adieu, mine adorable Josephine! Think often of me. If thou dost cease to love thine Achilles, or if thy heart should ever grow cold towards him, thou wilt be very frightful and very unjust; but I feel assured thou wilt always love me, as I shall ever remain thy most attached friend. Death alone shall dissolve a union which sympathy, affection and sentiment have formed. Send me news of thy health. A thousand and a thousand tenderest adieus!"

I was soon to be an attendant on these triumphs; and setting out to join the Army of Italy, never quitted its youthful commander for an instant, till 1802. But I hold it of some moment to prove (in opposition to certain very ungenerous assertions already given to the public) that in this I threw myself neither as an intruder, nor as an obscure intriguer, into the path of fortune. I obeyed the dictate of friendship, rather than the impulse of ambition; and the following correspondence will show with what confidence I was then honored. The same letters, however, written in the spirit of friendship, and not for history, tell also of our military achievements; and whatever recalls that heroic period, will probably be read not without interest.

"*Headquarters, Milan, 8th June,* 1796.—My dear Bourrienne:—I am desired by the Commander-in-chief to express to you all the pleasure he had in hearing from you; and that he ardently desires you should join us. Set out, then, my dear B., and come quickly. Be assured of that affection with which you inspire all who know you. We shall have only one cause of regret—your not having shared our success. The campaign just concluded will be celebrated in the annals of history. Is it not glorious, in less than two months, and with less than 30,000 men, in want of everything, to have completely beaten, and in eight separate actions, an army of from sixty-five to seventy thousand; dictated a humiliating peace to the King of Sardinia; and chased the Austrians from Italy? The last victory, of which you are doubtless apprised—that of the passage of the Mincio—has ended our toils. There yet re-

main the siege of Mantua, and the reduction of the citadel of Milan; but these obstacles cannot detain us long. Adieu. I repeat, in the name of General Bonaparte, his invitation, and the assurance of his desire to see you. Receive from, etc. MARMONT, Colonel of Artillery, and Aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief."

I was obliged to remain at Sens, waiting my erasure from the list of emigrants, which, however, I did not obtain till 1797, after repeated instances on the part of Bonaparte. My hours, also, were devoted to study; and I preferred repose to the agitation of a camp. This double motive prevented my acceptance, at the time, of this friendly invitation. Six months after, I received a second letter from Chief-of-brigade Marmont, dated, "*Headquarters, Gorizia, 22d March,* 1796.—The Commander-in-chief, my dear Bourrienne, charges me to express his desire, that you should speedily come to him. I unite with the General, in urging you, my dear B., to join the army without loss of time. You will increase an attached family, which longs to receive you into its bosom. I send enclosed the General's order, which will serve as your passport. Take post and come. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language already begins to change, and before four days, the Italian will no more be heard. Prince Charles has been beaten: we are in pursuit. Should the campaign continue successful but a little longer, we shall be in Vienna, to sign a peace so necessary to Europe. Adieu! Esteem as something the wishes of one who is yours sincerely attached."

Inclosed was the following order. "Bonaparte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. Citizen Bourrienne will repair to my headquarters, on receipt of the present order. BONAPARTE."

The wretched shufflings of the government respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France anything but agreeable. Every day brought fresh inquietudes. I was even threatened with being delivered up to the tribunal, on pretense that a false certificate had been given in, though it was signed by nine individuals, all of whom, much to my sorrow, were detained several days. I therefore resolved this time to depart, and without regret. The order of General Bonaparte, placed upon the registers of the municipality at Sens, obtained my passport, which would probably otherwise have been refused. I retain a most grateful sense of his conduct on this occasion. But with whatever haste I urged my departure, these formalities occupied some days; and, at the moment of setting out, I received another letter, of

the 8th April, with a more peremptory order. "We are in the midst of our triumphs," said Marmont, "and of our success. The German campaign commences in a way more brilliant than that of Italy: think, then, what it promises. Come to us instantly, my dear B.; yield to our entreaties; partake our pains and our pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments. The courier has my directions to pass through Sens, to deliver this, and bring back your answer."

Order enclosed:—"Citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne has orders to leave Sens, and to repair instantly, by post, to the headquarters of the Army of Italy. BONAPARTE."

This correspondence, while it puts to shame all the ungenerous insinuations that have appeared against the motives of my journey, by attesting the friendship which Bonaparte entertained for me, ought to conciliate yet greater confidence for these Memoirs.

I took my departure on the 11th April, and arrived in the Venetian States at the very moment when the insurrection against the French broke out: I passed through Verona on Easter Sunday, April 16: the ministers of peace were preaching that it was permitted, and even meritorious, to murder the Jacobins—so the French were designated. "Death to the French!" "Death to the Jacobins!" were the war-cry and watch-word. I remained only two hours, not apprehending the massacre that followed. On Monday, 400 French were butchered in the hospitals and streets, to the ringing of bells. The forts held out against the Venetians, who besieged them with the most determined fury. On the same day, the French were assassinated in Vicenza, through which I had passed the evening before; and in Padua I learned the massacre had begun ere I was well beyond the gates. Once on the Sunday, indeed, I was stopped by a body of insurgents, amounting to about 2,000 men. They, however, only imposed the condition of crying, "Long live Saint Mark." I shouted loud enough in all conscience, and passed! What would have been the consequence, had I traversed these districts one day later? But the last hour of Venice had struck! While these scenes were enacting, Bonaparte had written to the Directory: "I know but of one part you can take—to destroy this sanguinary and ferocious government—to erase the Venetian name from the face of the earth." Twenty days after Venice disappeared from among the nations, without convulsion, and in silence. Woe to those petty states which lie in the path of colossal warfare!

CHAPTER VI.

LEOBEN—BOURRIENNE JOINS BONAPARTE AS PRIVATE SECRETARY—AFFAIRS OF VENICE—ANECDOTES—DECEPTIONS PRACTICED BY THE DIRECTORY—RETURN TO ITALY—ESPIONAGE.

On the 19th April, 1796, I reached the headquarters of the Army of Italy, at Leoben, the morning after the preliminaries of peace had been signed. Here ceases my intercourse with Bonaparte as equal with equal, companion with companion, and now commence those relations which respect him as great, powerful, surrounded with homage and with glory. I no longer accosted him as formerly; I appreciated too justly his personal importance; his position had interposed too vast a distance in the social scale for me to remain insensible to the necessity of comporting my bearing accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, a sacrifice of familiarity, intrinsically of small moment, of *thee-thou*-ing, and of other little intimacies. When I first entered the apartment, where he was surrounded by the officers of a most brilliant staff, he called out, "So, thou art come at last?" But when we were alone, he gave me to understand that my reserve pleased him. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet.

The same evening I entertained him with a recital of the insurrection in the Venetian states, and the perils to which the French were exposed. "Set thyself* at ease," was his reply; "these knaves shall pay well for this. Their republic has been!" That republic yet stood rich and powerful; and the words recalled an expression of Naude, a writer of the age of Louis XIII. "Seest thou Constantinople, counting on its being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, that boasts the maturity of a thousand years? Their day will come!"

From the first, I easily perceived that Bonaparte was not extremely satisfied with the preliminaries of Leoben. It had been his wish to march upon Vienna. This he did not conceal from me. Previously to the proposal of peace with the Archduke Charles, he had written to the Directory, stating the design to follow up his success; but that, for this, the co-operation of the armies on the Sambre and Meuse, and on the Rhine was necessary. The Directory pronounced a diversion from

* Thou and thee were still used till after his return from Milan.

that quarter impossible, and that these armies were not in condition to pass the rivers in their front. This declaration, so unexpected, and so contrary to all his demands, forced him to set bounds to his triumphs, and to renounce the favorite idea of planting the standards of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna.

The very first paper I signed was the occasion of a little outbreaking. A law of 23d August, 1794, prohibited the bearing of any name save those in the register of baptism. I wished to conform to this regulation, so stupidly opposed to inveterate habits. My elder brother was still alive; I signed "Fauvelet, junior." This made the General angry. "There is not even common sense," said he, "in this change of designations; for twenty years I have known thee as Bourrienne: sign as thou art named, and send the long-robes with their laws to the right-about."

On the 20th April, returning to Italy, we were detained on an island by a sudden swelling of the Tagliamento. A courier appeared on the right bank, and made good the passage to our station. Bonaparte read in the dispatches of the Directory that the armies on the German frontier, having arranged their dispositions for crossing the Rhine, had actually commenced hostilities on the very day of signing the preliminaries at Leoben. This news reached his headquarters seven days after that assembly had warned him not to reckon upon the co-operation of the armies of Germany. It is impossible to describe the General's emotion on the perusal of these dispatches. He had signed the preliminaries only in consequence of the representations of his government, that for the present a diversion by the armies on the Rhine was impracticable: now he learned that their co-operation with the army he commanded was on the point of being effected. So great was his agitation of mind that, for the moment, he determined on re-passing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and of breaking with the Austrians on any pretext. He even persisted, till Berthier and other generals combated this resolution. "How different," exclaimed he, "would have been the preliminaries!—if, indeed, they had ever existed." But his vexation and regret—I might almost say despair—rose to its height, when a few days subsequently, he received from Moreau a communication, dated 23d April, announcing that he had passed the Rhine on the 20th, most successfully, having taken 4,000 prisoners, and would lose no time in marching to his support. Who can say, indeed, what might have been the consequences, but for this vacillating and suspicious policy of the Directory, fomented by the basest intrigues, and jealousy of the young conqueror's fame? for, considering the cir-

cumstances of the case, there cannot be a doubt that the Directory, fearing his ambition, sacrificed the renown of our arms, and the honor of our country. Had the movement on the Rhine, urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place a few days earlier, he would have been enabled, without risk of defeat, to have dictated the conditions of peace, or to have advanced upon Vienna. Strongly impressed with a sense of this injustice, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th May :—"Since apprised of the passage of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau, how deeply have I regretted that the movement had not been effected fifteen days sooner! or at least that Moreau had informed me of his being in a condition to accomplish it." Information to the contrary, in fact, had been transmitted! What becomes after this of the unjust accusation that Bonaparte, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the future advantages of a protracted campaign.

While traversing the Venetian States, on our return to Milan, he discoursed often about the affairs of the republic of Venice. He constantly asserted that in their origin he had been entirely a stranger to the insurrections which had agitated the country. Good sense merely would have shown that, since his object was to carry the war to the banks of the Danube, he could have no possible interest in seeing his rear harassed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such a combination," to continue in his own words, "would have been absurd, and could never have entered the head of one, to whom his very enemies cannot deny a peculiar nicety of management." He acknowledged, however, that he did not now regret the turn things had taken, because he had already extracted advantage for the preliminaries, and hoped to profit still more in concluding a definite treaty. "On arriving at Milan," said he, "I will give orders to occupy Venice." It is, then, quite demonstrated to my judgment that, in their commencement, the Commander-in-chief had no hand in these insurrections, which finally terminated the existence of Venice as an independent state; that, subsequently, he by no means regretted them: and, later still, turned them to good account.

The army reached Milan on the 5th May. Soon after Bonaparte established his headquarters at Montebello, a very beautiful seat, three leagues from the capital, and overlooking a magnificent view of Lombardy. Here negotiations commenced, the Marquis St. Gallo, Austrian plenipotentiary, taking up his residence within half a league; but the treaty was finally concluded at Passeriano. After making an excursion to the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and the Borromean isles, the General devoted his attention to the organization of Venice, Genoa,

and the cities of the Milanese. He sought for mind, and found it not. "Good God," exclaimed he, "how rarely do we meet with men! There are in Italy eighteen millions of inhabitants, and I have with difficulty discovered two—Dandolo and Melzi." He had appreciated them justly. Dandolo is one of those who, during the revolutionary era, reflected the highest credit on Italy: Member of the Grand Council of the Cisalpine Republic, his subsequent administration in Dalmatia was great, equitable and firm. The services of Melzi, Duke of Lodi, as Chancellor and Great Seal of the kingdom of Italy, are known to all. But to those who have seen a little of the world, Napoleon's reproach is only a truism, forcibly expressed; and is more especially applicable not to the upper, but to the highest rank of society.*

At this period, when the preliminaries of Leoben had suspended military operations, immediate replies to all letters pressed not so urgently. It occurred to General Bonaparte not, indeed, to act as Cardinal Dubois was accustomed to do, who threw the letters he received into the fire, saying, "Now my correspondence is closed;" but he was convinced that too much was written, and precious time lost in trifling and useless answerings. He desired me, therefore, to open such dispatches only as were received by extraordinary couriers, and to leave other letters in the basket for the space of three weeks. I give my word that we found four-fifths of the communications which must otherwise have been written, settled to our hand. Observe in what manner: Some were themselves answers, acknowledgments of reception; others contained requests already granted, which had not reached the parties; many were filled with complaints about provisions, pay, clothing, etc., already redressed; generals demanded re-enforcements, money, advances, or made other requests—to all of which the pain of a refusal had thus been spared. When the Commander-in-chief compared the small number of letters requiring answers, with the mass to which time had replied, he laughed heartily at his amusing plan. But, in truth, was not this mode preferable to placing the letters before an ordinary secretary, and causing him to fill up the usual printed circular with the proper date?

It was now the month of July, and the negotiations were still protracted. This embarrassment and delay, unceasingly renewed, could be attributed only to the astutious policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris fixed his undivided attention.

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* 'Go, my son," said Oxenstiern, "to the congress (at Munster), and behold by what sort of men the world is governed!"

He contemplated with extreme displeasure, and even violent anger, the mode in which the leading agitators of the councils, and pamphlets written in a similar spirit, pronounced upon him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He regarded with indignation the suspicions attempted to be thrown upon his conduct, and his ulterior views. The nature of lesser grievances, too, may be gathered from the following extract of a private letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, and delivered by an emigrant gentleman, M. de Roville, who, though obliged to engage in trade, to support a wife and two daughters, declared that, "such was his admiration of Bonaparte, that he should consider himself amply rewarded for the fatigues and expenses of a journey from Leipsic, by the pleasure of seeing, and doing service, to so great a man." "I have just discovered," says Sabatier, "through a person of my acquaintance, arrived from Basle, that Citizen Delacroix, minister for foreign affairs, for the last three months, has retained at your headquarters an individual charged to observe all your movements, and to insinuate himself into the confidence of your people, so as, if possible, to gain access to your own. He is a man of much address, speaks several languages, and is not in the service. I am also informed that, by orders of the same minister, some weeks ago, the Baron de Nertia has been dispatched to play the same part near Madame de Bonaparte. This I know from one to whom Nertia confided his mission; he has a monthly allowance of 20,000 livres (£833, 6s. 8d.) from the foreign office, and, though married, his wife is now living with one of Delacroix's secretaries," etc.

The newspapers and pamphlets were continual sources of great annoyance. Bonaparte could not endure that any should pretend to divine his plans. Struck with astonishment on seeing his campaigns depreciated, his own, and the glory of his companions in arms tarnished, intrigues formed against him by the cabal of Clichy, he addressed to the Directory the following note, now printed from the autograph:—

"*To the President of the Executive Directory*:—I have this instant received, citizen-directors, the motion of order of Dumolard (23d June, 1797). It contains the following clause:—'That several of the Assembly of the Ancients having since raised doubts on the causes and aggravation of these criminal violations of the rights of nations (in reference to Venice), no impartial man will make it a subject of reproach to the legislative body, that its members gave credence to declarations so precise, so solemn, and supported so warmly by the executive power.' The motion has been printed by order of the Assembly; it is ther

apparent that this clause is against me. I had a right, after having concluded five treaties of peace, and given the final blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live in tranquillity, and under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. Now, I behold myself injured, persecuted, traduced by every shameful means which political craft lends to persecution. I might have remained indifferent to all, except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic seek to cover me. After having, by my late conduct, deserved well of my country, had I reason to find myself accused in a manner as absurd as it is atrocious? Had I reason to expect that a manifesto, signed by emigrants and pensioners of England, would acquire, with the Council of Five Hundred, greater faith than the testimony of 80,000 warriors—than my own word? What! have we been assassinated by traitors? have more than 400 individuals perished? and do the first magistrates of the republic impute it as a crime to have thought of this for one moment? More than 400 Frenchmen were murdered before the eyes of a governor of a citadel; they fell pierced by innumerable blows of such daggers as the one I now send for your inspection; and the representatives of the French people cause it to be put on record that, if they have deliberated on these things for an instant, they were excusable! I am well aware there exists societies, in which it is said, 'Was this blood, then, so pure!' Had men, infamous, or dead to the sentiments of country and of national glory, spoken thus, my complaints should not have been heard—they would have been beneath my notice: but I have cause to complain of that debasement into which the first magistrates of the state would plunge those who have aggrandized and elevated so high the glory of the French name. I repeat, citizen-directors, the demand before presented to you, of my dismissal. I require a life of tranquillity, if, indeed, the daggers of Clichy will permit me to live. You have charged me with negotiations; for these I am little qualified."

About the same time, he drew up a note upon the affairs of Venice, detailing his proceedings, with a manifesto sent to the Doge, containing fifteen counts, or causes of complaint, and ending with an order for the French minister to quit Venice, and the Lion of St. Mark to be thrown down in all the cities of the continental territories. These documents he caused to be printed without name, and to be circulated throughout the whole army.* From the spirit of these notes, it was not difficult to perceive that the Commander-in-chief had taken the

* See Appendix, C.

resolution of deciding as conqueror, and of marching to Paris. This disposition, well known to the army, was not long in being communicated to the court of Vienna. In fact, an intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis to his brother the Archduke of Tuscany, of which I instantly made a translation for the General, proved his intention to be well known. Thus writes the Emperor:

"My dear Brother—I punctually received your third letter, containing the sketch of your distressing and delicate situation. Rest assured I perceive your condition no less clearly than yourself, and pity you the more that, in truth, I know not how to advise. Like myself, you are the victim of the preceding inactivity of the Italian princes, who aught at once to have acted with their united forces, while I still held possession of Mantua. If the intentions of Bonaparte, as stated, be to establish republics in Italy, republicanism is then likely to extend over the whole of that country. I have commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French, on their part, observe these as strictly as I shall certainly do, and cause to be done, your position will be improved; but already the former begin to disregard them. The principal problems which remain to be solved are, whether the Directory and the French nation approve of Bonaparte's proceedings; and whether the General, as appears from certain proclamations distributed among his army, be not already disposed to rise against his country. If so, that may create anew innumerable obstacles. Thus, I can advise you in nothing at present; for, as to myself, time, and the circumstances of the moment, only can determine me how to act," etc.—20th July, 1797.

In the meantime, Bonaparte, always deeply moved by the manner in which the reputation of the Army of Italy, and his own conduct in the campaign, were attacked by the press of Paris, dictated to me various tracts, circulated without name, in answer to these strictures, and in defense of himself and army. One of these notes I insert the more readily, that it will afford pleasure both to the soldiers who survive these glorious campaigns, and to those who love to contrast Bonaparte in 1797 with Napoleon in 1817.

"It is pretended, then, that the Italian army has not done enough: it ought to have passed beyond the carpet-field of Italy. S'blood! it would appear the gentry who talk thus must consult maps on a very small scale! We ought, forsooth, to have left behind us Milan be-

sieged, Mantua blockaded; left in the rear the King of Naples, the Pope, that immense country which we had just conquered, and to have advanced with a stride like a pair of compasses, into Germany! Bonaparte has been blamed for concentrating his whole army, in order to invest Mantua. This is an error in fact. Not a man more was employed at Mantua than sufficed for the blockade. The siege was carried on with the artillery taken in the towns of the Modense, around Mantua. The army of observation took up the best position for covering the investment. Some strong columns were detached to Bologna, Ferrara, Leghorn: these overawed, and caused the respective powers to make peace, chased the English from Leghorn, and, consequently, from the Mediterranean. Returning with that promptitude which characterized the Army of Italy, these columns presented themselves on the Adige, in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What could be desired more? Will it still be maintained that we ought to have entered Germany? In other words, to have abandoned Italy, and to have exposed that beautiful country to an insurrection; to a successful sortie from Mantua; and to the enemy's armies in Friuli? But might not a diversion, it is asked, have been made through the Tyrol, though only to return? Indeed! The Tyrol, which, on the querist's map is probably some three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and with forty leagues of impracticable defiles, traversed by the grand chain of Alps, which truly separates Italy from Germany. Moreau, too, was still on the Rhine, and Jourdan on the Sieg. But I am a child, in thus seeking to convince or to understand you. M. Dunan [the assumed name* of his principal adversary in this paper war], you do not understand yourself: you speak of matters beyond your comprehension. This is not surprising. The pedant—I have forgotten in what town—conceived he could read a lecture on war to Alexander: and you think that, if Cæsar, Turenne, Montéculli, and the Great Frederic, were now to arise from the tomb, they would become your scholars! The perfection, or system, of modern warfare consists, according to you, in throwing one corps of the army to the right and the other to the left, leaving the enemy in the center, and, at the same time, placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, they would throw military science back four centuries; and each time they were put in practice against an active adversary, with the least knowledge

* The real name of this personage appears to have been Duverne de Presle.—*Translator.*

of the maneuvers of war, he would beat one of your corps, and cut off the other's retreat. But to return: In its campaigns, the Army of Italy has overthrown the Army of Sardinia, though formed of veterans in four years of combats;—the army of Beaulieu, so strong that the court of Vienna had no doubt of re-capturing the province of Nice;—the army of Wurmser, whose march from the Rhine with 20,000 of the *élite* of the Austrian forces alone permitted Moreau and Hoche to pass that river. Wurmser, indeed, reached no re-enforcements in Italy, for, by a march as bold as skillful, which of itself would render the brave warriors of the Italian army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded in Mantua. Alvinzi, re-enforced by all the divisions of Poland, Silesia, Hungary, as also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself anew. After several days maneuvering he, too, fell at Arcola. The retreat of our army on the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh re-enforcements by way of the Tyrol. Hungary and Vienna, stirred up by the nobles, the priests, and their partisans, voluntarily sent their recruits, doubling the forces of our enemies. Yet the fields of battle at Rivoli and La Favorità, and, some days after, the capture of Mantua, of Bergamo, and of Treviso, served only to augment the laurels of the brave soldiers of the Army of Italy.

"But, when this army had entered Germany, it is said, all would have been lost; that Bonaparte himself would have been marched to increase the prisoners at Olmütz, had he not, by good luck, concluded a treaty of peace! Bonaparte penetrated into Germany by three routes at once; by the Tyrol, Carinthia and Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he had no apprehension of becoming too feeble on the whole, because such was also the position of the enemy. He was, besides, under the necessity of making his attack in this manner, in order to secure a retreat, and to cover, with certainty, his magazines and reserves. But when the enemy, everywhere in flight, had given up to him his magazines, 24,000 prisoners and sixty pieces of cannon; when he had obtained possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, Brixen, he perceived he might, in turn, be attacked; that the enemy, rallying beyond their mountains, might concert their movements, fall upon and beat in detail his several corps. Upon this, he concentrated his three divisions in Corinthia, fortified Clagenfurth (the capital), and there stationed his depots. Thus, instead of three communications, and in place of the Army of Italy being obliged to occupy a line of eighty leagues, it was collected on a single point, whence it menaced at once Vienna, Hungary and Bavaria. On the other hand, General Kerpen was at Innspruck; Quasdanowich was watching Carniola; and the army of

Prince Charles was thus scattered over a line from Salzburg to Vienna, and farther weakened by the two former detachments. In these circumstances, the Austrians sought an armistice: it was granted. Some days after the preliminaries of peace were signed. These saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria. It may just be added that Prince Charles has constantly fallen into all the snares as constantly laid for him by Bonaparte. The art of war consists in having, with an inferior army, a force always greater than the enemy's on the point to be attacked, or on the point which is attacked. But this art is learned neither from books nor by practice. It is a tact of conduct which properly constitutes genius in war."

Another matter which occupied his mind during this lengthened diplomacy had been devolved upon him by the Directory—namely, obtaining the liberation of La Fayette and his companions, detained at Olmütz as prisoners of state since 1792. This commission the Commander-in-chief fulfilled with equal pleasure and zeal; but he often encountered difficulties, seemingly insurmountable. It has been published very erroneously, that these gentlemen were set at liberty in consequence of an article in the preliminaries at Leoben. I wrote a great deal in this affair to the dictation of Bonaparte, and my arrival at headquarters took place on the morrow after these preliminaries had been signed. It was not before the end of May, 1797, that the demand for their liberation was even made; and it constituted no part of the treaty. They were ill-treated as prisoners; they accepted liberty nobly, and without compromise, maintaining to the end those sentiments of independence and of dignity which a long and rigid captivity had been unable to subdue.*

While Bonaparte was thus variously engaged at a distance, efforts were making at home to deprive him of the honor of conceiving those campaigns, the excellence of which could not be concealed. It was an opinion generally admitted, that Carnot, from his office in the Luxembourg, drew up, or dictated for him, the plans of these campaigns; that Berthier was his right hand, whom he was fortunate above measure in having near his person; without whom he would have felt much embarrassed, even with the plans of Carnot, which were often mere romances. This twofold absurdity has survived for a moment even against the evidence of facts. Many persons still entertain this belief, which, in foreign countries especially, finds numerous partisans. Everywhere have I been assailed with questions on the subject. Now, not

* See Appendix, D.

one word of all this is true. We must render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Bonaparte was an inventor, not an imitator, in the art of war. That no man has here surpassed him, is indisputable. At the commencement of this skillful campaign, the Directory, as a matter of course, sent him certain instructions; but he invariably followed his own judgment, constantly asserting in his dispatches that all would be lost, if movements, planned at a distance from the scene of action, were to be implicitly or blindly followed. Then he offered his resignation. The Directory gave in, by acknowledging the difficulty of determining military operations at Paris: all things were arranged on this concession. On entering his service, I saw a dispatch from the Directory, dated in May, 1796, authorizing him to conduct the rest of the Italian campaign according to his own views and estimates. And, most certainly, there was not a movement—not a single operation, which did not emanate from himself. Carnot had been obliged to yield to his firmness.

When the Directory desired to treat of peace, towards the close of the year 1796, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, had powers authorizing him, in case Mantua did not fall during the arrangements, to include the blockade as it should then stand. In this case, the Emperor of Austria would have stipulated that the place and garrison should be provisioned day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice, *without Mantua*, would never be a step towards peace, vehemently opposed this condition, to which, indeed, he referred all assent. He carried his point — the place capitulated — the consequences are known: the splendid campaign finished by an advantageous peace. Nevertheless, he had looked forward to the chances of war, and was preparing, during the blockade, to gain possession by storm; and wrote the Directory to that effect, remarking, "A stroke of this nature depends absolutely upon luck—upon a dog barking, or a goose cackling."

General Clarke had also again been appointed second plenipotentiary in the negotiations now carrying on. Bonaparte more than once told me, as a fact not to be doubted, that this officer had a secret mission, to watch, and even to arrest him, should an occasion offer of doing so without danger. That such suspicion was entertained, I cannot deny; but I must add, that all my efforts failed to establish its grounds. In daily intercourse with Clarke, he never put a question to me; and I never heard a single expression which could have induced the belief of his being a spy; if one, he played his part skillfully. Even in his *intercepted* correspondence, nothing transpired to confirm these suspicions.

Bonaparte, however, could not endure him; and, by his influence, rendered ineffective the diplomatic mission of Clarke, who was recalled. But I must say, though estimating his talents as not above par, he cherished no resentment in consequence of the conduct suspected to have been pursued in Italy: "having alone," observed he, "the right to be offended, I pardon." He had even the generosity to demand, in Clarke's favor, a diplomatic mission of the second class. Such traits were not uncommon with him.

Bonaparte, excessively alive to whatever reached him of the reports concerning Carnot and Berthier, said to me one day, "This is so gross an absurdity! It is very easy to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and advance till you sign peace in Vienna.' But the execution—there's the rub!—that is not quite so easy a matter. I never set the least account upon the orders received from the Directory. There are upon the spot too many circumstances to modify such instructions. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army will completely overturn an entire plan arranged thus by the chimney-corner. None but old women would put faith in such gossip. As to Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is: he is a blockhead. What! So he has done all! It is he who appropriates a great part of the glory of the Army of Italy!" In reply, I endeavored to show such ideas must in the end yield to the truth; that each would then enjoy his own; or at least, that posterity would do justice. This pleased him.

For my own part, I loved Berthier. I found him an excellent person throughout our very intimate and long intercourse. Our numerous avocations in common had occasioned his contracting a custom of thou and thee-ing me, in conversation, but never in writing: in return, I used to banter him, but very unsuccessfully, for murdering his vowels, a habit which, in speaking, gave a coarseness to his enunciation. He abounded in courage, honor and probity, with great regularity in business. Berthier, however, could neither condescend with affability, nor refuse without harshness. His blunt character, at once egotistical and regardless, if it did not create many enemies, conciliated also but few friends. He knew perfectly the station of all the corps, the names of their commanders, and their force: he was always ready, day and night. He dictated with precision and clearness the orders derived from the General's instructions, and was, besides, sincerely devoted to his leader. In fine, it must be allowed that he formed an excellent chief of staff. Here let his admirers stop. He himself wished no higher praise. His talents were very limited, confined to a particular department, and

united with a character of extreme weakness. Such, too, was his entire dependence upon Bonaparte, and so great his admiration of him, that he never would have presumed to oppose his plans or give advice: on the other hand Bonaparte's friendship, the frequent occurrence of his name in bulletins and official dispatches, had increased Berthier's reputation beyond its just extent. The former, speaking of the latter to the Directory, who had desired his opinion of the generals employed under him, said: "Talents, activity, courage, character, everything, is in favor of Berthier." This was in 1796, when he made an *eagle* of him; at St. Helena he has described him as a *goose*. The truth lies between: he was neither the one nor the other. Yet, to Berthier, Bonaparte was more attached by habit than by inclination; but Bonaparte was greatly a being of habit. He counted much upon his whereabouts, and disliked new arrangements, or, in his own words, "new faces." Berthier loved him, expedited his orders well; and this made up for want of genius.

As to Carnot, when his reputation shall have ceased to depend upon temporary influences, and when his character will be tried by the touchstone of distant history, there will remain to him nothing of his pretended portion in the triumphs of the Army of Italy, or in the glory, most unquestionably *exclusive*, of its immortal leader.

In the course of this period of comparative inaction, Bonaparte had given orders for engraving his principal battles. The plates had been paid for in advance, but the work was not proceeding to his satisfaction. Meeting one day the geographer, Bacler d'Albe, whom he esteemed, "Well," said he, "how get you on? Make haste now; recollect, all these are but affairs of the moment; if you lose more time, you will sell nothing; all will be quickly forgotten;" as if he had intended to predict that, if possible, he himself would efface the memory of the past by yet more brilliant exploits.

During the summer, the young Beauharnois arrived at Milan from Paris, being then in his seventeenth year, and immediately entered the service as aid-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief, who entertained for him a tender affection, justified by his own good qualities. Eugene had an excellent heart, a fine courage, strict honor, great generosity and frankness, with an obliging and amiable temper. It is well known, his subsequent life did not belie these happy dispositions of youth; already he displayed the courage of a warrior; at a later period he exhibited the talents of a statesman. For my own part, after years of daily and intimate intercourse in Italy and Egypt, I can recall nothing to induce me to erase a single word of this praise.

Among other officers who, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came to Italy, was General Desaix, to visit the Commander-in-chief, and the fields of battle rendered illustrious by the victories of such an army and such a leader. Here commenced that friendship, terminated only by the premature death of Desaix, which, without doubt, would have exercised no small influence on the future political and military career of Bonaparte. Desaix's information on the real state of the armies of the Rhine was far from re-assuring the latter with respect to his own position in Italy, and inspired him with little confidence in their support, in the event of hostilities recommencing beyond the Alps.

These, and other considerations, conspired to render Bonaparte desirous of terminating the protracted negotiations with Austria—not that he wished peace, which he always looked forward to signing at Vienna. In the Directory, again, the minority urged a final arrangement on the basis of the preliminaries; the majority declared for conditions more honorable and advantageous. Neither was Austria in earnest, nor in haste. She reckoned on troubles in France, whose political state announced an approaching explosion. Each, in truth, attempting to overreach the other, protested a desire of peace, and both remained resting on their arms. In the meanwhile, the seeds of new revolutions were rapidly maturing in France.

CHAPTER VII.

STATE OF PARTIES IN FRANCE—VIEWS OF BONAPARTE—ANECDOTES—DIRECTORY—CORRESPONDENCE — AUGEREAU — BERNADOTTE — TALLEYRAND, ETC.

Bonaparte had long foreseen an impending struggle between the supporters of monarchy and the republicans. The contest was now on the eve of decision. The partisans of royalty were reported to abound in all quarters. Every officer returning from Paris to the army deprecated vehemently the spirit of reaction which agitated the interior. The private correspondence of the General urged him unceasingly to declare his party, or pressed him to act for himself. At the same time, there existed in the majority of both assemblies of the legislature an evident dislike of Bonaparte. The leaders of the royalists and the orators of Clichy, incessantly wounded his self-love, by their discourses and writings. They overwhelmed him with abuse; they vilified his

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own, and the reputation of his army; and censured, with asperity, the plan of his campaigns and conduct in Italy, especially with respect to Venice. His services thus obtained for recompense only hatred and ingratitude. Comparisons with other generals were instituted, and he was considered merely as a fiery and impetuous leader. He had become absolutely tired of the epithet learned, as repeated to satiety, in speaking of Moreau's tactics.

But a circumstance which gave him still more lively affliction, was to see Frenchmen, members of the national councils, yet enemies and slanderers of the national glory. He represented to the Directory the necessity of arresting the emigrants; of destroying foreign influence; of putting down the journals named as sold to England and Austria, and which, in advocating their principles, he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat had ever been.* He urged the recall of the armies, and shutting the club, society or cabal, of Clichy, all the members of which were secret or declared enemies of revolutionary principles. The remembrance of his destitute situation in 1795, occasioned chiefly by Aubry, one of its warmest partisans, doubtless now sharpened the General's resentment against this assembly. The cause of the Revolution, embraced at this epoch by Bonaparte, was also supported by the victorious Army of Italy, which he took care to represent as indignant at the occurrences passing in France, persuaded even his soldiers to think that they were so, and to declare themselves exclusively animated with a desire of marching to the succor of liberty, and of the constitution of the year III.

His resolution to pass the Alps with 25,000 men, and advance by way of Lyons upon Paris, was well known in the capital, and all were occupied in discussing the consequences of this passage of a new Rubicon. Carnot, who has always appeared to me to have been sincere in his intentions, but whom, because in the minority of the Directory, Bonaparte deceived, wrote to the General, August 17, 1797:—"Here the good people fabricate a thousand projects for you, each more absurd than the other. They cannot believe that one capable of so great things, will condescend to live as a private citizen." This has reference to the General's reiterated application for leave to retire from affairs, founded on the state of his health. This he represented to be so precarious, as to require two years of repose for its re-establishment, and as not permitting him any longer to mount on horseback. Bonaparte

* The *Quotidienne*, *Memorial* and *Thé* were mentioned expressly as in the pay of England.

despised the Directory, accusing the members of imbecility—of wavering and pusillanimous conduct—of numberless faults—of embezzling the resources of the state—and of persisting in a system vicious in itself, and debasing to the national glory. He knew that the royalist party demanded his dismissal, and even arrest. But before declaring for either of the two factions, he first thought of his own interests. He did not consider that enough had yet been done to bear him out in a daring attempt to seize the supreme power, which, as respected the mere act of seizure, had certainly been an easy achievement in his circumstances. He rested content for the present to support that party which was backed by the opinion of the moment, and by the sentiment he had himself inspired into the troops. I have mentioned his determination to march to Paris, should things appear to take a turn unfavorable to republicanism, which he preferred to royalty, hoping better to attain his own ends in the ascendency of the former. At this time he was even seriously arranging his plan of campaign. To defend this so much despised Directory appeared identical with defending his own proper windfall; that is to say, an institution seemingly of no farther use, beyond keeping the place for him, until he should find it quite convenient to take it himself.

With the approach of peace, Bonaparte had beheld arrive the period of his military achievements. Repose was to him a punishment. He essayed to have a hand in civil affairs, persuaded, and with reason, that if elected one of the five Directors, he would, ere long, be sole head of the republic. The success of this attempt would have prevented the expedition to Egypt, and would have placed much sooner the imperial crown upon his head. Intrigues were carried on at Paris in his name, in order to obtain dispensation of the law regarding age. He hoped, in spite of his twenty-eight years, to replace one of the two Directors about to be unseated. His brothers and their friends took great pains to effect this design; but it appeared so entirely opposed to the opinions of the times, and viewed as so great, so speedy a violation of the youthful constitution of the year III.—destined, however, to suffer a much more grievous outrage some months later—that the proposition was not even ventured officially. Besides, the Directory did not always conceal the jealousy inspired by Bonaparte: its members were far from desiring him as a colleague. They dissembled, nevertheless, as did also Bonaparte: the parties lavished reciprocal assurances of friendship; each hated the other most cordially. The Directory always affected to claim the support of the General; the General to concede the request. Each played a game; but Bonaparte's after-conduct clearly proves that the main-

tenance of the constitution of the year III., and of public liberty, was but a pretext; he became their defender for a season, because, had the opposite party triumphed, he could not have hoped to preserve his ascendency, and the power over the Directory which he then held. I always observed him decided upon marching to Paris when the *Clichian*, or royalist, party prevailed. To this latter, which now began to grow formidable, he would doubtless have listened, had a prospect of power been thus offered. The fact, that he resolved to support the majority of the Directory, sufficiently appears from the following confidential letter. It had not the usual form of ordinary letters, which always bore "Executive Directory."

"*6th Messidor, Year V.* (*24th June*, 1797).—Citizen-general:—We have remarked with extreme satisfaction the evidences of attachment which you cease not to give to the cause of liberty and the constitution of the year III. You may rely upon the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept with pleasure all the offers which you make to us of coming to the support of the republic. These are fresh proofs of your sincere respect for the commonwealth. You cannot doubt that we will employ the means thus placed in our hand for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of the state."

This letter was signed by Barras, Rewbell and La Reveillère. Carnot and Barthelemy, the remaining Directors, had no knowledge of the communication.

Towards the end of July, in order to be informed of every transaction, Bonaparte dispatched to Paris his aid-de-camp La Valette, who possessed and merited his unreserved confidence. La Valette united to an excellent education, solidity of acquirement, an amiable disposition, a pliant temper and moderate opinions. His devotion, too, was absolute. He received instructions, and a particular cipher for his correspondence with the General-in-chief.* A few days after, Augereau set out, on 27th July. Bonaparte, on this occasion, wrote *officially* to the Directory, that "this officer had demanded leave of absence to go to Paris on his own private affairs." Bearer of the addresses of the

* The secret of the cipher for the *Fructidorian* correspondence was the invention of Bourrienne, and consisted of three contrivances, all referring to proper names. I. Representing these by capital letters: thus, Talleyrand A, Merlin D, etc. II. Expressing names by figures; thus, Bonaparte 45, Paris 100, Legislative Body 17, Members of Directory 1—5, Moreau 27, Army of Italy 13, etc. III. Conventional symbols; thus, Council of Five Hundred ○, of the Ancients ⊖, etc.—*Translator.*

Italian Army, and named, on the 9th August, commander of the seventeenth military division, "he came to cut the throats of the royalists." This we shall see presently. These were also his own vaunts. Such were his private affairs! Let us declare the truth: Augereau was sent expressly for the purpose of seconding the revolution preparing against the royal party, and the minority of the Directory. So decidedly, too, had Bonaparte taken his resolution, that, ten days before, wishing to instruct Augereau in the part to be played, a courier extraordinary was dispatched to Vicenza, where he commanded, with an order for him to repair upon the instant to Milan; and, to insure greater secrecy, the private order bore, "You will recollect my own apartment below is unoccupied, and ready for your reception. Augereau was selected for this service, because Bonaparte knew the extravagance of his republican principles, his daring spirit, and small political capacity. He believed him quite capable of aiding a movement of which his own presence with the army did not permit a personal superintendence: while, as an agent, the former could be a rival, neither in glory nor ambition, capable of converting that movement to his own profit. Napoleon has said, at St. Helena, that he sent the addresses of the Army of Italy by Augereau, because he had shown himself a warm partisan of the ideas of the times. The motive just explained was the true one. But he has deviated still farther from truth when he says, in the same recital, "If there could be a doubt," speaking of the 18th Fructidor, "that the triumph of the majority of the councils was his (Napoleon's) desire and hope, we should be led to that belief by the following facts: namely, that in the very moment of the crisis between the two factions, a secret resolution of three members of the Directory, and who composed its party, demanded of him 3,000,000 of francs, to enable them to sustain the attack of the councils. This sum Napoleon, under various pretences, did not forward, although he could easily have done so." There was no mention, as we have just seen, of 3,000,000 (£125,000) in the confidential letter of the three Directors: they made no demand; they only replied to his *previous* assurances of support. Now, it was he who made offer of the money, which afterwards, when accepted, was *not forthcoming;* it was he who sent off Augereau; it was he who contrived the success of the directoral majority. His memory must have served him very imperfectly at St. Helena; or, in thus disfiguring the truth, Napoleon could have no other intention than to proclaim his attachment to those principles which he adopted, and finally maintained from 1800, the period of the Consulate, but against which he had combated with equal energy, until that era.

Not satisfied with two agents, Bonaparte, somewhat later, sent Bernadotte to Paris, for a similar purpose. The pretext assumed this time was to present to the Directory four standards taken at the battle of Rivoli, which, through mistake, had been left at Peschiera. Bernadotte played no conspicuous part in the affair. He has always been prudent.

By these means Bonaparte was made aware of every event, even before it was made public at Paris. A constant correspondence was kept up through La Vafette, Augereau, Barras, Carnot, Bernadotte and Talleyrand, which I have preserved, and which will be found to differ in several respects from the recital of the same transaction by Napoleon at St. Helena to his noble companions in misfortune. One of La Valette's early letters shows the state of parties. "The minority of the Directory always hope the possibility of an accommodation with the Chambers. The majority will perish rather than yield more; they see the abyss dug before them. But such is the infatuation of Carnot, or the feebleness of his character, that he hesitates whether to become a supporter of monarchy, as he acted in the case of the Terrorists. He advises temporizing. Barras, on the contrary, says, 'I only wait the decree of accusation to march against the conspirators in the councils, and soon shall their heads roll in the kennels!'" The transactions of the 18th Fructidor (September 3, 1797)—which brought this crisis to an issue, gave the triumph to the republican party, and deferred for three years the demise of the pentarchy—offers one of the most remarkable events in its brief and pitiable existence. Once the resolution was formed, but the execution delayed, according to the aid-de-camp's statement, "because of disagreement respecting the proper means of carrying into effect an arrest of the obnoxious members of council; and the apprehension of ulterior results where the first success was not doubtful." A few days after, Augereau writes thus:—"The determination of the Directory is the same to-day—that is to say, the project always advances, and its execution will preserve the republic, notwithstanding the apathy of the indolent, and the opposition of the demagogues. Send me then the money." Four days before the final consummation, La Valette reports:—"At length the movement, so often announced, is about to take place. The Directory will cause to be arrested to-morrow night, or the following one, fifteen or twenty deputies. It is not expected there will be any resistance." And, on the eventful day itself, Augereau wrote announcing its results:—"18th Fructidor. At length, my dear General (success had rendered him familiar) my mission is fulfilled, and the promises of the Army

of Italy were this night redeemed. The Directory had resolved on a vigorous stroke: the moment was yet uncertain—the preparations incomplete: fear of being anticipated hastened measures. At midnight I dispatched an order for all the troops to put themselves in motion, and to march upon the points indicated: before day all the bridges and principal squares were occupied with cannon: at daybreak the halls of the councils were surrounded. The council guards cordially fraternized with our troops, and the members, whose names are subjoined, have been arrested and committed to the Temple.* The pursuit of a still greater number continues. Carnot has disappeared. Paris is tranquil, and in astonishment that a crisis, announced so terribly, has passed over in holiday guise. The robust patriot of the suburbs proclaims the safety of the republic, and the black necks (the priests) are under. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory, and of the patriots of both councils, to finish the rest. The seat of the assemblies is changed, and the first operations promise for good. This event is a great step towards peace. It belongs to you to overleap the space which still keeps us remote from this conclusion. Do not forget the letter of exchange for 25,000 francs (£1041, 13s. 4d.). It is urgent."

Augereau was anxious to have his part, too, in this victory: he wished to be a Director; he was only "candidate:" pretty well that, for having been merely an instrument in the hand of another.

On the 22d Fructidor, Talleyrand wrote to Bonaparte, giving an account of the above transactions, "which he feared might be misrepresented," and concluding as follows:—"You will read in the proclamations, that a real conspiracy, and completely in favor of royality, had been for a long while carried on against the constitution. Of late, indeed, it was hardly disguised, but perceptible to the most indifferent! The word *patriot* had become a disgrace; all the republican institutions were vilified; the most irreconcilable enemies of France sought admittance in crowds to her bosom, and were received and honored. Hypocritical fanaticism had of a sudden thrown us back to the sixteenth century. Division reigned in the Directory; in the Legislative body sat men absolutely elected by instructions from the *Pretender*, and whose every motion tended to royalism. The Directory, fully aware of all these circumstances, have caused the conspirators to be seized. To confound at once the hopes and the calumnies of all those who would

* The letter inclosed *forty* names of members of the Council of Five Hundred, and *thirty-four* of the Ancients, arrested or condemned, and afterwards banished.—*Translator.*

have so eagerly desired, or who may still meditate, the ruin of the constitution, death, speedy and certain, has been pronounced against whomsoever would restore royalty, the constitution of 1793, or of Orleans."

Barras and Bernadotte give the results. The former writes, "Tomorrow we receive our two new colleagues." These are Francis de Neufchâteau and Merlin. Conclude the peace; but let it be an honorable one: the Rhine to be the boundary; Mantua to belong to the Cisalpine republic; Venice to be rescued from the grasp of Austria. Such is the real view of the Directory; such are the wishes of the republicans; nor with less can the interest of the commonwealth, or the well-merited glory of the Commander and Army of Italy be reconciled."

On the 24th, Bernadotte says, "The deputies arrested on the 18th have been sent off for Rochefort, where they are to embark for Madagascar, the place of banishment. Paris is tranquil. The people learned the arresting of the deputies at first with indifference. A sentiment of curiosity by and by drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed; and the cry of 'Long live the Republic!' so long unheard, resounded throughout the whole city. Some of the neighboring departments have expressed their disapprobation. One has protested; but it will be alone. The government has at this moment in its power the possible resuscitation of national energy; but every one feels the necessity of surrounding it with republicans of activity and worth. Unfortunately a multitude of men, without talents, and without means, already believe that the movement has been only for them. Time will set all this to rights. The armies have recovered consistency; the military of the interior are respected, or, at least, feared. The emigrants flee, and the nonjuring priests conceal themselves. Never was any event more auspicious for consolidating the republic. The Legislative Body has conceded to the Directory a great degree of power. There remains, nevertheless, a considerable party in both councils adverse to republican forms, who, so soon as the first emotion of fear has passed, will endeavor to ruin all. This the Government knows. Measures will, therefore, be taken to guard against such a result, and to secure the patriots against a new persecution."—Talleyrand writes on the last day of the same month, "We intend publishing documents, clearly showing that the courts of Vienna and of London were in the best understanding with the faction just suppressed amongst us. It will appear in our proclamations, to what extent the negotiations of these two courts, and the movements in the interior, have accorded. The members of Clinchy, and the cabinet of the emperor, had for a common and manifest object, the re-establishment of a king in France,

and a disgraceful peace, by which Italy should be restored to her ancient masters." *

Bonaparte experienced an intoxication of joy, on learning the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its results produced the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly, and the fall of a party which for months had deprived him of repose. The admission of his brother Joseph into the Council of the Five Hundred, formerly opposed by the Clichians, followed as another consequence; but the General soon perceived that the victors abused their power, and were compromising anew the safety of the republic, by reviving the former principles of revolutionary government. The Directory was both alarmed at his discontent, and resented his censure. The members conceived the singular idea of opposing to him Augereau, of whose blind devotion they had just received proof; and this officer was, accordingly, named Commander of the Army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity is notorious, believed himself able to cope with the conqueror of Italy. His arrogance rested on the achievement of having, with a numerous soldiery, arrested a few unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulets from the uniform of the commandant of their guards. The Directory and he filled the headquarters, now removed from Milan to Passeriano, with informers and intriguers. Bonaparte, informed of all, laughed at the Directory, offering his resignation, that he might be entreated to retain the command. He did not, however, cease to complain of their proceedings, sharply commenting on "the sole efficacy of wisdom and moderation in establishing the happiness of the country;" cautioning them "to take care lest, after having humbled thrones, they should allow hireling writers, and ambitious fanatics, disguised under every species of mask, to plunge them anew into the revolutionary torrent." He affected deep indignation at their doings respecting Augereau, etc. "It is evident, then, from all these facts that the government is acting towards me in much the same way as Pichegru was treated after Vendemiaire. I request you will accept my resignation, and appoint someone to succeed me. No power on earth shall persuade me to continue in the service, after this horrible instance of ingratitude on the part of government. My health, also, considerably affected, imperatively demands repose and tranquillity. The state of my mind, too, requires to recover its tone among the mass of citizens. For a long period, great power has been intrusted to my discretion: in all circumstances I have

* One part, at least, of this receives a degree of corroboration from the fact that, in 1824, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to the surviving deputies who were arrested on the famous 18th Fructidor.—*Translator.*

employed it for the welfare of the country—*so much the worse for those who believe not in virtue, and who may have suspected mine.* My reward exists in my own breast, and in the opinion of posterity. Now that the country is in security I may retire. In the moment of peril, I shall be found in the foremost rank in defense of liberty and the constitution." To these complaints, the Directory replied in the most soothing and even submissive strain. They also sent their agent Bottot, secretary of Barras, to headquarters, ostensibly for the purpose of reassuring the General as to itheir friendly intentions. This person Bonaparte regarded, and perhaps justly, as a spy; he treated him accordingly with great coldness, but never, as has been said, entertained for a moment the idea of causing him to be shot.

Soon after the events at Paris, Bonaparte addressed a proclamation to the seamen of the squadron of Admiral Brueys, which proves, from the spirit it breathes, that he had already conceived the idea of executing his favorite design on the East. This piece, which I preserve in his writing, was composed at Passeriano, 16th September.—"Without you," says the last paragraph, after abusing the English, "we are unable to carry the glory of the French name beyond a small corner of Europe; with you, we will traverse the seas, and bear the standard of the republic into countries the most remote." The Egyptian expedition is here.

All the opposition, however, experienced both in the progress of the negotiations in Italy, and in the transactions at Paris, produced its effect upon the General's temper and enjoyments. This irritability of mind was farther increased by his sister's marriage, as very disagreeably recalled by the following letter. After reading it, he threw the epistle on the ground with a passionate gesture—his usual action of displeasure.

"*Ajaccio, 1st August,* 1797.—General, permit me to write, and to address you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were incensed against us. I earnestly wish that her innocent caresses may yet make up for the pain caused you by my marriage. My second child never saw the light. Hastily departing from Paris, in obedience to your orders, I was untimely delivered of my babe in Germany. In a month I hope to give you a nephew. Circumstances induce me to believe it will be a nephew. I promise you to make him a soldier; but I wish him to bear your name, and that you will be his god-father. I trust you will not refuse this to your sister. I entreat you to send a power of attorney to Bacciocchi, or to whomsoever it may

please you. Mamma is to be god-mother. I look for your permission with impatience. Because we are poor, you will not cast us off; for, after all, you are our brother; my children only yet live to call you uncle; and we love you more than fortune. Would I may yet be permitted one day to give you proof of the attachment with which I am your most affectionate sister, "CHRISTINE BONAPARTE!

"P.S.—I beg to be remembered to your lady, whom I long to know. At Paris it was said I resembled her greatly. If you recall my features, you can judge.—C. B." *

The writing of this letter is in the hand of Lucien Bonaparte.

CHAPTER VIII.

TREATY OF CAMPO-FORMIO—VENICE—ANECDOTES—NEGOTIATIONS WITH AUSTRIA, ETC.

I SHALL now say a word on the treaty of Campo-Formio; not that I imagine all these treaties, pretended masterpieces of human wisdom, offspring, so to speak, of the power of destruction, and which perish as speedily as the producing cause, will much engage posterity. In blotting Venice from the list of states, France and Austria equally partook of her spoils: a portion was given to the Cisalpine republic. Now Austria grasps the whole. Venice herself, and her finest provinces, were then ceded to Austria in compensation for Belgium and Lombardy. Austria received, without scruple, these beautiful portions of the Venetian territories; though that State, ever devoted to Austrian politics, had, in fact, sacrificed herself by adhering, at a critical juncture, to those very interests. An insurrection in its rear had preserved the hereditary dominions from the prolonged occupation of the French army.

After the 18th Fructidor, General Bonaparte had more power, and Austria less of haughty confidence. The Directory, in fact, wrote "that it was no longer necessary to temporize with her, and that it

* Madame Bacciocchi was named Mariane at Saint-Cyr, Christine afterwards, and Eliza under the consulate. The date of the present letter shows the error into which many writers have fallen with regard to the time of her marriage; it is said to have taken place 5th May, 1797. To have *three* children in *three* months would have been rather too much.—*Author.*

was evident she had only protracted discussions on peace, waiting an expected explosion in France, and as a pretext for obtaining the requisite time to repair her losses. From the commander, to the meanest soldier, the Austrians at this period maintained, that the three Directors, whom they termed triumvirs, should be poniarded, and royalty proclaimed. All flattered themselves with being speedily in Paris, attended by the emigrants. Condé, the chief of the latter, was already secretly in France, and, by the aid of his connections, had penetrated as far as Lyons." The success of the directoral majority overturned these hopes. Accordingly, Bonaparte received at his headquarters, about a month after their removal to Passeriano, a letter, written with the Emperor's own hand, dated Vienna, 20th September. In this document, Francis expressed his *surprise* to learn the tardy state of the negotiations, and his sincere desire of peace; announcing the Count Cobentzel as the bearer of his final determinations, and as possessing his entire confidence. "After this new assurance," continued the Emperor, "of the spirit of conciliation on my part, I doubt not you will feel that peace is in your hands, and that on your determinations will depend the happiness of many millions of men. Should I be deceived in the means I considered as the most likely to put a period to the calamities which have so long desolated Europe, I shall at least possess the consolation of having tried all measures depending upon myself. The consequences which may thence result, can never be imputed to me."

Not before the arrival of this document and its bearer, did negotiations seriously commence; former plenipotentiaries, Bonaparte easily perceived, were not warranted to conclude anything definitive. His first ideas on the terms to be granted, as I have preserved, and here insert, which the reader may compare with the actual treaty, comprised the five following conditions:—"1. The Emperor shall have Italy to the Adda: 2. The King of Sardinia to the Adda: 3. The republic of Genoa shall have Tortona, as far as the Po (Tortona to be demolished), as also the imperial fiefs (Coni to be given up to France, or dismantled): 4. The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored: 5. The Duke of Parma to be restored."

The only point of great difficulty was Venice. Austria stipulated for the line of the Adige, with that republic, in exchange for Mentz, and the boundary of the Rhine, to the confines of Holland. The Directory insisted upon these last limits, and Mantua, for the Italian republic, without conceding the whole line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties upon these points rendered peace so doubtful that, for a

month before the final ratification, the manner of announcing the rupture was seriously discussed.

At this period Bottot, as already noticed, arrived at Passeriano from the Directory. Him, Bonaparte treated with little ceremony; while he took care to display the spirit which animated his followers, and suddenly renewed his representation to the Directory to be replaced in the command—an application already solicited and refused several times. At table, in presence of Bottot, he accused the government of horrible ingratitude, enumerating all his causes of complaint, quite aloud, without any concealment, and before twenty or thirty people. On another occasion, indignant at perceiving his repeated requests for my erasure from the list of emigrants treated with neglect, he thus apostrophized M. Bottot, at a dinner party of forty, there being present the Austrian plenipotentiaries, Counts de Gallo, Cobentzel and Merweldt: the conversation turned upon the Directory:—"Yes, truly, I have whereof to complain," said Bonaparte, with a loud voice; "and, to descend from great things to small, for instance, there is Bourrienne—he has my whole confidence; he it is who manages, under my orders, the details of the present negotiation: you know it. Very well! your Directory refuses to erase him. Really, it is inconceivable! And then the stupidity is so egregious! for he has all my secrets; he knows my *ultimatum;* he has it in his power, by a single word, to make an immense fortune, and to laugh at your folly. Ask M. de Gallo." Bottot attempted some explanation, but the universal titter which followed this singular sally forced him to be silent.

The Marquis de Gallo had, in fact, talked with me three days before, of my position in France; of the evident unwillingness of the Directory to clear me of the consequences of emigration; and of the risk to which I was thus exposed, etc. He then added, "We wish not to renew the war, but are sincerely bent on peace; still we would have it an honorable one. The republic of Venice offers a sufficiently extensive territory to satisfy both parties by its partition; the actual proposals, however, do not suit us. We desire to know the ultimatum of General Bonaparte; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, with a title, mansion and revenue of 90,000 florins" ($10,500.)—I hastily interrupted the Marquis by declaring, "That neither my honor nor my duty permitted me to encourage this conversation; but that both commanded me to reject all such proposals."

I hastened to relate the whole to the Commander-in-chief. He was nowise surprised at my conduct; but felt convinced, from the whole tenor of M. de Gallo's discourse, and even by the offer made me, that

Austria had renounced all thoughts of war, and become really desirous of peace.

The same night of the dinner-party, just as I was stepping into bed, Bottot entered my room, asking, with feigned astonishment, "If it was true that I still remained on the emigrant list?"—"Yes." He requested a note in writing: I refused. He might have known that twenty notes had been written. The General had instructed La Valette, Bernadotte, and, finally, his brother Louis, to demand my erasure; but in vain: and I had resolved, thenceforth, to be passive in the matter. Louis was at this time an invalid; my avocations permitted me to write to him very briefly. The following is one of his replies:—"Thy Spartan epistles, Bourrienne, have put me quite in a passion. Your affair is not yet concluded; you may be sure I do not allow it to cool. Your friend, Derey, is also very active. Two individuals have come to denounce you; but the minister is warned—and we shall see. I am very much troubled with my knee; the doctors cost me a couple of louisd'ors per day. I have not a farthing. It is incredible—nevertheless, such is the fact—a thousand francs (forty guineas) have disappeared among journalists and gazetteers; double the sum in coach-hire, and so forth. Berthier will tell you how money flies here, without one's having any suspicion, till funds are minus. If I were obliged to set off, I must borrow. Think of me. Say to Junot, that his affair is in train; to Marmont and Eugene, that I have made no purchase:—*primo*, Because they will do better themselves when they come; *secundo*, Because my finances are at ebb. Adieu. A thousand things for all.

"P.S.—Remit the inclosed to my uncle Fesch. If he has left you, have the kindness to open it, and do as I bid him—*i.e.*, sell my horses, dismiss my servant, and send my books. I do my best for your friend, but you know I am lame. L. BONAPARTE.

"*7 Brumaire*, 1797,

"One o'clock in the morning."

During the concluding arrangements of the negotiation, Bonaparte, tired out with so much folly—as, for instance, a proposal from the Directory to revolutionize the whole of Italy—and so many difficulties, repeated more than once his offer to resign, and expressly requested a successor. In all this there was little sincerity. So judged the Directory. In spite of this feigned indifference, therefore, his resignation was refused in terms the most flattering and urgent. This was what he wished. One cause of real discontent was the persuasion that the Directory had divined his object, and regarded his powerful aid on

the 18th Fructidor as originating in personal views of ambition and power. Notwithstanding written assurances of hypocritical gratitude, and sentiments the very opposite, and although the Directory stood indispensably in need of his support, they caused him to be watched by agents, who spied his proceedings, and sought, by means of his confidential retainers, to penetrate his views. His friends wrote him from Paris; and I incessantly repeated that peace, which depended upon his decision, would prove a much more popular measure than the renewal of hostilities, exposed as war would be to new chances of success and reverse. The signing of this peace, as he conceived the terms, and contrary to the opinion of the Directory, who had, in fact, previously designated as *infamous* the very pacification which he finally arranged; the manner in which he just drew bridle at Rastadt, and avoided returning thither; in fine, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in search of fresh adventures—were influenced more than is believed by the ruling thought that he was distrusted, and his ruin meditated. He was ever recalling to mind what La Valette had written concerning his conversation with the deputy Lacuée. "As to Bonaparte," said the representative to the aid-de-camp at Paris, only seven days after the famous 18th, "let him never expect to reap the fruit of his labors here. He is feared by the authorities, envied by the military, and misunderstood by the people, incapable of appreciating his merits. Calumny is preparing her poisons, and he will become their victim. I shall rejoice in his prosperity. I would he may not forsake those high destinies to which fortune and his own great genius invite him so steadily." Everything which he now saw or heard confirmed the truth of these remarks.

A premature winter hastened his resolutions. On opening my windows at daybreak, on the 13th October, I beheld the mountains covered with snow. The weather on the preceding evening had been beautiful, and, till then, the autumn had advanced as if promising to be fine and late. I entered the General's bedroom at seven o'clock, as usual, and, awakening him, related what had happened. He, at first, affecting not to believe me, jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and, having witnessed himself this so unexpected change, pronounced with the greatest calmness these words: "Before the middle of October! What a country!—Come: peace must be made." While he was dressing in haste, I read the journals to him, as I did every day. He gave little heed; but, shutting himself up with me in his cabinet, most carefully reviewed the condition of the several portions of his army. "See here," said he; "nearly 80,000 effective men: I feed and pay this num-

ber; but shall not have more than 60,000 on the day of battle. I shall gain; but then I shall be reduced 20,000, in killed, wounded and prisoners. How, then, resist all the Austrian forces which will march to the relief of Vienna? A month or more will be necessary for the armies of the Rhine to support me, supposing them in condition; and, in fifteen days, the snow will block up the roads and passes. It is decided. I make peace. Venice shall pay the expenses of the war, and our boundary shall be the Rhine. The Directory and the lawyers may prattle as they please."

He wrote to the Directory:—"The tops of the mountains are covered with snow. I cannot, according to stipulated forms, commence operations in less than twenty-five days, and then we shall find ourselves in deep snow." Fourteen years afterwards, a winter, equally untimely, but in a climate far more severe, must necessarily have opposed to him an influence more fatal. Why did he not exercise the same cautious foresight?

Conferences followed, and peace, as predicted, was made at the expense of Venice. But the Directory were little satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of refusing to ratify the conditions. Fifteen days previously they had written, "That to grant such conditions was not to make peace, but to adjourn the war; and its chances were to be preferred." All this was useless; it cost General Bonaparte little to overstep his instructions. Mention has been made of considerable sums, nay, of a principality, offered to him by the Emperor, to obtain more favorable terms. I never detected the slightest traces of this, at a time when not the smallest circumstance could have escaped me. The character of Bonaparte was far too elevated on this point for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and pacificator to any personal consideration, however advantageous. This character was so fully appreciated—he was so profoundly esteemed and respected by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I dare affirm not one of them would have taken upon himself the overture of so degrading a proposal. Such a step, I can have no doubt, would have broken off all negotiation with these functionaries. Perhaps what I have just said respecting M. de Gallo and myself will throw light upon this odious accusation. This story must be disposed of in the same manner as many other fables; as, for instance, the china vase broken and thrown in Count Cobentzel's face. I never heard of this scene. Life was better understood at Passeriano. There were only the usual presents; the Emperor merely had the politeness to add an offer of six superb white horses of great beauty.

At this epoch, Bonaparte was still borne forward on the impulse of the age; and, thinking only of representative governments, very frequently has he said to me :—"I wish that from my time may be dated the era of representative administrations." His proclamations and his conduct in Italy were so intended, and, in reality, did give weight to this manifestation of his sentiments. A belief, however, is forced upon us, that this idea pertained more to lofty views of ambition than genuine attachment to the welfare of the human race. At a later period we find substituted this phrase :—"I desire to be the chief of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe." How great the distance between Bonaparte, author of "The Supper of Beaucaire" —triumphing over monarchy at Toulon—writer and signer of the petition to Albitte and Salicetti—successful conqueror on the 13th Vendemiaire—instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor—founder of the Italian republics, fruits of his immortal victories; and Bonaparte, First Consul in 1800 — Consul for life in 1802; above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French in 1804, and King of Italy in 1805!

In the countries which he had subdued, after endeavoring to anticipate the progress of time—a step imprudent and premature, it became his aim, some years later, to force the same age to retrograde—a measure which was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he deemed creating a solitary renown preferable to laboring in the promotion of universal good. Probably, this pretended love of representative governments was one means employed to subject the nations more easily, by holding out a something flattering to their best hopes, a promise he had no design to keep; and by rudely projecting upon them a futurity which time alone could introduce. Already foreseeing his mighty wars in Germany, anticipations ever in his mind, we shall find him writing to the Directory, from Cairo, "The proudest day of my life will be that in which I hear of the first republic being founded in Germany."

In precipitating the nations towards an era to which they could attain only by degrees, he supplied the partisans of the times that have gone by with motives and means for attempting to turn back mankind in the career of improvement. We have seen that man who, at the period of which I now speak, would have no longer kings, and proscribed monarchy in all his proclamations, desiring to be the ancient of kings—the senior of European dynasties. This phantasy, like that of immediate representative governments, that were to grow up at once, has caused torrents of blood to flow in every country of Europe. What folly to wish to transport mankind suddenly, and without progression,

into a futurity which is not theirs, or desire their return to a past, which has ceased to exist! How many evils have sprung from these two principles!

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN FROM ITALY, AND RECEPTION AT PARIS—ANECDOTES.

The 18th Fructidor, without doubt, powerfully contributed to the arrangements at Campo-Formio. The Directory, on the one hand, more pacifically inclined, after this stroke of policy, felt at length the necessity of putting an end to discontent by giving peace to France; while, on the other, Austria, seeing the plans of the royalists in the interior completely traversed, deemed it time to conclude with the republic a treaty, which, despite of minor objections, left her mistress of Italy. Besides, the campaign of the French army, so fruitful in splendid deeds of arms, had not merely produced glory—greatness followed the steps of conquest. As there had been hitherto something singular in our public affairs, a grand moral influence, the fruit of victories and of peace, was now ready to expand over the whole of France. Republicanism was no longer the blood-stained and ferocious monster of former years. Treating as an equal with princes and their ministers, but with all the superiority derived from victory and his own genius, Bonaparte, by degrees, brought foreign courts to become familiar with republican France, and the republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings as of necessity enemies.

Under these circumstances, the approaching arrival in Paris of the General-in-chief, occupied universal attention; and the feebleness of the Directory yielded, in the capital of France, to the presence of the Conqueror of Italy. On the 17th November, he quitted Milan, for the congress at Rastadt, there to preside in the French legation. Before departing, however, he sent to the Directory one of those monuments which might well pass for fabulous, though here simple truth only required to be related. This memorial was the colors of the Army of Italy. One side bore inscribed, "A grateful country to the Army of Italy:" the other exhibited a simple and magnificent abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign, its military achievements, political results, and fruits, in the treasures of art brought to the capital of France—"150,000 prisoners; 170 standards; 550 cannons; 600 field-pieces; 5 bridge equipages; 9 sixty-fours; 12 frigates, thirty-twos; 12

corvettes; 18 galleys: Armistice with Sardinia; convention with Genoa; armistice with Naples, with the Pope, with the Duke of Parma; convention of Monte-Bello, treaty of Campo-Formio: Liberty given to the people of Bologna, and fifteen other states in Italy; Corcyra, with the isles of the Egean and of Ithaca: Sent to Paris the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Albano, the Carraci, Raphael, and Da Vinci." This standard was destined to form the decoration of the public hall of the Directory.

The greater part of the cities of Italy had been accustomed to behold in their conqueror, a liberator; and such magic is there in the word liberty, which now resounded from the Alps to the Apennines, that everywhere Bonaparte was received with enthusiasm. At Mantua he was lodged in the palace of the ancient dukes, and, during a residence of two days, traced the plan, and commenced the foundation, of a canal on the Mincio; celebrated a military funeral in honor of General Hoche; and superintended the erection of a monument to Virgil. At this period, one who had never before seen Bonaparte, describes him thus, in a letter to Paris:—"I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention, that extraordinary man, who has performed so many great things, and who seems to announce that his career is not yet closed. I found him very like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, having the air of one overwrought, not in ill health, as reported. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with his own thoughts, than with what was said to him. There is much of the intellectual in his physiognomy, and an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thoughtful head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose some bold thoughts, which will influence the destinies of Europe." We might imagine, but for the date (the latter being actually published in the journals for December, 1797), that this last sentence had been written after subsequent events had verified the conjecture.

The journey of Bonaparte across Switzerland, while to himself a real triumph, left also useful consequences; and his presence calmed more than one inquietude. After the recent overturnings among the Cisalpine states, the Swiss apprehended some dismemberment, or, at least, some encroachment, which the chances of war might have rendered possible. Everywhere he applied himself to restore confidence, and everywhere was received with enthusiasm, as the "pacificator;" such was the desire of seeing him speedily, that throughout the whole route, from Aix in Savoy, by Geneva and Berne, to Basle, a relay of thirty horses night and day awaited his service. At Geneva he received the

envoys from Berne, whom he dismissed, satisfied by his pacific assurances. On arriving, over night, in that city, we passed through a double line of carriages, lighted up and filled with handsome dames, who made the air ring with "Long live Bonaparte! Long live the Pacificator!" At Basle resided M. de Cominges, one of four transferred with him, from Brienne to the Military College. On hearing of our arrival, this gentlemen, who had emigrated, presented himself without ceremony, and, certainly, in total forgetfulness of the distance now between him and his former comrade. Bonaparte, much piqued, refused to see, and never afterwards countenanced De Cominges. In passing through Fribourg, I recollected that Captain-commandant M. Grignet d'Eugny, my brother-in-law, had died there an emigrant, in poor circumstances, as we could only send him money occasionally through Germany, and, for these attempts, my sister narrowly escaped death. While changing horses, I made inquiry of the postmaster, from whom I then understood my relative had received attentions. "I took charge," said he, "of M. d'Eugny's funeral: be assured it was honorable. His misfortunes, and the respect due to his character, leave me no cause of regret in having acted thus." I took from the bag of gold sovereigns of Italy, which served for the expenses of the journey, a handful of pieces—he was lost in thanks, and praises of French generosity. The General approved highly of what I had done.

There exists a sort of relation between celebrated men and celebrated places. It was, therefore, by no means an indifferent circumstance to view Bonaparte examining the field of Morat, where Charles of Burgundy, another tempter of fortune, in 1476, had beheld his Burgundians sink beneath the efforts of Swiss valor. Bonaparte had slept the preceding evening at Moudon, where, as in all places through which we passed, he had been received with the highest honors. In the morning, the carriage having broken down, we continued our route on foot, accompanied only by a few officers, and attended by an escort of native dragoons. Bonaparte stopped near the burying-ground, and desired to be shown the spot where the battle of Morat had been fought. An officer who had served in France, happening to be present, explained how the Swiss, descending from the neighboring mountains, had been enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the flank of the Burgundians, and to throw their army into disorder. "What was the number of that army?" demanded the General. "About sixty thousand men." "Sixty thousand!" exclaimed he, "they should have spread themselves over these mountains."—"The French," said Lannes, who was in his suite, "understand better how to fight nowadays."—"At that time,"

sharply interrupted Bonaparte, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

On arriving at Rastadt, he found a letter from the Directory, calling him to Paris. He seized, with eagerness, this invitation to quit a scene where he knew he could play only an insignificant part, and which he had fully determined on leaving, never to return. How could writers affirm that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte at a distance from the great interests agitated at Rastadt." Good God! the pentarchy would have been enchanted to have seen him return thither, and free them so easily of his presence at Paris; but nothing tired out Bonaparte like long and tedious negotiations. These were occupations not at all congenial with his character; besides, he had just had abundance of diplomacy at Campo-Formio; and, after the arrangements there, what could be the "great interests" deliberated upon at this congress? Bonaparte was not the man to spin out years in manufacturing German treaties.

Seeing General Bonaparte determined not to stay more than a few minutes at Rastadt, I expressed my decided wish to remain in Germany. I was then ignorant of my erasure from the list of emigrants, and feared lest, under so feeble an executive, the horrible scenes of 1796 might be renewed. Bonaparte addressed me with an accent of indignation:—"Come, pass the Rhine without fear; they will not dare to tear you from my side; I pledge myself for your safety." I found the instrument of erasure at Paris, dated November 11, with a letter on the subject to the General, in which it is said, "The government, citizen-general, desires that there remain not, in the list of traitors to the country, the name of a citizen who approaches the conqueror of Italy." In the official instrument, the matter is treated in the ordinary way, only the decree is ordered not to be printed, but that all concerned are to take private note.

Bonaparte, at St. Helena, has said that he brought from Italy only 300,000 francs (£11,500). I affirm my certain knowledge of his having returned thence with somewhat more than 3,000,000 (£125,000). How, indeed, support his establishment; make great preparations, and splendidly furnish his house in Paris; provide for all expenses, with only the sum he mentions, and an income of not more than 15,000 francs (£625), besides the appointments of his place? For instance, his tour to the ports cost him nearly 12,000 francs in gold, and I know not that this was ever repaid. Moreover, it little imports, as to the object proposed by himself, whether he returned with 3,000,000, or with only the tenth part of that sum. No one will accuse him of peculating. In his own

person he exhibited the inflexible administrator; despoliations always excited his indignation, and he never failed to pursue knavish peculators with characteristic rigor. But the mines of Ydria *had* been discovered; provisions *were* to be furnished to the troops. He wished to be independent, and none knew better that one is not so without fortune. On this subject he used to say to me, "I am no capuchin, not I!"

So early as the present epoch of his married life, the General's brothers, desirous of retaining undivided power over his mind, were laboring to weaken the influence which the affection of her husband gave to Josephine. They sought to excite his jealousy, and profited, for that purpose, by her remaining at Milan after our departure, a residence authorized by Bonaparte. The sentiments, however, which he entertained for his wife; his journey to the coast; his incessant labors in preparing the Egyptian expedition; and our brief stay in Paris, permitted not his entertaining these suspicions. Somewhat later I shall return to these machinations. Admitted to the confidence of both, I am happy in having prevented or softened the evil. If Josephine now lived, she would render me this justice. I never was against her but once, and that unwittingly, in regard to the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had not then confided to me her intention. Bonaparte wished this choice to fall on Duroc. His brothers urged the match, in order to isolate Josephine from Hortense, for whom the General cherished a tender regard; Josephine, again, looked forward to Louis Bonaparte for her daughter. It is easy to divine her motives here to have been, that she might thus find one support in a family where she had only enemies. She carried her point, as will be seen in the sequel.

The most magnificent preparations were now going on at the Luxembourg for Bonaparte's reception. The great court of the palace, elegantly ornamented, was crowded with spectators. On an immense amphitheater, erected at the lower end, sat the public authorities, while the windows were filled with ladies. Opposite the principal entrance rose the patrial altar, surmounted by the statues of Liberty, Equality and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every one stood up, and uncovered. Notwithstanding this splendor, the ceremony was one of freezing heartlessness. All wore an air of restraint, with more of curiosity than of gratitude in their expression; each seemingly an inquisitor on his neighbor. An unpleasant accident doubtless contributed to increase this general heaviness. One of the under secretaries of the Directory, contrary to strict orders, had mounted upon some scaffolding on the roof of the right wing, then under repair: but scarcely had he

set foot on the first plank, when it capsized, and the unfortunate functionary was precipitated from a great height into the area below. A universal stupor fell upon all; females were taken ill, and the windows were nearly deserted. Some mischevious wits, such are everywhere to be found, amused themselves and others by foreseeing, in this fall of their dependent, that of Messieurs the Directors themselves.

The business proceeded; harangues were not spared. Talleyrand introduced the General to the Directory, making a long discourse, listened to with some impatience, so great was the desire to hear Bonaparte. The Conqueror of Italy arose, and with a modest air, but firm voice, pronounced the following brief address to the Directors, speaking as if they had done all, and mentioning himself only once:—

"The French people, in order to be free, had kings to beat down. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, eighteen centuries of prejudice were to be overcome. The constitution of the year III., and you, have triumphed over all these obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalty, have successively, for twenty centuries, governed Europe; but, from the peace which you have just concluded, dates the era of representative governments. You have accomplished the organization of the great nation, whose territory is now bounded, only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most beautiful regions of Europe, once so famous in science, in art, and by the great men, whose birthplace they were, behold, with the loftiest hopes, the genius of freedom arise from the tombs of their ancestors. These are the two pedestals on which the destinies will place two mighty nations. I have the honor to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo-Formio, and ratified by his majesty the Emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be secured on the best practical laws. Europe entire will become free." *

Barras, then president, replied with a prolixity of which everybody seemed tired. Having at length concluded, he threw himself into the arms of the General, who had little liking for such affectations, giving him what was then termed the fraternal accolade. The rest of the members following the example of their president, surrounded and embraced Bonaparte, each striving to do his best in this scene of sentimental comedy.

The two councils would not be behind the Directory: a few days after they also gave an entertainment to the General, in the gallery of

* This furnishes a good specimen of the mouthy eloquence of the period—meaning nothing.—*Translator.*

the Louvre, newly enriched with the master-works of painting, fruits of the conquest of Italy. All these shows were actual punishments to Bonaparte, who, from the time of his arrival in Paris, displayed great modesty in all things. For example, the authorities of the department of the Seine had sent a deputation, requesting to know when he would receive them: he, himself, accompanied by General Berthier, carried his own reply to the magistracy. It was remarked, also, that the judge of the division in which the General resided having waited upon him at his house, the evening of his arrival, December 6th, he returned the visit next day. These attentions, puerile in appearance, were not without effect upon the minds of the Parisians. Though he lived very retired, he often attended the opera. But, as it formed part of his plan to show himself as little as possible, he usually took his station at the bottom of the box behind his wife, placing me beside her. Several times he was called for, with loud acclamations: but in vain: he never presented himself. Once he sent me to procure the performance of certain pieces, with a particular cast of the characters, so as to include several distinguished actors, if that were *possible*. "Nothing," said the gallant manager, "is *impossible* where the wishes of the Conqueror of Italy are concerned. Your General has banished that word from the French dictionary." Bonaparte laughed immoderately at the extreme politeness of the operatic artist.

In the midst of this popularity, a woman sent notice to inform him that an attempt was to be made upon his life, and that poison would be the means employed. Bonaparte caused the bearer to be arrested, who, accompanied by the judge, was conducted to the woman's house who had given the information. They found her dead upon the floor, bathed in blood, with her throat cut and several stabs in different parts of her body. The men whose conversation she had overheard and disclosed, having learned the fact, had taken this fearful revenge.

The street in which his small residence, No. 6, stood, was named Chantereine; but, during the night of the 10th–11th December, received the appellation of "Victory," in consequence of a public decree. This and other incense offered to his fame, the acclamations which everywhere followed his appearance, altered not his estimate of the position which he knew himself to occupy in public opinion. He used to say to me, "In Paris they soon forget everything. If I remain long here idle, I am lost. In this great Babylon one reputation supplants another. People will not have seen me above thrice at the theater, when I shall be no longer an object of regard: therefore I shall appear but seldom." When he did go, it was to a private box. "Neverthe-

less," observed I, "it must be agreeable to be followed thus by the admiration of one's fellow-citizens."—"Bah! the same crowd would run after me with the same eagerness were I marching to the gallows."

On the 28th December he was chosen a member of the Institute, for the class of arts and sciences. He showed himself much alive to this tribute of a learned body, and addressed, upon the occasion, the following note to Camus, president of the class:

"The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honours me. I feel sensibly, that before I can become their equal, I shall long be their pupil. If there were any mode more expressive than another of conveying to them my sentiments of respect, that I would employ. The only true conquests, those which awaken no regret, are such as we obtain over ignorance: The most honourable, as the most useful pursuits of nations, are those which contribute to the extension of human thought. Henceforth, let the real greatness of our republic consist in not permitting the existence of one new idea which has not been added to the national intelligence. BONAPARTE."

About this period, also, the General renewed, but still unsuccessfully, his former attempt to obtain a dispensation of age and seat in the Directory. Perceiving the field to be not yet clear, he said to me, on the 29th January, 1798, "Bourrienne, I shall remain here no longer: there is no good to be done: they will listen to nothing. I see, if I loiter here, I am done for quickly. Here, everything grows flat: my glory is already on the wane. This little Europe of ours cannot supply the demand. We must to the East: all great reputations come from that quarter. However, I will first take a turn round the coast to assure myself what can be done. I will take you with me—you, Lannes and Sulkowsky. If the success of a descent upon England appear doubtful, as I fear, the Army of England shall become the Army of the East, and I am off for Egypt."

This, and many such like conversations, give a just idea of his character. He always considered war and conquest as the noblest and most inexhaustible sources of glory. This glory, indeed, he loved with passion, but now there was policy in his fervor. While, by distant exploits, fame was kept toiling after him, he hoped that events would occur in France to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready, and he would thus appear to claim it as a man neither forgotten nor unknown.

CHAPTER X.

ENGLISH INVASION—EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION—BONAPARTE'S LIBRARY—PREDILECTION FOR OSSIAN—BAD SPELLING—DEPARTURE.

Bonaparte set out for the north coast on the 10th February, 1798; but with no order, as reported by every writer, "to prepare operations for invading England." He was not at all engaged in such measures—eight days would not have sufficed. His journey was merely a rapid excursion, and its object only to examine the grounds upon which to rest the question of invasion. We were four in his carriage, with Mustache for courier. He visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Nieuport, Ostend and Walcheren. At these different ports he made the necessary surveys, with that patience, presence of mind, knowledge, expertness and skill, which he possessed in so eminent a degree. Till midnight he continued to examine sailors, pilots, smugglers, fishermen—making objections, and listening with attention to their replies. We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille and St. Quenten. "Well, General," asked I, on the evening of our return, "what think you of our journey? are you satisfied? For my part, I confess having found neither great resources nor great hopes, in all I have seen or heard." Bonaparte answered with alacrity, and a negative shake of the head:—"It is too much a chance stroke; I will not hazard it. I will not stake upon such a cast the fate of our beautiful France." This was his sole reply: I saw myself at Cairo.

Immediately were begun the military and scientific arrangements for the expedition now to be conducted to the banks of the Nile. The idea had been for some time maturing in his mind, as appears from a correspondence held the year preceding with the Directory and Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs. In November, 1797, also, he sent Poussielgue, under pretext of surveying the shoals of the Levant, to put the first hand to the design entertained upon Malta. Opposition to the scheme of seizing that island was, in fact, one of his grudges against the Directory, and one cause of the cold reception of their agent, Bottot. Once, in an animated expostulation with this latter, Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed:—"But consider, in God's name, Malta is for sale!" Some time after, they wrote to him:—"Malta is for sale. We attach value to its acquisition; do not allow it

to slip:" and, in the end of September, 1797, Talleyrand authorized the General to give all the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for securing the possession of this prize. He dispatched letters for the island, because, in his own words, "it was requisite to prepare opinion."

Bonaparte now labored night and day, in the execution of his project. Never had I seen him so active. He organized everything, where before nothing existed. He knew almost all the generals, their respective capacities, and the strength of every corps of the army. Orders and instructions followed each other with extraordinary rapidity. If an authority from the Directory was required, he flew to the Luxembourg to get it signed; almost always by Merlin, as being the best man of business, the most assiduous, and the most regular at his post. Legarde, the secretary-general, countersigned nothing connected with this expedition, Bonaparte objecting to his becoming a party. The Directory also gave up to the General the treasure taken at Berne, amounting to somewhat more than 3,000,000 of francs (£125,000). In those times of disorder and inefficiency, the finances were most wretchedly administered, the revenues anticipated, and so shamefully squandered, that there never existed in the treasury a sum of this importance.

It was thus resolved that Bonaparte should attempt in the East an expedition unusual in modern Europe. On the 12th April, 1798, he was named Commander-in-chief of the Army of the East, which the same day also beheld created. At the same period, Marmont espoused Mademoiselle Perregaux, and La Valette a young lady of the family of Beauharnois, niece to Josephine. After the explanations already given, what are we to think of the *honorable exile*, the *ostracism*, to which the Directory are said to have wished, by this expedition, to condemn Bonaparte? Bonaparte, to be sure, was a man to allow himself to be banished! Doubtless, the project of the colonization of Egypt was not new—it had been proposed to Louis XV. by the Duke de Choisseul; but the design had slumbered along with so many others, in the forgetfulness of dusty parchments. Its revival belongs entirely to Bonaparte. At Passeriano, seeing the term of his labors in Europe approach, he first turned a serious attention eastwards. There, during long evening walks in the magnificent park, this subject formed a no less interesting, than inexhaustible, theme of discourse with his favorite generals, aides-de-camp, and myself. "Europe," he would exclaim, "is but a mole-hill: there never have existed mighty empires, there never have occurred great revolutions, save in the East, where live 600,000,000 of men—where is the cradle of all religions—the birthplace of all metaphysics!" Monge was almost always

present at these conversations. That learned man, ardent in mind and heart, falling in with these opinions, excited yet higher enthusiasm in the bold spirit and lively fancy of our General. We all joined in chorus. It is to similar scenes Desaix alludes, when, writing to Bonaparte, he said, "I have viewed, with deep interest, the fleet at Corfu. If ever it sail upon those great enterprises of which you have spoken, in pity do not forget me." He was not forgotten. I repeat, then, the Directory went for nothing, in reviving the design of this memorable enterprise, whose issue answered neither to the grandeur of its conception, nor the boldness of its plan. With any other government, success had been certain. In respect of personal will, the Directors remained as perfect strangers to his departure, as they were to his return. They were but the passive official instruments of Bonaparte's inclinations. These they converted into decrees and orders when the forms of government required. They no more devised the conquest of Egypt, than they traced the mode of its execution. It was he who organized the Army of the East; procured money; appointed the leaders; assembled the ships of war, frigates and transports. To him pertains, also, the happy and noble idea of adding to the expedition men distinguished in art and science; the fruits of whose labors, while they have revealed the present, and much of the ancient, state of a region, the name of which is never pronounced without awakening mighty recollections, now remain the sole result of one of the most extraordinary enterprises of modern times. These eminent individuals were chosen by Bonaparte, who carried into that country, again plunged into ignorance and barbarity, the treasures of civilization and of industry—gifts alone capable of softening here below the mournful destiny of man.

His orders traversed with the rapidity of lightning the line of coast from Toulon to the mouth of the Tiber. He assigned, with admirable precision, the place of meeting—to some before Malta, to others before Alexandria. All these orders he dictated to me in his own closet. It was he, not the Directory, who hastened the expedition. Doubtless, he was seconded with perfect good will. They dreaded his reputation, character and glory, and, therefore, were not sorry to see him remove to a distance, and refused him nothing; but we must carefully separate this selfish feeling from any desire to increase his fame, as also, from any love to the country. Indeed, had not personal considerations blinded them to all other views, far from facilitating, the Directors ought to have opposed this expedition. Ultimately for themselves, immediately for France, a victory on the Adige would have been

of far more value than one on the Nile. The desire of getting rid of one whose talents and competition they feared, shut their eyes to evident danger, in depriving the country of a noble army, of many illustrious generals, and to the probable loss of the fleet, while relations with foreign powers were at best but ill assured. As to Bonaparte, he was fully convinced that there remained for him no choice between this hazardous adventure and destruction. At the same time, Egypt appeared a proper field on which to maintain his reputation, and to exalt yet higher the splendor of his name.

A short time before our departure, I asked how long he intended to remain in the East? "A few months, or six years," was the reply; "all depends upon events. I shall colonize the country, and carry out artists, workmen of all descriptions, women, actors. We are only twenty-nine; we must be thirty-five. That is no age. These six years will suffice me, if things succeed, to reach India. Tell all those who talk of your departure, that you are going to Brest. Say the same to your own family." I did so.

The following list of books, for a camp library, I copy from a paper in his own hand, given me to make the purchase. The volumes were in 18mo., and will show what he preferred in science and literature. I have, however, corrected the orthography, and cannot help remarking how, knowing the writers so well, he could have written, for instance, *Ducecling, Ocean.* Certainly, to divine that this latter meant *Ossian,* required an intimate acquaintance with his favorite passion for the bard of Caledonia.

I. *Science and the Arts.*—Plurality of Worlds, Fontenelle, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2. Course of the Normal School, 6. Treatise on Artillery, 1. On Fortifications, 3. On Fireworks, 1.

II. *Geography and Travels.*—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages, 3. La Harpe's Collection of French Voyages and Travels, 24 vols.

III. *History.*—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2. Condé, 4. Villars, 4. Luxembourg, 2. Duguesclin, 2. Saxe, 3. Memoirs of the French Marshals, 20. President Hainault, 4. Chronology, 2. Marlborough, 4. Prince Eugene, 6. Philosophical History of India, 12. Germany, 2. Charles XII., 1. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6. Peter the Great, 1. Polybius, 6. Justin, 2. Arrian, 3. Tacitus, 2. Livy, vols. —. Thucydides, 2. Vertot, 4. Denina, 8. Frederic II., 8.

IV. *Poetry.*—Ossian, 1. Tasso, 6. Ariosto, 6. Homer, 6. Virgil, 4. Henriade, 1. Telemaque, 2. The Gardens (Delille), 1. Master-

pieces of the French Drama, 20. Select Fugitive Poetry, 10. La Fontaine, vols. —.

V. *Fiction.*—Voltaire, 4. Heloise, 4. Werther, 1. Marmontel, 4. English Novels, 40. Le Sage, 10. Provost, 10.

VI. *Political.*—Old Testament and New. The Koran. The Vedam. Mythology. Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws.* (In all, about 320 vols.)

Our remaining stay in Paris offers nothing of moment, if it be not a confession made to me by Bonaparte some hours before our departure for Toulon. On our way, in his carriage, to the Luxembourg, where some necessary regulations were to be signed, he continued silent and thoughtful. As we drove through the Rue St. Anne, I asked him, without any particular meaning, solely for the purpose of saying something to break this long silence—If he always remained certainly resolved upon quitting France? "Yes! I have tried everything; they will not hear of my proposal (most probably referring to the Directorship): I might turn them out, and make myself king; but that must not be thought of yet; the nobles would never consent; I have sounded them; the time is not come. I should be alone. I will dazzle these gentry yet!"—"Well, then, we shall go to Egypt," I merely replied, and changed the conversation.

Some warmth shown by Bernadotte, at Vienna, delayed this journey for fifteen days. But it is an error to state, as has been done, that this affair had inspired the idea of renouncing the expedition altogether. The contrary is proved, by a letter to Brueys, of 28th April:—"Some differences, which have just happened at Vienna, will require my presence for some days in Paris. This will in no wise affect the expedition. I send an order, by the present courier, for the troops at Marseilles to embark and repair to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, you will receive instructions to get all on board, and depart with the squadron for Genoa, where I will join you." The change of destination, the mysterious midnight visit of Barras—all must be banished to the class of fables along with the "honorable exile," "ostracism," etc., etc.

We left Paris, May 3, 1798. Ten days before our departure for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, a prisoner escaped from the Temple, who was so powerfully to contribute to its failure.† This flight was full of

* All these works are mentioned as in French, though Tasso and Ariosto were most probably in Italian. There appears a sad affectation in the title and contents of the last division. The whole shows but shallow acquirement, and in some instances bad taste. The scientific portion, especially the mathematical, will astonish those readers who know the subject.—*Translator.*

† Sir Sidney Smith.

futurity, since a forged order on the minister of police in France prevented the revolution of the East. Bonaparte, aware from the English movements that not a moment was to be lost, beguiled the uneasiness of ten days' detention by contrary winds in the most scrupulous survey of the fleet; and, continually occupied with his army, addressed the soldiers in an animated harangue, which I wrote under his dictation, and to which they replied, by enthusiastic shouts of "Live the Immortal Republic!"

Whoever has been acquainted with Madame Bonaparte, knows that there have been few women so perfectly amiable. Bonaparte loved her most tenderly; and, to enjoy a little longer the charms of her society, had brought her with him to Toulon. As it was impossible for him to know, after separation, when he should see her again, or if they were ever to be re-united in this world; so, I can assert, that nothing could be more touching than their farewell. Josephine, in fact, had nearly become the victim of an accident, which happened at Plombières, some time after, being severely injured from the sudden falling of a balcony, by which she and her whole party were precipated into the street.

On arriving at Toulon, Bonaparte learned that the law inflicting death upon emigrants reigned in all its terrific rigor, and that but a little before an old man of eighty had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated a letter to me, addressed to the Military Commission, in which, after stating the regret occasioned by recent transactions, he concluded thus:—"I exhort you, then, citizens, when the law presents at your tribunal old men and females, to declare, that in the midst of combats, ye have respected the aged and the women even of your enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing arms is a coward." This letter saved one unfortunate being actually under sentence, and gave much satisfaction throughout the army of the expedition. The tone of the action, however, is still more remarkable, as showing what idea he had already formed of his power, since he could thus take upon him to modify a law, cruel, no doubt, but nevertheless a law, and in active operation.

One Simon had followed his master, an emigrant, and, dreading the vengeance of these enactments, applied to me, learning I was in want of a domestic. He pleased me, and was engaged. Apprehensive, however, of his being seized when we were to embark, I applied to General Bonaparte, who said, with an accent of great kindness:—"Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him keep by you." The words, "Bonaparte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the East," were inscribed

in large letters of gold upon the beautiful green morocco cover. Was it the portfolio, or his accompanying us, which saved Simon? I know not; but he passed freely. I could not forbear scolding the rascal, however, for having, by certain very significant and provoking smiles, set at defiance the sullen looks of those who had been charged with his capture. He served me faithfully, and was sometimes useful to the General, as will appear in the sequel.

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE TO EGYPT — CAPTURE OF MALTA — NELSON'S FLEET — AMUSEMENTS, OCCUPATIONS, AND HABITS OF BONAPARTE AT SEA — ANECDOTES — LANDING — ALEXANDRIA TAKEN — KLEBER — ARABS — ADVENTURE.

THE squadron set sail on the 19th May. The admiral's ship, *L'Orient*, being overloaded, drew too much water, and took the ground. She was disengaged without difficulty, accident, or perceptible delay. Yet both *before* and *after* the battle of Aboukir, presentiments were thence derived of her final misfortune. I add, with regret, that I have often heard such tales repeated by sensible men.

We arrived before Malta on the 10th June, for the non-arrival of some convoys had retarded us two days. The understanding opened with Europe, during and after the negotiations at Campo-Formio, had not so completely succeeded as to give us at once possession of that celebrated fortress. Bonaparte showed himself much irritated against those who had been sent to prepare matters. Yet Dolomieu had afterwards reason to repent his reputation in the transaction; while Poussielgue had done all he could in his trial of seduction: still success was not complete. There existed misunderstandings, and a few cannon shots were exchanged. The Commander-in-chief ordered General d'Hilliers, who had served in Italy with much credit, to land and attack the western quarter of the island. This was effected with great prudence and ability. But, as to those in the secret all this was known to be but for form's sake, these hostile demonstrations were not followed up. They were necessary to save the honor of the knights of the cross; and that was all they meant. Those who know the place, know also that it could not have been taken in two days by a fleet in our circumstances. Pursued by an enemy, we had not a moment to lose, and every instant might have been surprised by that enemy, in afflicting disorder, and

been totally destroyed. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so entirely secured against an assault, that General Caffarelli, after examining the fortifications with the greatest care, said, in my presence, to the Commander-in-chief, "Upon my word, General, we were extremely fortunate in having friends within, had it been only to open the gates to us." This acquisition has been magnified into an astonishing victory —a prodigy of wisdom and valor! What a pity!—It was barefaced treason. We may judge, then, of the value of Napoleon's assertions at St. Helena: "The capture of Malta was not owing to private understandings, but to the foresight of the Commander-in-chief. It was in Mantua I took Malta." It does not very plainly appear what is the meaning of "Malta taken by foresight in Mantua:" but it is no less true, that I wrote, under his dictation, a lot of instructions for these same "private understandings." Napoleon has also said to another noble companion of his exile:—"Malta certainly possessed immense physical, but no moral, means of resistance. The knights did nothing disgraceful. They could not hold out against impossibility." No; but they yielded themselves. The successful capture of Malta was assured before the fleet quitted Toulon.

One of the first acts of Bonaparte set at liberty the Turkish prisoners, and cleared the disgusting galleys. This was a deed of reason and humanity. He devoted his time to providing, with equal activity and talent, for the administration and defence of the island. His only relaxation, an occasional walk in the pretty extensive gardens of the grand master, where we regaled on the delicious fruit of the magnificent orange trees, proved alike pleasing to us all. On the 19th of June, we took our departure from Malta, which our leader never imagined he had taken for the English. They requitted him but scurvily for that piece of service. Several knights accompanied us, having obtained employment both in the civil and military departments.

During the night of the 22d, the hostile squadron was almost upon us, passing within six leagues of the French fleet. Nelson, having learned at Messina the capture of Malta, on the very day we left the island, made directly for Alexandria, which he conceived to be our destination. Thus, taking the shortest route, setting all sail, and unencumbered with convoys, he reached the Bay of Alexandria on the 28th, three days before our fleet. The French squadron shaped its course, first for Candia, which was seen on the 25th, and then to the southwards, favored by the Etesian winds, which blow regularly from the north at this season. By this means, all arrived safe on the 30th June before Alexandria.

The remarkable saying of Bonaparte to the pupils of a school which he had one day visited, "Young people, every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune for future life," may be considered as, in some measure, forming the rule of his own conduct. Perhaps no man ever better understood the value of time: his very leisure was business. Of this our passage appears to be a striking instance. If the activity of his mind found not wherewithal to exercise itself in reality, he supplied the defect, by giving free scope to imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for he, probably, was the only man in the fleet who never experienced *ennui* for a single moment.

On board the *L'Orient*, he delighted in discoursing with Monge and Berthollet, when the discussion most usually ran upon chemistry, mathematics, and religion; as also with General Caffarelli, whose conversation, rich in facts, was, at the same time, lively, intellectual and cheerful. Of the two philosophers, Monge evidently appeared the favorite, because, endowed with an ardent fancy, without exactly possessing religious principles, he yet cherished that propensity towards religious ideas which harmonized with the feelings of Bonaparte. On this subject Berthollet sometimes laughed at his compatriot. Besides a cold imagination, his mind, constantly turned to analysis and abstraction, showed a leaning towards materialism, for which the General ever expressed a sovereign dislike. At other times, Bonaparte conversed with the admiral, when the subject always respected naval maneuvers, of which he showed great desire to obtain knowledge; and nothing more astonished Brueys than the sagacity of his questions. I was present when, one day, having asked how the ships would be brought into action in case of attack, he declared, after hearing the reply, that, should the circumstance occur, he would give orders for every one to throw his luggage overboard.

Bonaparte, during the whole voyage, passed the greater part of his time below in his cabin, reclining upon a couch, which, by a ball-and-socket joint at each foot, rendered the ship's pitching less perceptible, and, consequently, relieved the sickness from which he was scarcely ever free. I remained almost always with him, reading aloud some of the favorite works composing his camp library. In our familiar conversation, again, Josephine almost always formed the subject. Passionately as he loved the glory of France and his own, she still engrossed many a thought in a soul thus full of high emprise: his attachment, indeed, approached to idolatry. Sometimes, too, he amused himself for whole hours with the captains of such vessels as we hailed, when, hav-

ing satisfied his curiosity, he permitted them to depart, exacting a promise to say nothing of their meeting with the French squadron.

While we were at sea, he rarely got up before ten, when he breakfasted. At dinner, he had always company, in addition to the admiral, his own staff and the colonels on board, who regularly dined at the table of the Commander-in-chief. As there were 2,000 souls on board, and among these many distinguished men, choice could be daily made. One of his greatest pleasures during the passage was, after these dinner parties, to appoint three or four persons to support, and as many to impugn, some proposition. These discussions had an object; the General thus created opportunities of studying the talents of those whom it was his interest to know thoroughly, in order, afterwards, to employ them according to their capabilities. A circumstance here will not surprise those who have been admitted to intimate converse with Bonaparte: in these encounters of the wits he constantly gave the preference to him who had maintained an extravagant conception with ability over the advocate of common opinion and reason. It was not solely superiority of address which determined his judgment, for he really preferred a clever defense of an absurdity to an equally able argument in favor of the rational view. He himself always proposed the subject to be discussed, generally selecting questions on religion—on the different forms of government—on the art of war. One day, "Are the planets inhabited?" another, "What is the age of the world?" a third, "Will our earth be destroyed by water or by fire?" again, "The truth or falsehood of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams," formed the inquiry. This last, I well remember, was suggested by the remembrance of Joseph, as closely connected with the land whither we were bound. No country, indeed, presented itself to our view without calling up in the thoughts of our leader its appropriate associations of history, legislation, polity or mythology.

When the serenity of the weather invited, he went upon the quarter-deck. I recollect that, one day, walking thus with him, while steering our course through the Sicilian Sea, on a beautiful evening, at sunset, I thought I descried the summits of the Alps. This seemed to the General a mistaken fancy, and he laughed at me accordingly. The admiral being referred to, confirmed my observation, after examining the horizon through his telescope. "The Alps!" At this word I think I still behold Bonaparte. I see him long immovable; then, all at once breaking from his trance; "No!" exclaimed he to us, "never can I view without emotion the land of Italy! Here is the East; thither I am now bound; a perilous enterprise calls me. These mountains over-

look the plains where I have so often led to victory the soldiers of France. With them, we shall conquer still!" It formed, in truth, at this period, one of his most agreeable employments, to recall the splendor of former campaigns, seeking to read in the past a happy presage of coming triumphs. These anticipations of success he always associated with the politics of France, pleasing himself by imagining the effects which they would produce upon the public mind.

The band on board the *L'Orient* sometimes played, but only on the gangway. Bonaparte did not yet sufficiently admire music to hear it in his apartment. A taste for this art may be said to have kept pace with his power, as love for the chase manifested itself only after his elevation to the empire: as if he had wished to prove that he possessed not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct of those aristocratic pleasures, the enjoyment of which is reckoned, in the eyes of their people, among the essential attributes of kings.

In a long voyage, it is impossible to prevent accidents from men falling overboard. This occurrence happened several times with us, from the crowded state of our vessel. On these occasions, it was strange to witness the instinctive force of humanity in the bosom of one so lavish of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed torrents of it in that very Egypt whither we were going. Whenever a man fell into the water, the Commander-in-chief had no rest till he was saved. He instantly ordered the ship to lay to, showed the most lively uneasiness till the unfortunate was recovered, and ordered me to recompense liberally those most active in the rescue. Sailors who had thus distinguished themselves, when guilty of some breach of discipline, were always exempted from punishment. I remember, during one dark night, a noise was heard, as of a man overboard. Bonaparte instantly gave the word to put the ship about till the supposed victim should be rescued from inevitable death. The crew hastened from all quarters, exertions were redoubled, and at length we fished up—what? The victim was—a quarter of beef, which had slipped from a noose over the side. How did Bonaparte act? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exposed themselves on this occasion more liberally than usual: "It might have been a man, and these brave fellows have shown neither less zeal nor less courage."

After thirty years, all these things are present to my thoughts as if they had occurred but the last hour. Such was the general manner in which Bonaparte passed his time during the voyage. As it drew towards a termination, he busied himself with preparations for a new

scene. It was then he dictated to me the famous proclamation addressed to his soldiers before landing :—

"Soldiers !—You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which upon the civilization and commerce of the world are incalculable. You will strike a blow, the surest and most vital which England can receive, until you give her death-stroke. We shall have to make some fatiguing marches ; to engage in a few combats ; but success will crown our exertions. The destinies are favorable. The Mamelukes—retainers of England, tyrants of the unfortunate country—soon after our landing shall have ceased to exist.

"The people with whom we are about to be connected are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this : 'There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not gainsay them ; live with them as you have done with the Jews—with the Italians ; pay the same deference to their muftis and their imaums as you have paid to the rabbins and the bishops ; show to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, and to the mosques, the same tolerance as you have shown to the convents and the synagogues—to the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe : it is proper that you habituate yourselves to them.

"The inhabitants treat their women differently from us ; but, in every country, he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few ; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and renders enemies those whom our interest requires to be friends. The first city we approach was built by Alexander ; every step will awaken sublime recollections worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen."

To this proclamation was appended an order of the day, consisting of twelve articles, prohibiting pillage, as also every species of violence, and containing directions for collecting imposts and contributions. The punishment denounced upon delinquents were—repairing the damages inflicted, two years in irons and death. Here I may be permitted a reflection. Passages in the proclamation have been severely animadverted upon as contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. But how absurd, to have entered Egypt with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other ! Policy and common sense required us to respect the religion of the inhabitants. Both this and other proclamations produced an excellent effect.

In the course of the passage, particularly between Malta and Alex-

andria, I conversed often with the brave and unfortunate Brueys, and had the happiness of enjoying his confidence and friendship. He complained bitterly of the organization of the fleet; of the encumbered state of the ships of war and frigates, and, above all, of the *L'Orient;* of the great number of transports; of the imperfect arming of the men of war, and the feebleness of their crews. He assured me it required no little resolution to take charge of an armament so ill-equipped; and several times declared that, in the event of a rencontre with the enemy, he would guarantee nothing. "In case of an attack," added he, "even by an inferior squadron, the confusion among such a multitude, the immense quantity of baggage would inevitably bring on a catastrophe by impeding the maneuvers. God grant," said the admiral, with a sigh, "that we pass without meeting the English! for, had they only ten ships, I cannot promise success; and even with such a victory as we should obtain, what would become of the expedition?"

We did escape, and made the coast of Africa on the morning of the 1st July, the columns of Severus announcing Alexandria. The frigate *Juno* having been dispatched for M. Magallon, the French consul, it was near four o'clock when he arrived, a very hollow sea running. From him the Commander-in-chief learned that Nelson had been before Alexandria on the 28th June, and, after a conference with the English agent at the place, had directed his course to the northeast. Thus, had we not been detained two days, waiting for a convoy from Civita Vecchia, we should have arrived before the town at the same time with our enemies. How insignificant are often those causes upon which the good or bad fortune of the mightiest enterprises depends! Reckoning from the time of our leaving Malta, Nelson, expecting to find us at Alexandria, and seeing we had not arrived, imagined we had sailed for Alexandretta, in Syria, there to disembark for Asia. This error a second time saved the expedition.

On hearing these details, Bonaparte resolved on an immediate disembarkation. This the admiral opposed, representing to him the state of the sea, then violently agitated; the distance from the coast, nearly nine miles; the dangerous reefs; the approaching night; and our total ignorance of the most convenient landing places. But these representations, to induce a delay of about twelve hours, till the next morning, were urged in vain: Bonaparte listened to them with impatience and ill humor, though assured that Nelson could not return for several days. "Admiral," said he, impatiently, "we have no time to lose; fortune gives me but three days; if I profit not by the indulgence, we are lost." He reckoned greatly upon his fortune: the chimerical idea constantly

influenced his resolutions. I certify these things to have occurred in my presence: not a single detail could escape me. But it is false—quite false, that, upon the appearance of a sail not answering to signals, and which, for my part, I never saw, Bonaparte exclaimed, "Fortune! wilt thou abandon me? I ask of thee only five days!"

The General having the command of the whole armament, both by sea and land, the admiral was constrained to yield. He took me, however, apart, to communicate his apprehensions, which, indeed, chiefly concerned his colleague, whom he considered, in running so great hazard, as incurring too serious a responsibility. Upon my refusal to interfere, knowing the General's firmness, and also as agreeing with him in opinion, Brueys, with sorrow, gave the signal for disembarking. This movement was effected amid many difficulties and dangers. In getting to the boats, the troops had to glide down the ship's side by a rope, remaining suspended, till the returning wave brought the shallop up to their level. We had to lament some loss; but everything had led to anticipations of greater misfortunes than we actually experienced. About one o'clock in the morning of July 2, we first set foot on the soil of Egypt at Marabou, three leagues east of Alexandria. Two hours after, the Commander-in-chief was in full march upon that capital, with the divisions of Kleber, Bon and Morand. The Bedouin Arabs, hovering upon our right and rear, cut off stragglers, and those who separated from the corps. On arriving within gun-shot of Alexandria, we began the attack; the walls were scaled, and, in a short time, French valor had triumphed over all opposition.

The first blood which I saw flow in this war was that of General Kleber; he had been struck by a ball upon the head, not in the escalade, but in commanding the attack. Kleber always exposed himself to the first blows: he might have been named the brave where all were brave. He came to the column of Pompey, where several individuals of the staff had reassembled, and from whence the Commander-in-chief overlooked the attack. This was the first time I had spoken to Kleber, and our intimacy dated from this day. I had the satisfaction to render him some assistance. I confess it with pain, the sentiments then awakened in his favor soon lost much of their warmth. Selfishness, I discovered, quickly displaced in his breast those benevolent dispositions towards misfortune which are the happy attribute of youth.

It has been attempted to elevate the capture of Alexandria, which fell in a few hours, into a great feat of arms. The General himself wrote, that the city was taken after a little firing; the walls, poorly defended, were very soon scaled. Alexandria was not given up to pil-

lage, as has been repeatedly asserted. This would have been a very absurd commencement of the conquest of Egypt, in which there were no fortified places to intimidate by such an example. On the contrary, Bonaparte marked his entry into this capital by acts of kindness and generosity. Berthier, in his official relation, declares here the exact truth.

Bonaparte entered by an alley so narrow that two men could scarcely pass in front. I was with him. We were stopped by some musket shots, fired repeatedly from a low window, by a man and a woman. The guides who preceded their General poured a volley into the apartment: both the man and woman fell beneath their fire, and we passed on in safety, for the city had capitulated. On the morrow, a treaty was entered into with the Arabs for the deliverance of the men carried off during the night march. They were restored for a hundred piastres. One, distinguished from his fellows by behavior, was brought before the Commander-in-chief, who wished to obtain some information respecting these half savage hordes. On the first question, How he had been treated? the man burst into tears, giving to understand he had experienced the treatment so common in the East.* "Grammercy! you have now got a good excuse for being on the sick list. No matter, you have paid for your imprudence. You ought to keep by your corps. Thank your stars for having got off so cheaply. Come, don't weep, but answer me." The few hours, however, passed in the company of the Arabs, and the brutality exercised upon him, had prevented the soldier from making the least observation: he could tell the General nothing.

Bonaparte devoted ten days passed in Alexandria to organizing the city and district, with that activity and talent which I never could sufficiently admire, and in preparing for the march of the army across the province of Bohahireh. For this purpose, Desaix, with 4,500 infantry, and sixty horse, repaired to Beda, upon the route to Damanhour. This officer first encountered the privations and sufferings of the campaign. His magnanimous character, his devotion to Bonaparte, seemed ready to yield before the distress of the moment. "For God's sake," thus he wrote, so early as the 15th July, "do not leave us in this position. The detachment is discouraged, and murmurs. Give us orders to advance or to fall back, with all speed: the villages

* The poor fellow had been qualified for contributing to those aristocratic pleasures, which the ex-secretary considered a little ago as essential characteristics of kings! Many Frenchmen were thus prepared for the royal chapel at Versailles, or the Pope's band in the Vatican.—*Translator.*

are mere huts, absolutely without resources." In these arid plains, scorched by the heat of a tropical sun, we often contended for water, so common elsewhere: wells and springs, those secret treasures of the Desert, are hidden from the eager search of the traveler; and often, after choking marches, we found nothing to allay the imperious cravings of thirst save a brackish and disgusting fluid.

CHAPTER XII.

ALEXANDRIA—MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT—SUFFERINGS—MISCHANCE—HARSHNESS OF BONAPARTE—BATTLE OF THE FLOTILLA—BATTLE OF CHEBREISSE—OF THE PYRAMIDS—DEFEAT OF THE MAMELUKES—CAIRO—ORGANIZATION OF EGYPT—BATTLE OF ABOUKIR—DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH FLEET—CONSEQUENCES—VINDICATION OF BRUEYS.

What disparity between the city of Alexandria, as represented in history, and the melancholy town of modern times! Where formerly crowded 900,000 inhabitants, were now to be numbered scarcely 6,000. That city, once so magnificent, we found without fortification; and, strictly speaking, without even vestiges of what it had been. There appeared merely some columns torn from the ancient ruins, and applied in miserable taste to modern constructions. The quay of the *old port* is itself but a mass of broken columns of marble and granite. Two monuments only were entire and erect—the pillar of Pompey and the obelisk of Cleopatra; but hardly any remains could be discovered of the Roman: none of that city which contained the tomb of Alexander.

Before taking possession of Egypt, Bonaparte addressed various proclamations to the Pasha, to the commandant, and, on entering Alexandria, to the natives of the country, exciting them against the beys, from whose yoke he pretended to have come to relieve them. Again, a few days after, he wrote to the Directory, describing his operations, from the time of leaving Malta to the capture of Alexandria.

The 7th July we set out for Damanhour, across the vast plains of Bohahireh: these are not, as reported, a desert. While the army toiled onwards beneath a burning sun, the torments of the soldiers were augmented by the illusion of water, which the *mirage* so well known in tropical climes unceasingly renewed, at the very moment, too, when

all felt the greatest sufferings from thirst. The Arabs harassed us on the march without intermission. They emptied or infected the few cisterns and springs found in these vast solitudes. Once exhausted, the wells are replenished very slowly, and the soldier who, from the commencement of a weary march, had experienced a devouring thirst, found little relief from a brackish, muddy and polluted liquid. The army traversed these wastes with the speed of lightning; but the troops already expressed their sufferings in frequent murmurs of discouragement.

On the first night of our march a mischance occurred, which might have been fatal to the staff and to the Commander-in-chief. We were advancing through the darkness, with only a weak escort, almost all asleep on our horses. Suddenly, two volleys of a well sustained fire were directed upon us: we awoke, rallied, reconnoitered, and learned with great satisfaction that only one guide had been slightly wounded in the hand. It was the division of Desaix, which, forming the advance, had fired, mistaking us for enemies. Our small advanced guard had not heard the challenge of the outposts.

Arrived at Damanhour, the staff established headquarters in the sheik's house, which, newly whitewashed, made a brilliant appearance externally, but within exhibited a poverty hardly to be conceived. Everything announced the greatest misery—scarcely a pitcher whole; and for seats, some coarse mats, filthy and in tatters. We found nothing—absolutely nothing, for the convenience of life. Bonaparte knew the proprietor to be rich; and, by kindness, having inspired the sheik with some confidence, asked, through the interpreter, why, having wherewithal, he thus deprived himself of every requisite, assuring him that an unreserved answer should be attended with no ill consequences. "Look at my feet," said the old man: "some years ago, I repaired my dwelling, and purchased a little furniture. This found its way to Cairo; a demand for money followed, because I was thus proved to be rich. I refused payment; they maltreated and forced me to pay. Since then I have reduced myself to the barest necessaries, and now no longer repair anything." In fact, he walked with difficulty from this infliction. Spies are everywhere ready to denounce the mere suspicion of being rich; and, in this unfortunate country, it is only by an appearance of the most abject poverty, that the rapacity of power and the cupidity of barbarism can be escaped.

In this our headquarters, an insignificant troop of mounted Arabs came to insult us by their presence. Bonaparte, who was at the window, indignant at this audacity turned to young Croiser, an aid-de-

camp in attendance, saying, "Here, Croiser, take some of the guides,* and disperse these raganuffins." In an instant, Croiser appeared in the plain, with fifteen guides. The little band engaged. We beheld the combat from the window. But there appeared in the orders, and in the attack, a hesitation unexpected by the General. He called out from the window, as if they could have heard, "Advance! will you? Charge!" After a short, but pretty obstinate combat, in which our horsemen retired as the Arabs advanced, the latter finally withdrew, unmolested, and without loss. The General's anger could not be restrained; it was vented without measure upon poor Croiser, on his return, and so harshly, that he retired in tears. Bonaparte desired me to follow, and calm him: all was in vain. "I will not survive this," said the youth; "I will expose myself to certain death on the first occasion that presents itself; I will not live dishonored." The word coward had been pronounced. Croiser found the death he sought at St. Jean d'Acre.

On the 10th, we marched to Rahmahanieh, where Alexander's canal commences, and where those of the civil service were embarked on board the flotilla, that their horses might serve to mount a few men more. The flotilla was commanded by Perrée, in the xebeque *Cerf*, formerly commodore of the naval forces of the Adriatic, with orders to keep on the flank of the army; thus giving and receiving protection. On the 13th, at night, both military and naval forces began to ascend by the left bank of the river; but the force of the wind, which at this season blows directly up the valley of the Nile, carried us ahead of the army. In this situation, we found ourselves exposed in front to seven Turkish gun-boats, mounting twenty-four and thirty-six pounders, and in flank, to the fire of Mamelukes, Arabs and Fellahs, who lined both banks. Our xebeques were armed with only small cannon in the bows, so that, casting anchor, we maintained a very disadvantageous contest for three hours and a half, in which one of the Turkish gun-boats blew up, while the Turks took several of our craft by boarding, and massacred the crews before our eyes, holding up to us the heads of our companions by the hair. At length, the appearance of a detachment of the army saved us from destruction, as our ammunition began to

* The Guides composed a favorite body of men, selected from the whole army for their bravery and intelligence. Their especial duty was to watch over the personal safety of the Commander-in-chief. Bonaparte instituted this corps during the Italian campaign, after having narrowly escaped being taken by a dash of a few Austrina troopers. They were subsequently named "chasseurs of the guard." Their uniform, green, faced with red, was the usual dress of Napoleon.—*Translator.*

fail. Such is the true account, though historians have destroyed the Turkish squadron. They did us much injury; and sailed up the river, having suffered but little damage, after an engagement wherein twenty men were wounded and several slain on our side, and in which both parties had fired upwards of 1,500 cannon-shot.*

Meanwhile, the army had encountered a body of about 4,000 Mamelukes at Chebreisse. This village, as the Commander-in-chief afterwards told me, it was his intention to have turned, and, inclosing the Mamelukes between the French and the Nile, to have utterly cut them off. Apprehending, from the cannonade, that our situation was perilous, he had, however, changed his plan, attacked them in front, and, after defeating and driving them back upon Cairo, made the movement upon his left, which saved us.

We continued our voyage, and were without communications from the army until the 23d July. On the 22d, we beheld the Pyramids; and the same day the sound of a distant cannonade, which continued to increase as the north wind lulled, announced that a serious affair was going forward. We now beheld the banks of the Nile covered with naked dead: the bodies, becoming more numerous at every turn, were thrown by the waves upon the shore, or borne sullenly along towards the sea. This horrible spectacle; the solitude of every village, so lately in ceaseless hostility against us; the inexplicable tranquillity of our course, no longer troubled by musketry, now from the one bank, now from the other, or from both at once, made us presume, with some assurance, that a battle, fatal to the Mamelukes, had taken place. But we had need of certain intelligence. The misery which overwhelmed us during this navigation is not to be described. For eleven days we had been reduced to live on melons and water, while obliged to oppose at every moment the fire of the Arabs and Fellahs, from which the death of some, and the wounds of many of our companions, seemed, in our circumstances, not so heavy a ransom as we had reason to dread. The rise of the Nile was only commencing, and the shallowness of its stream obliged us to leave the xebeque, and get on board a dgerm, thirteen leagues from Cairo, where I arrived on the 25d, at three in the afternoon.

Scarcely had I saluted the Commander-in-chief, after a separation of twelve days, when he accosted me in these terms:—"Ah! so you are come, then! You are the cause—you and the others—that I failed in

* In the official dispatch of Berthier, announcing this engagement, among a few of the civil service, Bourrienne is mentioned as having highly distinguished himself.—*Translator.*

the object of my combat at Chebreisse; it was to save you—Monge, Berthollet, and others on board the flotilla—that I hastened my movement on the left towards the Nile, before my right had inclosed Chebreisse, from which not a Mameluke should have escaped me."—"For my part," replied I, "you have my best thanks: but, in conscience, could you abandon us, when you had taken away our horses, and put us, whether we would or no, on board that same flotilla?" He fell a-laughing; but afterwards testified how sincerely he felt the loss we had sustained. The same evening I wrote to his brother Louis:—"The Commander-in-chief charges me, my dear Louis, to announce to you the victory gained yesterday over the Mamelukes. It is complete. The battle was fought at Embabeh, opposite Boulac. The enemy's loss is estimated, in killed and wounded, at 2,000, forty pieces of cannon, and many horses. Our loss has been trifling. The beys have fled into Upper Egypt. The General enters Cairo this evening. I am desired also to say that you are to join us immediately, with the General's effects and horses; ascending the Nile in dgerms, with the battalion of the 89th; from Rosetta. Do not, my good friend, forget our baggage—we have much need of it—the books, papers, and *all* the wine." *

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Indeed, the march of the French army towards that city had been an uninterrupted succession of combats and of triumphs. Conquerors at Rahmahanieh, at Chebreisse, at the Pyramids, the Mamelukes defeated, their chief, Mourad Bey, forced to flee into Upper Egypt, there was no longer any obstacle preventing our entrance into the capital, after a campaign of only twenty days. Bonaparte had preceded this occupation by proclamations of a most pacific tendency, addressed to the sheiks, to the inhabitants and to the Pasha of Cairo. He wrote also to Kleber, who, on account of his wound, had been left commandant at Alexandria, giving an account of the campaign and issuing orders, finishing thus:—"At the moment of writing, I find a letter from Louis, in a garden belonging to Mamelukes, which proves that one of your couriers has been intercepted." This was his own unfortunate aid-de-camp Julian, an interesting young officer and of great hopes, who, with fifteen soldiers, as was afterwards discovered, had been butchered in the village of Alkam, on the Libyan bank of the Nile. The Commander-in-chief issued an order to burn and plunder the vil-

* It is generally supposed that Burgundy wine will not bear a long voyage: Bourrienne states, on the contrary, that, after twice crossing the Mediterranean, and twice the Syrian desert on camels, bottled Burgundy brought back to France remained unimpaired in strength and flavor.—*Translator.*

lage. This was executed; but no trace of the fatal event could be discovered, for all had fled: only, in the dust of a distant and deserted hut, the soldiers found the regimental button of a vest, bearing the number of the corps which had furnished the escort of the hapless Julian.

On the following day after the entry into Cairo, Bonaparte wrote the letter to his brother Joseph which was intercepted and published, and whose authenticity has been causelessly questioned:—"You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the conquest of Egypt, which has been sufficiently disputed to add a laurel more to the glory of this army. Egypt, in corn, rice, vegetables and cattle, is the richest country which exists on the earth. Barbarism is at its height. There is not money enough therein even to pay the troops. I expect to be in France in two months. Engage a house either near Paris or in Burgundy; I expect to pass the winter there." The announcement in this letter is corroborated by an autograph note in my possession of the warlike stores and necessaries to be sent out to Egypt; and both prove his intention to have colonized that country.

Immediately on the fall of Cairo, the Commander-in-chief turned his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. He should have been seen at this season, while in full vigor of manhood. Nothing escaped his rare penetration, his indomitable activity. Egypt, long the object of his study and meditations, was as well known to him in a few weeks as if he had sojourned therein ten years. The order to observe the most severe discipline was repeated, and strictly enforced. The mosques, civil and religious institutions, harems, women, customs were scrupulously respected. Short time had elapsed when already the French, admitted into the houses, might be seen living peaceably with the inhabitants, smoking a pipe with them, assisting in their labors and amusing their children. Thus, scarcely having laid aside the sword, soon to resume it, and after a residence of only four days in Cairo, Bonaparte, with rare sagacity, laboring to secure the interests of his army, without apparently injuring the interests of the country, appointed, provisional governments in all the cities and provinces occupied by our troops. These were to regulate their proceedings by a code of only four articles, but which had been drawn up after seeing, consulting and examining all from whom information could be drawn.—I. A divan of seven persons to watch over the general police of each province. II. The internal military defense of each province intrusted to an aga of the Janizaries, with sixty men, to act with the French commandant. III. An intendant, with the requisite subordinates, to collect the reve-

nues, as formerly belonging to the Mamelukes, now to the republic. IV. A French commissary to correspond between the intendant and the general finance administration.

While the Commander-in-chief was thus actively engaged in organizing his conquests, he learned that Ibrahim, the most powerful of the beys after Mourad, of whom General Desaix had gone in pursuit, was making head in Syria. Upon this, Bonaparte resolved to march in person against this formidable opponent, and quitted Cairo accordingly, after a residence of fifteen days. The results of this campaign, the defeat of Ibrahim at El-Arych, are known to every one; besides, I enter little into details of battles, limiting myself to facts which I have myself witnessed, and to rectifying accredited errors. Something, too, more important still, requires our attention. During this absence of the Commander-in-chief, news arrived at Cairo of the overwheming disaster of the French squadron at Aboukir, on the 1st of August. The aid-de-camp dispatched by Kleber with the intelligence, proceeded, on my recommendation, instantly to Salehyeh, where Bonaparte then was, and who immediately returned to Cairo, a distance of thirty-three leagues.

On learning the terrible catastrophe at Aboukir, the Commander-in-chief seemed completely borne down. His condition, I will even say, gave me extreme pain. And, indeed, with all the energy of his character, could he bear up at once against so many and so great calamities? To the painful feelings aroused by the ungenerous complaints, and the moral discouragement of his companions in arms and glory, was just added a misfortune incalculable, positive, irreparable,—the conflagration of our fleet. His perspicacity measured at a glance all its fatal consequences. And yet, men would have it, that considerations so momentous—a present so afflicting, a future so uncertain—made not upon the spirit of our leader a profound and sorrowful impression! Truly, in feigning an insensibility, then foreign to his nature, his panegyrists are deceived if they imagine thus to pronounce his eulogy. Because he was a great man, must complete divorce be made between his feelings and humanity?

Before the fatal 1st of August, it had been Bonaparte's intention, the possession of Egypt once assurred, to carry back to Toulon the fleet, now become useless; and, after sending troops and necessaries of every description to Egypt, to unite the fleet with all those forces of France and of her allies which the government would then have assembled against England. It is certain that, before departing upon the eastern expedition, he had submitted to the Directory a note rela-

tive to these grand designs. Extraordinary and gigantic ideas occupied him unceasingly. He always regarded a descent upon Britain as possible; but ever as certainly fatal while we were so inferior at sea. By these different maneuvers he hoped to gain the ascendency there also. By his sudden appearance and great preparations on the coast, he purposed either to effect a descent, the English fleet being absent in the Mediterranean, or hoped, by thus exciting alarms at home, at least to prevent troops being sent against the force in Egypt; or both these objects might be successfully accomplished. He delighted himself with the sublimity of dating a dispatch from the ruins of Memphis, and three months after from the rich and populous city of London! The loss of the marine destroyed all this combination, converting into an empty dream those romantic and adventurous conceptions.

Is it consistent with human nature to suppose him, with cold insensibility, beholding these mighty designs vanish into nothing? When left alone with me, he gave full vent to his emotion. I endeavored to console him, by representing how much more fatal the recontre would have proved, had it taken place in the open sea, and before the troops had disembarked, through the simple and very probable occurrence of Nelson having remained only twenty-four hours longer before Alexandria. "All," said I, "would then have been lost beyond remedy. Since we are blockaded here, we must and will find resources in ourselves. There is money — there are provisions; let us await futurity and the exertions of the Directory—" "As for your Directory," interrupted he, with great quickness, "they are a parcel of ——; they fear and hate me; they will leave me to perish here. And to crown the whole, see you not these countenances? It is every one's cry, 'I will not remain!'"

What he said was perfectly true at the time. From the first moment the army set foot in Egypt, as can yet be proved by many witnesses, dislike, uneasiness, discontent, and longing for home, took possession of almost every individual. The illusion of the expedition had vanished at its very commencement. There remained only the reality, and that was sad enough. What bitter complaints have I not heard escape from Murat, from Lannes, Berthier, Bessières, and so many others! These continual outcries, without measure and without moderation, and which frequently even wore the aspect of sedition, caused profound affliction to Bonaparte, forcing from him severe reproaches and intemperate sallies. That this is the truth, without the least exaggeration, the intercepted correspondence manifestly proved.

For example, one from many of these intercepted letters thus proceeds:—"We are in a country where all are dying of despair. If the army had known the situation of things before leaving France, not one of us would have embarked. Each would have preferred death a thousand times to the misery we now endure. We have the enemy all around; in front, in rear, and on either flank. It is exactly La Vendée. Without exaggerating, there have died of thirst alone, in the space of five or six days, from five to six hundred men. Universal discontent prevails in the army; despotism had never attained its height till now. Our soldiers have killed themselves in the very presence of the Commander-in-chief, exclaiming, 'This is thy doing!' We have been terribly deceived in this enterprise, so fair and so vaunted. We have beheld soldiers who, witnessing the sufferings of their companions, have shot themselves through the head; others have been seen to leap into the Nile, with arms and knapsack, and thus perish amid the waters. On seeing the generals pass, the soldiers call out, 'There go the butchers of the French!' uttering a hundred imprecations of the same sort. Of 40,000 Frenchmen, all languish to return; there are not five who think otherwise."

And, in truth, what else could be expected? Disgust had in every breast succeeded to enthusiasm. Instead of being assisted by the inhabitants, whom we were ruining, under pretense of freeing them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, settled Arabs, wandering Arabs, Fellahs. The life of no individual was safe who removed but 200 toises, whether from our stations or from the corps to which he belonged. He fell into the hands of the enemy, who inflicted death, frightful torments, or a treatment, to Frenchmen, worse than either. Complaints were numerous, from the highest functionary to the lowest sentinel. Public opinion has been much divided on the military and moral condition of the Egyptian Army. But the truth is, a cruel selfishness soon became the ruling sentiment. Privations and sufferings, caused by the want of food and water, under a burning sky, whose fierceness nothing tempered; desolate aridity on the plains; misery in the villages; maladies unknown in Europe; hopes deceived; a sullen silence in reply to the constant question, What will become of us?—such was our real position. How severely, then, must the disaster of Aboukir have aggravated all former ills, by taking away even the hope of ever revisiting our native country!

Upon this subject I held a long and most confidential conversation with the Commander-in-chief. I hastened to say, that the dark fore-

bodings which had at first assailed him, soon cleared away. He quickly recovered the serenity which is superior to events; the moral courage, strength of character, elevation of thought, which had for an instant bent beneath the overwhelming burden of the disaster. He only repeated, in a tone difficult to conceive, "Unhappy Brueys! what hast thou done!"

In regard to the catastrophe of which we now speak, blame has been attached to the memory of Admiral Brueys. But who are the accusers? Bonaparte and his admirers? Upon what indictment is the accusation grounded? The letter of the General to the Directory of the 20th August, 1798. But that letter, written fifty days after his entry into Egypt, misrepresents facts, alters dates, affirms what is at least doubtful, strikes the innocent, because he hoped thus to screen himself from the misconduct which posterity might impute to him. The simple truth would sufficiently have pleaded his justification, without implicating another. The loss of the fleet was evidently the result of those circumstances in which it was placed, and, above all, of the fearful misery which afflicted us during the first month of our invasion—a misery which did not allow of the naval force being victualed, except from day to day—morsel by morsel. Now, it is said, in the first place, that Brueys refused to set out for Corfu, in opposition to the reiterated and most positive orders of the Commander-in-chief. But how could he set sail without provisions—provisions with which it was impossible he could be supplied? It is added, that the orders to depart were repeated. When, and by whom? This is carefully concealed. The truth is, that from the 3d July, to his unfortunate end, Brueys had not received a single line from Bonaparte, so impossible was it to maintain correspondence; while the latter received *all* the admiral's dispatches only on the 26th, at Cario, too late for assistance. Brueys, also, is reproached for having obstinately awaited events in an open roadstead. But how is it possible to believe that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the General, who was also the commanding officer, whom he must have obeyed from superiority, if not from a sense of duty? On this part of the accusation, too, great stress is laid upon the surveys and reports of Captain Barré; but the reply of the admiral must also be taken into consideration, where he maintains, and by excellent reasons, his opinion of the entrance to the harbors of Alexandria being impracticable to ships of such force as composed the squadron.

It certainly would be unjust, under these circumstances, to ascribe the loss of the fleet to Bonaparte: but why attribute this misfortune to the

misconduct of Brueys? The disaster was in reality the fault of no one, but the consequence of a chain of events beyond human control. In accordance with these facts, I presented to Bonaparte the following scroll of a letter to the Directory :—"Admiral Brueys could not enter the harbor of Alexandria, which is too shallow for line-of-battle ships. Imperative circumstances obliged him to remain in the roads at Aboukir, waiting a favorable opportunity of setting sail for Corfu. His position proved untenable. The left of his line was forced, notwithstanding two mortar batteries had been planted on a point covering that wing, and each of his ships singly exposed to the fire of several opponents. The fleet has been destroyed. You will find subjoined the exact state of our loss in men and stores. This great calamity, of which a combination of unfortunate circumstances has been the sole cause, will doubtless evince to you the necessity of exerting all your care, in order to send us speedy re-enforcements and other requisites for the army."

This outline of a dispatch contained neither justification nor censure; but, glancing it over, he returned my sketch with a smile, saying, "It is too vague, too smooth; it wants effect. You must enter largely into details; you must speak of those who have distinguished themselves. And then you say not a word of fortune; and, according to you, Brueys is without reproach. You do not know mankind!—Leave it to me. Write."—He then dictated the famous dispatch actually sent, in which the loss of the fleet forms merely an episode, concluding with the celebrated sentence, "And it was only when Fortune saw all her favors useless, that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny." *

I ought to declare that Bonaparte himself laughed at the disguising of unfortunate events, always endeavoring to withdraw the attention from the cause of misfortunes. He never hesitated to pervert facts, when the truth would have diminished his glory. He termed it foolishness to do otherwise. And I here state, once for all, that the whole truth never entered into his dispatches, when veracity was in the least unfavorable, and when he could dissemble. He knew how to disguise,or alter, or conceal it altogether, as suited his purposes. He often changed even such communications of others as he caused to be printed, whenever these traversed his views, or would have reflected upon his reputation or actions, or on the opinion which he desired should be entertained of his fame and achievements.

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* See Appendix, E.

CHAPTER XIII.

OCCUPATION OF EGYPT — FATALISM — BONAPARTE A TURK — IDEAS ON RELIGION—INSURRECTION IN CAIRO—EXPEDITION TO SUEZ—ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT—ANECDOTES—FOUNTAINS OF MOSES—BONAPARTE IN THE RED SEA.

THE calamity of the fleet impressed upon General Bonaparte the necessity of promptly and securely organizing Egypt, where all things announced we were long to remain, unless forced to evacuate, an event he was far from either apprehending or fearing. The flights of Ibrahim and of Mourad, left him an interval of repose. War, fortifications, revenue, administration, appointment of divads, commerce, science, the arts—all engrossed his cares. His mind embraced all details with wonderful foresight; success crowned his efforts; orders were issued immediately, if not to repair the disaster, at least to prevent its first dangers. Advantage was taken of those belonging to the fleet, who had escaped, to recruit our land forces. On the 21st August, the Institute was opened at Cairo, for the propagation and progress of intelligence in Egypt—for the study and collecting of its natural history, its resources, its monuments—for every object which promised to be useful to Egypt, to France, to humanity.

The finances, too, were occasionally replenished by such incidents as the following one, which likewise exhibits a not unfaithful picture of the greater part of the Egyptian chiefs. El Coraïm, sheriff of Alexandria, though treated with great kindness, had been discovered to be a spy of the Mamelukes. For this he was condemned to pay a fine of 300,000 francs (£12,500), or lose his head. On his arrival at Cairo, I represented to him, through our interpreter, that he should pay the money, and assured him of pardon for his treason. He was a very fine looking man, whose position interested me. "You are rich," said I, "and will not feel this sacrifice." He replied, drily, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I shall have thrown away my piastres: if I am not to die, why give them?" He persisted, and was executed at noon, three days after, his head being carried through the streets of the city, with a label affixed, stating his crime. Nothing was found afterwards; he had taken his precautions; but this example facilitated the collection of tribute, and intimidated certain other rich offenders, who were not so resolute in their fatalism. Three or four millions (from

£120,000 to £150,000), thus flowed in seasonably for the wants of the army.

On the 18th, the General was present at the solemnity of opening the canal of Cairo, which receives the waters of the Nile, on attaining the proper height. Two days after occurred the anniversary festival of Mahomet. This he attended in the house of the sheik El Bekri, who, at his own request, gave up to him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim and Roustan.* It has been published that, at this season, Bonaparte took part in the religious ceremonies and external worship of the Mussulmans; but he did not actually celebrate the rites connected with the overflowing of the Nile, or the birthday of the Prophet. Things went on according to custom; the usual observances took place; the Turks invited Bonaparte, and he attended merely as a spectator. The presence of their new master seemed to gratify them. But he never thought of ordering any solemnity; that would have been a piece of folly; and he very easily conformed to received usages. He neither knew, nor learned, nor repeated, nor recited, any prayer from the Koran, as so many have asserted. These ceremonies, at which policy rendered it a duty to assist, were to him, as to all by whom he was accompanied, but a curious novelty—an oriental spectacle.

Doubtless, he constantly turned to account the absurdities of Islamism, but never put foot within a mosque; nor was ever habited, save once, as a Turk. Religious tolerance was with him a consequence of a philosophic spirit. With him—and he has often talked to me on this subject—it was an established maxim to regard all religions as the institutions of men, but everywhere to respect them as powerful means of government.† Everything considered, I will not affirm that he would not have changed, had the conquest of the East been the price of conversion. It needs only to recall the era of the Egyptian Army to be convinced that, as respected his own soldiers, it was indifferent whether their leaders spoke to them of Christians or Mahometans, of bishops or muftis. For example, the General-in-chief wrote to Kleber, "The Christians will always be our friends; we must take care they do not become too insolent, lest the Turks conceive against *us* the same fanaticism as against the *Christians:* this would render them irreconcilable to *us*." Again, in writing at a later period to Menou, he says, "I thank you for the honors you have paid to *our Prophet*."

* These eastern attendants continued most faithfully attached to their new master. Ibrahim stabbed himself on the reverses of the Hundred Days; Roustan is, or was lately, alive, the respectable father of a family in Paris.

† See Appendix, F.

I must also acknowledge that, with the heads of the Mahometan priesthood, he held frequent conversations on these subjects; but in all this there was nothing serious; it was rather an amusement. If Bonaparte ever spoke as a Mussulman, he did so in the capacity of military and political chief in a Mahometan country. On this depended his success, the safety of his army, and, consequently, his glory. In every region he would have acted on the same principles. In India, he would have been for Ali, for the Dalai Lama in Thibet, for Confucius in China.

It is true he had a Turkish dress made for him, but only as a joke. One morning he desired me to begin breakfast without waiting; a quarter of an hour after he entered in his new costume. Scarcely was he recognized, when we received him with the loudest bursts of laughter. He took his place with a gravity which heightened the effect, but found himself so ill at ease as an Oriental that he soon went to undress, and subsequently never attempted to give a second exhibition of this masquerade.

Communications had already been tried with Djezzar, Pasha of Acre, surnamed the butcher; but, trusting in his power, and in the protection of the English, who had been beforehand with us, he refused to receive Beauvoisin, our envoy. The bearer of a second amicable letter had his head taken off at Acre. Bonaparte's occupations, and the necessity of establishing himself more firmly in Egypt, prevented, for the present, the invasion of this pashalic.

From the period of the calamity at Aboukir to the insurrection of Cairo, on the 22d October, Bonaparte sometimes seemed to feel the time long. Though occupied in so many ways, more was yet wanted, fully to engage the singular activity of his temperament. When the heat permitted he got on horseback, and, on returning, if there were no dispatches to read, no letters to answer, no orders to give, he would sit buried in silence and thought. One day, after long and silent musing, "Guess my thought," said he to me—for, frequently during these moods he would amuse himself by talking in the strangest manner. "Really," answered I, "that would be no easy matter, you think of so many things."—"I was thinking, then, though I know not if I shall see France again, that, should I ever return, my sole ambition would be to make one brilliant campaign in Germany—in the plains of Bavaria; there gain a great battle, and avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. Afterwards, retiring to a country retreat, I should wish to pass a life of peace and tranquillity!" A long dissertation on the advantages of carrying on war in Germany followed. Such conversa-

tions were prolonged indefinitely; but he possessed the skill of infusing into them deep interest.

At this season of repose and comparative inaction, at least to him, Bonaparte retired early. Every evening I read something; if poetry, he fell asleep; but, when the life of Cromwell was asked for, I had little hope of getting to bed that night. During the day he read and took notes, to pass time. Often did he revert to France, expressing a lively regret at being deprived of news: the interruption of correspondence created, indeed, a wearisome void at his habits of life, which he endeavored, among other expedients, to fill up by military displays. Of these the most brilliant was the *fête* of the Republic, towards the end of August, and, particularly, the celebration of the 1st Vendemiaire, year VII. (22d September, 1798), observed throughout all our stations in Egypt, but with especial magnificence at Cairo. Of these solemnities, which thus threw a momentary distraction over the sameness of existence, one of the most exciting incidents was, undoubtedly, the General's own address to his troops on the latter occasion. When they had defiled before him in excellent order, he spoke as follows:

"We celebrate the first day of the seventh year of the Republic. Five years ago the independence of the French people was threatened; but we captured Toulon: that was the presage of ruin to our enemies. A year after you defeated the Austrians at Dego; the following year you fought upon the summits of the Alps; you were contending beneath the walls of Mantua two years ago, and gained the celebrated victory of St. George; last year you were at the sources of the Drave and of the Isouro, on your return from Germany. Who would then have predicted that to-day you should be on the shores of the Nile, in the center of the ancient continent?

"From the Briton, renowned in arts and commerce, to the ferocious Arab of the Desert, you fix the regards of the world. Soldiers! your destiny is noble, because you are worthy of your achievements, and of the opinion men entertain of you. You will die with honor, like the brave, whose names are inscribed on this pyramid; * or you will return to your native land covered with laurels, and the admiration of all nations. During the five months we have now been absent from Europe, we have been the object of unceasing solicitude to our countrymen. On this very day, the thoughts of 40,000,000 of fellow-citizens are with us:

* Bonaparte caused the names of the soldiers who fell in Egypt to be inscribed upon the ancient monuments.

all exclaim—'To their toils, to their blood, we owe universal peace, repose, commercial prosperity, and the blessings of civil liberty!'"

On that day, more than 150 French and Turkish officers of distinction sat down to a magnificent banquet. The Mussulman banner, and the republican flag, floated side by side—the crescent by the cap of liberty, and the *Koran* formed the pendant to the *Rights of Man*. The Turks cared little about all this, but received a salutary impression, from the number, discipline and excellent appointments of our troops.

Matters of less serious import occasionally filled up the leisure hours of the Commander-in-chief. One day he caused to be brought to headquarters some half dozen of the females of Asia, the most noted toasts of Cairo; but their vaunted graces and beauty liked him not; their shape and obesity occasioned their being sent back immediately. Some time after Madame Foures, wife of a lieutenant of infantry, proved more successful in captivating the General. She was really very pretty, and the extreme rarity of female beauty in Egypt enhanced her charms. A house was fitted up for her contiguous to the palace of Elfy Bey, which we inhabited. Here he often took a fancy to have dinner served up at three. I went alone with him at seven and retired at nine. This connection soon became the small talk at headquarters. By a *delicate* arrangement for M. Foures, the Commander-in-chief sent him on a mission to the Directory. The officer embarked at Alexandria, but the ship fell into the hands of the English. Learning by intercepted letters the cause of his mission, they had the petty malice to send the messenger back to Egypt, instead of detaining him a prisoner as usual.*

One of those wise men who, in the East, during many ages, have predicted future events, if not with remarkable certainty, at least with no lack of assurance, was recommended to Bonaparte by the principal inhabitants of Cairo. He was sent for, and we formed a party of five, including our interpreter, the prophet, and a sheik. He was about to commence his jugglery upon the General when, turning from him, he said to me, "Allow this fellow to exercise his calling on you first." I submitted without hesitation, and, for the prophet's honor, must first explain, that, from my sufferings during the navigation up the Nile, I was then frightfully extenuated, and extremely pale. Having preluded, as

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*An excellent practical joke.—We leave Bourrienne to finish the narrative in his own words: "Bonaparte désirait ardemment avoir un enfant de cette jolie femme. Je lui en parlais au déjeuner que nous faisions souvent tête-à-tête. 'Que voulez-vous,' repondait-il, 'la petite sotte—n'en peut pas faire.' Elle, de son côté, nous repondait, 'Ma foi!—ce n'est pas ma faute.'"

usual, the seer shook his head, and assumed a compassionating look, declaring to the interpreter that I had better not ask him any questions. I insisted, and he finished by announcing, that "Egyptian earth would receive me in two months." I thanked, and dismissed him. "Well," said Bonaparte, when we were left alone, "what say you to that?"—"Say! the rascal ran no great risk in quickly disposing of me in my present state; but I have no ambition to mingle with the dust of the Pharaohs; and if Louis send the wines, you'll see I shall recruit."

The art of imposing upon them has, in all ages, occupied no mean place in the art of ruling men; and it was not with this part of the science of government that Bonaparte was least acquainted. He neglected no opportunity of dazzling the Egyptians by displaying the superiority of our science, even in minor respects. But it fell out more than once, that sheer instinct in the natives disconcerted these attempts of superior knowledge. For instance, some days after the visit of the pretended soothsayer, he resolved, if the expression may be allowed, to oppose sorcery to sorcery. For this purpose, the chief sheiks were invited to an exhibition of chemical experiments by Berthollet. The General also was present, to enjoy their astonishment. All the wonders, however, of the transformation of liquids, the miracles of electricity, and of galvanism, excited no visible surprise: the sheiks beheld the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable coolness. When he had finished, El Bekri, one of the number, put the question, through Venture, our interpreter, "All that is very fine; but can he cause me to be here and in Morocco at the same time?" Berthollet answered by shrugging his shoulders. "Very well," said the sheik, "tell him he is not quite a conjurer!"

Our music, likewise, produced no great influence. They listened impassively to all the tunes that could be played, with the exception always of the air "Marlborough." On this piece being performed their expression became animated; their features showed not altogether unmovable! and they twisted themselves about as if intending to dance.

For the space of several weeks, Negligence, daughter of Time, which undermines all useful institutions, had rendered nugatory the order given, immediately after our arrival in Cairo, to watch the criers of the mosques. Finding that they only pronounced the hours and certain prayers, our police ceased to give attention. The Turks remarked the neglect, and converted these religious strains into exhortations of revolt. By means of this species of verbal telegraph and secret transmission of firmans, either true or forged, in which the Grand Signior

disavowed amity with the French, a general rising was organized. The last signal was given from the minarets on the night between the 21st and 22d October. Before morning, news arrived at headquarters of the city being in full insurrection, and that General Dupuis, the commandant, with whom I had dined, and seen caressed by the natives, the evening before, was slain. Bonaparte, not then, as reported, in the isle Raouddah, had not heard the alarm gun. He started from his couch, on the first arrival of the intelligence, at five in the morning; and, throwing himself on horseback, with only thirty of the guides, rode to every point, promptly re-establishing confidence, and ordering, with admirable presence of mind, vigorous measures of defense. Having provided thus for the common safety, the General returned to headquarters, where I had remained, and entering, asked me laughing if I had been afraid? But the insurrection raged from Siene to the Lake Maræotis, that is, over the whole of Egypt; and scarcely had the General returned to headquarters when he was informed, while at breakfast, that Bedouin Arabs were attempting to force the gates. The aides-de-camp were present; and Bonaparte, turning to Sulkowsky, directed him to get on horseback, and, taking fifteen guides, to repair to the spot most threatened. On this, Croiser represented that his companion was not yet recovered from former wounds, which were not even cicatrized, and begged to go instead. The General readily assented. Croiser had his motives, as we have seen; but Sulkowsky was gone. We were still at table when one of the guides returned, covered with blood, announcing the death of his leader and fourteen companions, cut in pieces by the Arabs. This was sad news to us all. Bonaparte really loved the young Pole, who had never quitted him during the Italian campaign. When Sulkowsky was missing after the battle of Salehyeh, where he received eight saber and several shot wounds, those very wounds not yet healed when he fell, the General often recurred to his supposed fate with profound regret. "I cannot," he would say, "sufficiently exalt the character, the noble courage, the unruffled coolness of my poor Sulkowsky." Often, too, after this fatal event at Cairo, would he speak of him to me, saying in a tone of deep feeling, "Sulkowsky should have been spared: he would have been a man precious to him who undertook to raise up the nation of these noble Poles, so justly indignant at the triple partition of their country, and the yoke which weighs them down."* The

*Had this young warrior lived, and become a marshal of France, might not his acts, and his influence over Napoleon have changed the fate of Poland? How anxiously does the heart sit in watch over the chances of liberty.—*Translator.*

young, the interesting Pole, an officer of high hope, full of spirit and of judgment, as accomplished as brave, was beloved by us all. Only a short time before his death he had read in the Institute an able dissertation on the route from Salehyeh to Cairo. There is a melancholy pleasure in now awarding the meed of just praise to those who, in that sad season, softened our hard fate by their amiable character, and instructive converse.

Twelve of the principal chiefs in Cairo, members of the Divan, had been arrested and placed under a guard in one of the halls at headquarters. They looked forward with perfect indifference to the death which they were conscious of meriting. But Bonaparte had merely secured them provisionally as hostages. Surprised that sentence was not executed, the Aga in the service, stretching out his neck and making a gesture, as if to provoke the order, said to me, "*You see they expect it!*"

Three days sufficed to crush the insurrection; during two, the city was under the constant fire of the batteries on Mount Moquahum, which commands Cairo; on the third, order was restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. Every night I wrote an order for the execution of a dozen: they were shut up in sacks and thrown into the Nile. Many women were among these nightly victims. I know not if the number of executions amounted to thirty daily, as Bonaparte himself vaunts to General Regnier:—"Every night we ordered thirty heads to be lopped off; among them are those of many chiefs: this should serve, I think, as a good lesson." I believe this to be an exaggeration of his just vengeance. Some time after this revolt, the necessity of securing our own existence occasioned the perpetration of another terrible act. A tribe of insurgent Arabs surprised and murdered several Frenchmen. The Commander-in-chief ordered Croiser and Beauharnois to search out the horde, burn the village, slay the males, and, cutting off their heads, bring these trophies with the surviving population, to Cairo. On the morrow the detachment returned. Many of the Arab women had been taken in labor on the way; their children had perished, and the melancholy train reached the principal square about four o'clock, accompanied by several asses laden with sacks. These were opened in public; the bloody heads rolled out before the populace, who had assembled in crowds. It is impossible to describe my feelings; but I must confess, that this example long secured the safety of those small parties which the exigencies of the army required to be sent out in all directions.

The Commander-in-chief had resolved to visit Suez, after the

destruction of the fleet, in order to examine the traces of the ancient canal from the Nile to the Arabian Gulf, and to traverse the Red Sea. The insurrection at Cairo surprised him in the midst of his project, which, therefore, was deferred till December. On the 24th of that month, we set out accordingly, and reached Suez in two days. During the intervening night, our encampment had been first pitched in the wilderness, near a stunted tree—a rarity in these wilds. The day had been extremely hot; the evening, however, proved cold in proportion, so that even Bonaparte complained. This Desert, for many ages the route of caravans from Suez, Tor and the northern regions of Arabia, has beheld so many beings perish in crossing its inhospitable wastes, that their bones, scattered over the surface, clearly indicate the road. To supply the want of fire-wood, we collected a considerable quantity of these remains of man, and of animals of every description; even Monge made the sacrifice of certain extraordinary skulls he had picked up by the way, and placed in the General's berlin; a conveyance intended for the transport of papers and charts, Monge, Berthollet and myself, when inclined to ride. Never, probably, had such a vehicle furrowed the sands and gravel of our present track. Scarcely had we set on fire this mass of bones, when a stench so insufferable arose, as obliged us precipitately to break up from our resting place, and to abide for the night considerably in advance. Water was far too precious to permit the idea of employing it to extinguish this infected conflagration.

The next day was devoted by the General to visiting the fort of Suez, and ordering certain works of naval and land fortification, to oppose any troops which he foresaw would attempt to land from the East Indies.

On the morning of the 28th we passed the Red Sea *dry footed*, on our way to the Fountains of Moses, which are upwards of six miles from the eastern shore, and a little southeast of Suez. The Arabic Gulf terminates three and a quarter miles to the north of that city. Opposite the port, the Red Sea is not more than two and three quarters miles broad. It is always fordable at low water. The caravans of Tor and Mount Sinai cross here, both in going to, and returning from, Egypt. This shortens the road between six and seven miles.* The tide rises from five to six, or, when the wind blows with force, from nine to ten feet. We passed some hours at the fountain of the

* From time immemorial this part has been denoted by an Arabic name, signifying *The Passage*. The meters of the original I have reduced to English miles.—*Translator.*

law-giver, seated on the margin of the most considerable spring, which is transparent, constantly flowing and renewed, and having no very disagreeable odor. Here we made our coffee, which, however, was rendered scarcely drinkable from the bitterness of the water.

On our return, we struck off to the left, in order to visit a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, by the Venetians, when in possession of the commerce of the East. In descending again to the coast, Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, from three to four hundred paces in length, constructed in good masonry, and capable of being easily repaired. The night had now fallen dark when we reached the seashore. The tide was flowing and pretty high ; we wandered a little from the track followed in the morning, through the guide either deceiving us, or losing his way, and attempted the passage too far down. Disorder soon arose in our little troop, but we were not lost in the quicksands, as has been said—there being none. We could not see our companions, but we shouted and called to each other. General Caffarelli, near whom I chanced to be in this confusion, incurred some danger from his wooden leg, which prevented his keeping a firm seat in the saddle, while thus surrounded by the waves. We struggled to his assistance, supporting him on each side. I have read, but certainly did not see, nor hear at the time, that the flowing tide would have become the grave of Bonaparte, had not a guide of his escort saved and brought him off on his shoulders. In the circumstances the thing was impossible, or all who had not men to carry them, the danger being equal, would have perished : but there was no one lost. The guide must have got into the water up to his chin : how could a man be so safe on his back, as in the saddle of a charger ? Besides, his horse and that of the General, left to themselves in the darkness, would have still more endangered the safety, and increased the confusion of the whole party, and we should thus, to our experience, have been informed of the General's situation. This incident is pure invention. The relation which Bonaparte has given long after at St. Helena is correct. Our little pilgrimage to the Fountains of Moses brought us into the same danger as of old assailed Pharaoh, and we might have perished like him, but without a miracle, as will appear to those who have visited the scene.*

* The reader will not fail to observe that, in certain insidious remarks, Bourrienne seems to hint the same opinion as Volney, and other infidel writers, on the subject of the passage of the Red Sea. The reasoning of these gentlemen furnishes a striking example of a *non sequitur*. What possible connection can exist between crossing a part

The next morning, the Commander-in-chief, walking with me up the western shore, saw an armed horseman approaching us in the opposite direction. We stopped; the rider continued to advance: it was one of the escort, named Lemin, who, finding himself a little in the rear on the preceding evening, and hearing the cries from the sea, would not hazard the passage alone and without a guide. He had ascended the eastern shore, doubled the gulf, and was returning when he met the General. The latter, on dismissing him, said to me, "That singular fellow, who was one of my domestics in Paris, is no fool."

Returned to Cairo, Bonaparte devoted himself anew to all the cares which the wants of his army imposed. The revenues of Egypt far from sufficed to supply deficiencies: he drew upon his personal resources for pretty considerable sums. These transactions were effected at Genoa, through the agency of M. James, who, from being a wine merchant in Burgundy, had accompanied us to Egypt. For many months the General had his eye fixed upon Syria, where he constantly expected a disembarkation. Nor was he deceived. The Grand Signior was so ill advised as to believe that our conquest of Egypt could not be for his interest. Facts, he thought, belied this assertion. Yet we followed exactly the same system of rule as had been authorized and practiced by his own governors: that is to say, we shot the opulent sheriffs when they refused to pay what was demanded; we raised contributions by force; we made requisitions of necessaries at the sword's point; we levied taxes, and we pocketed the proceeds. All this did not convince the dull Divan at Constantinople that we were really friends in thus inflicting no new-fangled constitution or reform upon one of the best provinces of the empire, even though that province had revolted from their own paternal sway. The preceding year, too, assistance had been obtained from the Porte, amounting to 50,000 piastres, (£10,000), and several thousand quintals of grain for the French troops in Corfu, where they were in want of everything. And lo! the Porte takes it amiss that we should have seized Egypt, by way of acknowledging our gratitude for this service!

In fact, the Ottoman Porte wisely resolved rather to support a rebel, whom it hoped one day to reduce, than a power which, as a friend, and

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of the sands dry, at low tide, and traversing the "crystal strait," cleft by the hand of Jehovah, for the passage of His chosen people? Or the whole may be simply answered by the reflection that, since the Egyptians were the best informed among the nations then upon the earth — since, indeed, Moses was celebrated for knowledge, because "skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians"—we cannot suppose either the one to have been unacquainted with so common an event as the flowing of the tide, or the other to have thus overreached his masters in wisdom.—*Translator.*

under the specious pretext of subduing the revolted beys, had taken possession on its own account. Bonaparte, therefore, entertained no doubt respecting the decision of the Turk, or the part he would adopt. But those in his own army—and they were numerous—who had all along believed that we were at one with the Porte in the occupation of Egypt, were now rudely undeceived. Their questions were not easily answered; and, on this point, Kleber frequently repeated to me at Acre that he and many other generals and commanders of divisions had entertained serious conferences.

The rupture with Djezzar in Syria, and his commencing hostilities by the occupation of Gaza and El Arych, gave a new complexion to the affair—circumstances of which Bonaparte knew how to profit as respected his own position. He himself divined, however, that these operations were only preparatory to a Turkish descent, which could not be easily accomplished in Egypt. This it behoves to prevent, thought Bonaparte. We must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman; level the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre; ravage the country, and, by ruining its resources, render impossible the passage of troops across the Desert. Thus was settled the plan of the Syrian expedition, leaving room for after thoughts in the event of success, which we shall see were magnificent.

At this time, we had been without news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. Thus were we about to enter Asia, to adventure into a hostile country, without knowing what might be the situation of our native land. Our intelligence, even two months later, was not more certain; for then Bonaparte wrote to Desaix, in Upper Egypt—"You will have heard the news from Europe by way of Cairo. Nothing yet proves that there is war."

CHAPTER XIV.

SYRIAN EXPEDITION—CAPTURE OF JAFFA—MASSACRE—SIEGE OF ACRE—ANECDOTES—SIDNEY SMITH.

Before departing on the expedition against the Turks in Syria, Bonaparte had revolved the scheme of invading British India by way of Persia. Information had been obtained, through agents dispatched to the Persian court, that the Shah, in consideration of a payment in advance, would permit magazines of provisions and stores to be formed at convenient stations in his dominions. Our General frequently said

that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, there had been fifteen thousand men to leave behind, and thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched with these directly to the Euphrates. Often through the day would his eye turn towards the deserts to be traversed before reaching Persia. How many times have I found him lying stretched at length upon the beautiful maps he brought from Paris! He would then desire me to place myself by his side, and so explain the projected route. On these occasions, his favorite hero, Alexander, with whose triumphs he was ambitious of associating his own, formed the usual subject of conversation. I must admit, however, that no one could be more sensible how much all this was beyond his means—how little these lofty imaginings accorded with the weakness of the government at home, and the dislike manifested by the very army he proposed leading on the enterprise. In pursuance of these plans, he even wrote to Tippoo Saib, 25th January, 1799, only fifteen days before marching into Syria:—"You will have been already informed of my arrival on the shores of the Read Sea, with an army invincible as it is innumerable, and animated by the desire of delivering you from the iron yoke of England. I hasten to acquaint you with my desire of obtaining, by way of Muscat or Mocca, intelligence from yourself respecting the political situation in which you may be placed. I wish even that you would send to Suez, or Grand Cairo, some person of ability, who enjoys your confidence, with whom I may confer." To this letter Tippoo did not reply, as frequently stated: there was not time: the empire of Mysore had fallen before the succeeding April. The Syrian expedition altered, but did not destroy, these gigantic hopes, till hope could no longer be entertained. The destinies of France, in the event of success, as will afterwards appear, would have been interwoven with new and mighty combinations. "If the English," wrote the Commander-in-chief to Kleber, soon after the fatal 1st of August, "if the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will oblige us perhaps to do greater things than we otherwise would have attempted."

On the 11th February, 1799, we commenced our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published that our numbers amounted to only six thousand: nearly that number perished in the campaign. Nor is the statement that Kleber embarked his division at Damietta less incorrect: he only assumed the command of the division already there. We had no naval force; besides, our troops were too few for exposure in a sea covered with enemies. At the moment while such was our condition and disposable resources, and leaving hardly as many men behind in Egypt, the Directory had pub-

lished at home, *according to news just received*, that we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand horse; that the army had been doubled by its conflicts, and, since arriving in the East, had lost only three hundred men. Write ye history after such official documents as these!

Before our departure, Berthier, through persevering entreaty, had at length obtained permission to return to France. Ten days before he was to have departed for Alexandria, and thence to sail in the *Courageous* frigate, which had for some time been preparing. His instructions were already remitted: Bonaparte had yielded with regret, but he could not allow to perish before his eyes, of home-sickness and romantic love, one who had so faithfully served him in every campaign, and who had so earnestly entreated this proof of regard. The time was approaching when the two friends were to part, never, it might be, to meet again. The General-in-chief thought of the separation with real pain: of this the chief-of-staff was well aware. At the moment when all imagined that Berthier was about to set out for Alexandria, he entered Bonaparte's apartment:—"You are going then, decidedly, to make war in Asia?"—"You know for certain that all is prepared. I march in a few days."—"Well, then, I cannot leave you. I voluntarily renounce my return to France: it would be too painful for me to forsake you in the moment of fresh dangers: here are my instructions and my passport!" Bonaparte felt much gratified by this resolution, and all former coldness disappeared in a most cordial reconciliation. The fact is, these amorous regards had reached a foolish height, completely unhinging the little common sense bestowed upon Berthier by nature. Writers have placed him among the great men who have been lovers; but for our parts, insensibles that we were! the homages which he rendered to a portrait, designed in crayon, and passingly like the object of his adoration, often excited our mirth. One day, about three o'clock, I happened to be the bearer of an order from the Commander-in-chief to the chief-of staff: I found him upon his knees on a little divan, before the portrait of Madame Visconti.* Berthier's back being turned to me, I had to give him a push, so intent were his devotions, to advertise him of my presence. He blustered a little, but was not at all put out.

One, whose absence I regretted much, was Louis Bonaparte, to whose return his brother consented, yielding to his peaceful tastes, impaired health and languishing desire for home. Having the good fortune to escape the English cruisers, he arrived in safety, and, in passing through Sens, dined with Madame de Bourrienne, for whom he had

* At this period Madame Visconti was verging on fifty!—*Translator.*

taken charge of a beautiful shawl, the first cashmere, I believe, ever seen in France. Louis was very much astonished to find my wife in possession of the correspondence of the Egyptian army, which had been intercepted by the English and published in London. He thus recovered several letters which had been addressed to himself; and read others in the same volume which, as he informed me, would destroy the peace of more than one domestic circle on the return of the army.

We left Marmont behind, in charge of Alexandria, a position he regarded as a disgrace, so earnest was his desire to be with the General, who had recently conferred upon him the rank of brigadier-general of artillery, as being the first man who entered Malta. He wrote to me a few days before our march into Syria (7th February):—"It is now a long time, my dear Bourrienne, since I last claimed your remembrance. I should be culpable in longer silence, for I have seen your postscript in your last letter to La Valette. I reconcile myself with difficulty to live absent from my friends; and, for an age, have not beheld that family where I had contracted friendships so dear to me. I do not even presume that my destiny will soon call me amongst you: make me at least happy in the belief that you all think of me. Adieu, my good friend. The bombardment gives us some distraction in the midst of my griefs, but does not remove them. The General is become unkind towards me. Send me your letters; I can forward them—but no politics."

We had already been several days on our march across the Desert, when, one afternoon, having reached Messoudiah, or *The Fortunate*, a singular spectacle presented itself, which was something more to us than merely amusing. This place is situated upon the shore of the Mediterranean, and surrounded with hills of very fine sand, easily penetrable by the abundant rains of winter. The water thus lodged is preserved under the sand, so that, on scooping a hole, four or five inches deep, at the base of any of the hillocks, the fluid immediately gushes up, filling the little cistern. It was sufficiently amusing to see us all sprawling upon the sand, digging miniature wells with our hands, and, with comic selfishness, putting in practice all manner of stratagems to obtain the most abundant spring. But, otherwise, this was a discovery of no small importance to us: the water, in truth, was a little troubled, and we had no time to allow it to settle; still the taste was sufficiently pleasing, and we found the refreshment at the extremity of the Desert, under circumstances of almost universal privation, where the least mitigation reanimated the way-worn soldier by the renewal of hope. We touched, too, upon the confines of Syria, whose verdure, and

sun, and vegetation, recalled our native land. Our soldiers bathed, also, the cool waves flowing within fifty paces of these our unexpected treasures, and all were refreshed.

While we were yet near this place, so justly termed *The Fortunate*, I observed Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as frequently happened. I was at a short distance, and know not why my attention was fixed upon the General at this particular moment. His countenance, at all times very pale, had assumed a still more pallid hue; a change for which I could assign no cause. There seemed as if something convulsed his whole frame: his looks wandered, and several times he struck his forehead. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, he quitted Junot, and turned towards me. I advanced to meet him: scarcely had we closed—"You are not my friend!" said he, in a voice broken and stern: "Women! Josephine! –Had you, Bourrienne, been attached to me, you would have told me all that I have just learned from Junot: he is a true friend. Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues distant! You ought to have told me!—Josephine to have deceived me thus!—She!—Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of coxcombs and danglers!—As to her—divorce—yes, divorce—a public and proclaimed divorce!—I must write—I know all!—It is your fault! you ought to have told me!" These broken exclamations, the disordered mien, the altered tone, all but too plainly informed me of the nature of the conversation with Junot. My situation was extremely delicate, but by good fortune I preserved my self-possession. I saw that Junot had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his General, and had cruelly exaggerated the indiscretions of Madame Bonaparte, if such indiscretions really existed. I did not conceal this opinion; ungenerous as the conduct certainly was, both towards an absent woman, who could not defend herself, and towards our leader, to whose public inquietudes —already sufficiently great—domestic afflictions were thus added; and false, as I believed the aspersions to be. These observations of mine, to which, notwithstanding, he listened with some calmness, made no impression. I spoke to him of his glory: "My glory!" cried he, "alas! what would I not give that those things Junot has told me were not true?—so much do I love that woman! If Josephine be guilty a divorce must separate us forever!—I will not be the laughing-stock of all the idlers of Paris! I write instantly to Joseph; he must obtain the divorce." The General was still much agitated, but gradually became less so: I seized the moment, when, from having some determination on which to dwell, his mind had recovered a degree of calm, to represent the danger of writing to his brother on information doubtful

at best. "The letter," added I, "probably intercepted, will discover the disorder of mind under which it was written: as to the divorce, you can think of that hereafter—but with reflection." These last words produced an effect I had not dared to hope: at once he resumed calmness, listening as one who felt the necessity of even anticipating the words of consolation; and never again returned to the subject. Fifteen days afterwards, at St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed to me great dissatisfaction with the conduct of Junot, whose indiscreet revelations he then began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived in the sequel that he never forgave the offense, and may almost affirm with certainty that this operated as one cause why Junot was not a Marshal of France, as were several of his comrades, for whom Bonaparte had less affection. We may presume, too, that Josephine, afterwards informed of the whole by her husband, exerted no great interest in favor of her accuser.

Our little army advanced upon El Arych, where we arrived on the 17th February. The fatigues of the Desert, the want of water, and privations of all kinds, excited the most violent discontents among the soldiers. They insulted those whom they saw on horseback; indulged in threatening language against the republic, the *savants*, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Exhausted by thirst, too, individuals frequently pierced the water-skins with their bayonets; and, from this cause, hurtful to all, numerous quarrels and disturbances arose. These brave fellows, however, often showed a better spirit, softening with pleasantries the bitterness of their taunts. A soldier, perceiving that his conversation with a comrade was producing a bad effect upon others, suddenly changing his tone, called out to one near him—"Hollo, you there, can you tell me if this same Pasha of Acre has any water?"—"To be sure—I suppose so."—"Ah! very well—may the devil take as good care of him as he does of it!—not a drop he allows to pass." We were yet forty leagues from Acre.

On the 26th of February, El Arych surrendered. We shall see hereafter that a mistake has prevailed regarding the fate of the garrison. On the 28th, we had the first prospect of the verdant and fertile fields of Syria. At length we had rain—often too much. The first of March saw us in Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, where we slept in a small convent, inhabited by two monks, who were very attentive to our wants. The church was given up for an hospital. These good fathers told us that by this way passed the family of Jesus Christ in their flight to Egypt, and showed the springs at which they quenched their thirst, where the pure and delicious water afforded us great pleasure. The

associations of education, nourished by the mighty events transacted in these regions, maintained mysterious influence over our imagination. We were only about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the Com mander-in-chief if he entertained no wish to visit that celebrated city. "Oh! as for that—no! Jerusalem lies not in my line of operation: I court no dealings with mountaineers in their own rugged defiles. And then, upon the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by a numerous cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Crassus."

We had, therefore, nothing to say to Jerusalem; only a manifesto was dispatched to the authorities, declaring our pacific intentions with respect to them, to which no answer was returned. After passing Ramleh, we met with two, or, it might be, three hundred Christians, in a most pitiable state of servitude, misery and destitution. In conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of future reward tended to comfort them under present evils; but I learned from many among them that they lived not well together. The same passions of hatred and jealousy are found wherever, and under whatsoever circumstances, men exist in society.

On arriving before Jaffa, where were already some troops, one of the first persons I met was Adjutant-General Gressieux, to whom, on asking how he did, I offered my hand. "What are you about?" said he, repelling my advances with a precipitate gesture. "Good God! you may have the plague: we never touch each other here!" This I related to the General-in-chief, who merely said, "If he is afraid of the pestilence, he will die of it." In fact, we learned a short time after, that he speedily fell a victim to the infection.

The siege of Jaffa, a paltry town, dignified as the ancient Joppa, commenced on the 4th, and terminated, by assault and pillage, on the 6th of March. The carnage was horrible. Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnois and Croiser, to appease, as far as possible, the fury of the soldiery; to examine what passed, and report. They learned that a numerous detachment of the garrison had retired into a strong position, where large buildings or caravansaries surrounded a court-yard. This court they entered, displaying the scarfs which marked their rank. The Albanians and Arnauts, composing nearly the entire of these refugees, cried out from the windows that they wished to surrender, on condition of their lives being spared; if not, threatening to fire upon the officers, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The young men conceived they ought, and had power, to accede to the demand, in opposition to the sentence of death pronounced against the garrison of every place taken by assault. I was walking with General

Bonaparte before his tent, when these prisoners, in two columns, amounting to about 4,000, were marched into the camp. When he beheld the mass of men arrive, and before seeing the aides-de-camp, he turned to me with an expression of consternation—"What would they have me to do with these? Have I provisions to feed them? ships to transport them, either to Egypt or France? How the devil could they play me this trick?" The two aides-de-camp, on their arrival and explanations, received the strongest reprimands; to their defense, that they were alone amid numerous enemies, and that he had recommended them to appease the slaughter, "Yes," replied the General, in the sternest tone, "without doubt, the slaughter of women, children, old men, the peaceable inhabitants; but not of armed soldiers. You ought to have braved death, and not brought these to me: what would you have me do with them?"

But the evil was done—4,000 men were there—their fate must be determined. The prisoners, each with his hands bound behind him by cords, were made to sit down grouped together, before the tents. A gloomy rage was depicted in every lineament: they received a little biscuit and some bread, deducted from the already scanty stores of the army. A council was held in the General's tent, which, after long deliberation, broke up without coming to any resolution. The day following arrived, in the evening, the reports of the generals of division; these were filled with complaints on the insufficiency of provisions, and the discontent of the soldiers, who murmured because of their rations being devoured by enemies withdrawn from their just vengeance. All these reports were alarming, especially those of General Bon: they even induced the fear of a revolt. Again the council assembled, to which were summoned all the generals of division. The measures here discussed for hours, with a sincere desire of adopting and executing that which might save these unfortunate captives, were the following:—

Shall they be sent to Egypt? and have we the means of transportation? In this case, it would be necessary to give them a numerous escort, and our little army would be too weak in a hostile country. Besides, how feed both prisoners and escort, when we could give them no provisions on setting out, over a tract already exhausted of resources by our passage? If it is proposed to send them by sea, where are the ships? With every telescope turned upon the ocean, we could discern not one friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded this a real favor *of fortune*. It was this hope—I have pleasure in saying so—this thought alone, that enabled him to brave, for three

days, the murmurs of his army. But we ever hoped in vain for distant succor: it never came.

Shall these prisoners, then, be liberated? They will then either set out directly for Acre, to re-enforce the Pasha, or, throwing themselves into the mountainous tract of Naplouse, harass our rear and right flank, and the destruction of our own men will be the price of the life which we have spared. If this be deemed incredible, ask the question of our own experience—what is the life of a Christian dog in the estimation of a Turk? Ingratitude will here become with them an act of religion.

Shall we then disarm and incorporate these men among our own troops? Here was suggested, in all its force, the question of provisions; afterwards occurred the danger of such companions in an enemy's country. What was to be done with them, in the event of a conflict before Acre? or how dispose of them beneath the walls of that city? The difficulties of provisioning and of guarding them increased more and more.

The third day arrived, yet no means of safety, so much desired for these unhappy men, presented itself. The murmurs of the camp augmented—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and pressing. On the 10th of March the order "that they should be shot," was issued and executed. There was no separation of the Egyptians, as has been said—there were no Egyptian prisoners.

Many of these miserable beings, composing the smaller column, which, amounting to about 1,500, was drawn up on the beach, at some distance from the main body, while the butchery was going on, escaped by swimming to some reefs out of gun-shot. Perceiving this, our men laid down their muskets on the sand, and employing the signs of reconciliation and of amity, which they had learned in Egypt, invited the return of their victims. They did return; but, coming within reach, found death, and perished amid the waters. I limit myself to those details of this horrible necessity, of which I was an eye-witness. The atrocious scene makes me yet shudder when I think of it, as when it passed before me: much rather would I forget, if possible, than describe. All that can be imagined of fearful, in this day of blood, would fall short of the reality. I have reported the truth—the whole truth. I assisted at all the debates—at all the conferences—at all the deliberations. I had, of course, no deliberative voice; but I owe it to candor to declare that, had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations

and the circumstances of our army would have constrained me to this opinion. War unfortunately offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law of all times, and common to all nations, has decreed that private interests shall be sacrificed to one paramount public good, and humanity itself be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have an intimate conviction of the fact; moreover, by the advice of the council of officers, whose opinion finally became unanimous, was the matter decided. I owe it also to truth to state, that he yielded only at the last extremity, and was, perhaps, one of those who witnessed the massacre with the greatest sorrow.

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to manifest its approaches with more severity. From first to last, seven or eight hundred men were lost by the contagion during the Syrian expedition. It was not, however, it will be seen, on the capture of Jaffa, as historians and biographers relate, that the famous, and not ill-imagined scene in the hospital took place.*

Our march upon Acre, which commenced on the 14th March, was by no means the series of triumphs and obstacles vaunted in certain works. All has been made out of the foolhardiness of General Lannes, who, contrary to the express orders of Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. In returning, he fell into an ambuscade, losing sixty men killed, and more than double the number wounded, the Turks firing from behind rocks and down precipices upon our people. During the firing, Bonaparte manifested much inquietude, and most severely reproached Lannes for having uselessly exposed, and sacrificed without object, a number of brave followers. Lannes excused himself by saying, the peasantry had insulted his detachment, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are in no situation," replied the Commander, sternly, "to indulge in such bravadoes." Our evening bivouac was a melancholy one; the rain fell in torrents, and Zeta, where we halted for the night, on the 15th, afforded no resources for our wounded. The useless loss just sustained seemed a sad augury to many—a presentiment but too surely confirmed by the event.

On the 18th we arrived before Acre. The Djezzar, as we learned,

* One note is introduced here as a specimen of the remarks upon Sir Walter Scott. "The Scotch writer says, that 'Heaven sent this scourge to avenge the massacre at Jaffa.' Here is a double blunder. In the first place, *it would have been a much more simple proceeding for Heaven to have prevented the massacre;* and, secondly, the division of Kleber had brought the seeds of infection from Damietta."

had just taken the head from our envoy Mailly, causing the body to be thrown into the sea in a sack. This cruel Pasha must have ordered a great number of similar executions, for the waves often threw ashore bodies in this state, which we discovered while bathing. The details of the siege are sufficiently known. Though encompassed by a wall, flanked with good towers, having also a broad and pretty deep ditch, defended by regular works, this small fortress was judged incapable of protracted defense against French valor, and the science of our engineers. But the facility and promptitude of the capture of Jaffa blinded us not a little in regard to the similar appearance, though different condition, of the two places. At Jaffa we possessed a sufficient artillery; at Acre we did not: we had only to do with the defenders of Jaffa, left to their own resources; at Acre we were opposed to a garrison maintained by re-enforcements of men and stores, supported by an English fleet, and aided by European science.

Sidney Smith, doubtless, was the great cause of our failure. Much has been said of his intercourse with the Commander-in-chief. The reproaches addressed by the latter, of Sir Sidney having endeavored to seduce the officers and soldiers of the French army, even supposing them to have been well founded, were the more singular, that such means are frequently resorted to by belligerents. As to the embarking French prisoners on board a vessel infected by the plague, the odious accusation is repelled by its improbability alone; but, above all, by established facts. At the time, I observed Sir Sidney closely, and certainly remarked a species of knight-errantry in his disposition, sometimes leading to insignificant fooleries; but I affirm, that his conduct towards the French was that of a generous enemy. Several letters have been shown me, which bore witness in his favor, that the writers "were very grateful for the good treatment experienced by the French when they had fallen into his hands."

At Acre, all the dispositions—all the works—all the attacks, were conducted with that slightness and carelessness which a too sanguine confidence inspires. Kleber, in his walks with me through the lines, often expressed his surprise and dissatisfaction on this head. "The trenches," said he, "are not knee deep; we ought necessarily to have had battering cannon. We began with only field-pieces. This encouraged the besieged, by disclosing the weakness of our means." Our heavy artillery, consisting of no more than three twenty-fours and six eighteens, arrived, with the greatest difficulty, not before the last days of April, and already three assaults had been made, with evident loss; by the 4th of May our powder, too, began to fail. Balls also

were wanting, and an order of the day fixed a price, according to the caliber, for each bullet shot from the place or the ships of war, which could be recovered and brought in. The ships *Tiger* and *Theseus*, stationed on each side of the bay, interrupted the communication between the camp and the trenches, but caused more noise than mischief: an officer, however, was killed by one of their balls the evening before the raising of the siege.

Upon the walls, the enemy had stationed marksmen, chiefly Albanians, of great expertness. They placed stones, one above the other, on the top of the parapet, and, putting their rifles through the openings, took aim, completely under cover, and with deadly precision. On the 9th April, General Caffarelli, so well known for courage and talent, was traversing the works with his hand resting on the hip, in order to balance the defective gait occasioned by his wooden leg. The general's elbow thus extended above the trench. He was warned that the balls, fired so near from the place, hit the smallest objects. Paying no attention to this warning, he had his elbow fractured a few instants after. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable, which the general survived eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to visit him, and, by his orders, harmonizing with my own regard for the patient, I hardly ever left him. A little before his last moments, he said to me—"My dear Bourrienne, read me Voltaire's preface to the Spirit of Laws." I did so—and he fell asleep. On entering the tent of the Commander-in-chief, he asked as usual, "How goes it with Caffarelli?" I told him what had happened, and that his end approached. "Bah! so he wished to hear that preface? It is singular." Bonaparte went to see him; but he still slept. I returned, and received the general's last sigh, which he yielded the same night, in the greatest tranquillity. The general died universally regretted — a brave soldier, and a man of science.

In the assault of the 10th May, Bonaparte was early in the trenches, attended by Croiser, who had vainly sought death during the siege; for life had become even more insupportable since the unhappy affair at Jaffa. Aware that the termination of the siege, which he foresaw to be near, must greatly retard the desired death, he leaped upon a battery. This elevated situation necessarily drew upon him the fire of the enemy "Croiser!" exclaimed Bonaparte, in a voice of thunder, "come down—I command you—you have no business there!" The youth remained, without returning any answer. An instant after, a ball passed through his right thigh. Amputation was performed. The day of our departure he was placed upon a litter; but he died of locked jaw between

Gaza and El Arych, where I received his last adieu. Seldom will his lowly resting place be disturbed.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre continued sixty days. There had been in that time eight assaults, and twelve sorties. During the assault of the 8th May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the city. Already the shout of victory arose; but the breach, taken in flank by the Turks, could not be entered with sufficient promptitude, and the party was left without support. The streets barricadoed—the very women running about throwing dust in the air, exciting the inhabitants by cries and howlings—all contributed to render unavailing this short occupation by a handful of brave men, who, finding themselves alone, regained the breach, by a retrograde movement; but not before many had fallen. At this assault, Duroc, then in the trenches, was wounded by the recoil of the fragment of a howitzer-shot fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, the fleshy part only of the thigh was carried away, the bone remaining untouched. He had a tent in common with several other aides-de-camp, but, for better accommodation, I had him brought into mine, and scarcely ever quitted his side. On entering about midday, after a short absence, I found the patient in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had made him throw off all covering; and even a part of his wound lay exposed. A small scorpion, which had crawled up by the leg of the camp bedstead, was just on the point of reaching the sore. I had the good fortune to dash the reptile to the earth; but the somewhat hasty movement awoke my patient.

We often bathed in the sea. There were days when the English, *probably excited by grog*, let fly broadsides at our floating heads.* I know not that any accident ever resulted from these efforts. Convinced of the impossibility of being hit, we soon gave no attention; and, indeed, the circumstance afforded us matter of diversion.

Towards the conclusion of the siege, the news from Egypt announced some inconsiderable risings in Lower Egypt. These were occasioned by a fanatic, El Mohdy, who gave himself out for an angel. They had, however, no farther consequence beyond throwing upon our rear some enthusiasts, whose illusions were effectually exorcised by the musket—a potent divining rod. I expressed some surprise at the want of intelligence from Upper Egypt. "Desaix is there," replied Bonaparte; "and I am easy." A few days after, he heard from that general, unceasingly engaged in beating and pursu-

* The exciting cause will, probably, be thought singular.—*Translator.*

ing the indefatigable Mourad. These dispatches contained information of the loss of a very beautiful and large dgerm, built for the navigation of the Nile, and named *The Italy*. The commander, Morandi, after an obstinate resistance, and despairing of escape from the Arabs and Fellahs, fired the powder magazine, and perished with many of those on board; namely, the greater part of the music of the sixty-first demi-brigade, and some armed and wounded soldiers. Those who escaped on shore, as private letters stated, were put to death amid the most horrible torments, to the sound of their own music, played by their unfortunate companions. Thus all, in turn, to the very last, became sufferers. This sad news, the frightful details, and the name of the dgerm, struck forcibly upon the General's mind. "My good friend," addressing me in a prophetic tone, "Italy is lost to France—it is all over—my presentiments never deceive me!" I combated this opinion, by endeavoring to convince him that there could be no connection between Italy and the destruction of a bark to which the name of that country had been given, at a distance of 800 leagues; but nothing could induce him to give it up. The prediction was soon realized.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN FROM SYRIA — DREADFUL MARCH — POISONING THE SICK AT JAFFA—BONAPARTE FIRED AT—ARRIVAL AT CAIRO—BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA—SECRET PREPARATIONS—EMBARKATION FOR EUROPE.

THE siege of Acre was raised on the 20th May, after having cost nearly 3,000 men in killed and dead of the plague or of their wounds. Had there been less precipitation in the attack, and had the advances been conducted according to the rules of art, the town could not have held out three days, and one assault, such as that of the 8th May, would have sufficed. Or, what would have been wiser in our situation, destitute as we were of artillery and of provisions, while the place was plentifully supplied and in active communication with the English and Ottoman Porte, the siege ought not to have been undertaken. In the bulletins, always so veracious, the loss of the French is estimated at 500 killed and 1,000 wounded, while that of the enemy is augmented to 15,000. These documents are doubtless curious pieces for history—certainly not because they are true. Bonaparte, however, attached the

greatest importance to these relations, which were always drawn up. or corrected, by himself.

It ought, at the same time, to be told that nothing was more ardently desired than to figure in a bulletin. Bonaparte knew this, converting it into a powerful means of reward and of excitement. I had expressed to Berthier an eager wish to be indulged in a close inspection of the labors of the siege and he took me with him to the trenches. Contrary to a promise of silence, he told this to the General, who had forbidden my approach to the works. "What had you to do there?" asked the latter, in a sufficiently severe tone; "that was not your place." I observed, in reply, that Berthier had told me there would be no assault, and that a sortie was not to be expected, the garrison having made one the evening before. "What signifies all that?—there might have been one; and those who have no business in harm's way, are always the first victims. Every one to his own affairs: wounded or killed, I should not have even named you in the bulletin. People would have laughed; and they would have served you rightly."

Napoleon has said at St. Helena, that, if Acre had fallen he would have changed the face of the world; and, afterwards, "the fate of the East was in that place." This idea was not, like many others, invented there. These very words he frequently pronounced beneath the walls of Acre. Gigantic projects tormented him on the shores of the Ptolemaid, as, in like manner, probably, the painful remembrance of not having executed them, haunted him on the solitary rock of the Atlantic. To these schemes we have, in part, alluded. The following is a conversation held with me after the unsuccessful assault of the 8th, wherein his friend Lannes was wounded. We generally walked together every evening at a short distance from the seashore; and it was the day after this unsuccessful attempt that Bonaparte, distressed at beholding the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, addressed me in these words:—"Yes, Bourrienne, I see that this paltry town has cost me many men, and occupies much time; but things have gone too far not to risk a last effort. If we succeed, as is to be hoped, I shall find in that place the treasures of the Pasha and arms for 300,000 men. I will raise and arm the whole of Syria, already so exasperated by the cruelty of the Djezzar, for whose fall you have witnessed the people supplicate Heaven at each assault. I march upon Damascus and Aleppo; I recruit my army, by advancing into every country where discontent prevails; I announce to the people the abolition of slavery, and of the tyrannical government of the Pashas; I arrive at Constantinople with armed masses: I overturn the dominion of the Mussulman; I found in the

East a new and mighty empire, which shall fix my position with posterity; and, perhaps, I return to Paris by Adrianople or Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After some observations drawn from me by designs so vast, he continued—"Eh! remark you not that the Druses wait only the fall of Acre to rise? Have not the keys of Damascus been already offered? I have put off the acceptance from day to day, expecting the reduction of these walls, because at present I am unable to derive full advantage from that great city. By the plan which I meditate, every species of succor from the beys of Egypt is cut off, and this conquest secured. I will cause Desaix to be named commander-in-chief. If we are unsuccessful in the last assault, now about to be made, I am off instantly: time presses: I shall not reach Cairo before the middle of June. The winds are then favorable for a northern passage into Egypt. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Damietta: I must be there. The army which, at a later period, will come by land, I do not fear for this year. I will cause everything to be destroyed to the very entrance of the Desert, thus rendering the march of an army, from this, impossible for two years to come. An army cannot exist in the midst of ruins."

On returning to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, of which both my head and heart were full. I am inclined to say that the above is rendered word for word. It ought also to be added, that, during the whole siege, our camp was filled with the inhabitants of the country, anxious for the success of our arms, and who never failed, at every assault, to address to Heaven their fervent prayers. Many among these knelt down, and prayed with their faces towards the city. It is likewise true that Damascus had sent to Bonaparte the offer of its keys. All this seemed flattering to the execution of his favorite plan. Still, I could not forbear astonishment, that with perfect knowledge of our situation, and the little chance of taking Acre, he should have persisted in cherishing ideas so vast. The latter part of his avowal, depending not upon contingencies, but upon his own will, filled me with sorrow. I could not dwell upon the thought of the premeditated devastation, pillage, and burning of fifty leagues of country. Sad consequences of war!

The Druses, on whom Bonaparte so much relied, are regarded as half Christians, and descendants of the Crusaders; nay, as some will have, of the followers of the Count de Dreux, in France. They are neither the one nor the other. Their religion is a corruption of Mohammedanism, and their language pure Arabic. On this and other Eastern subjects, M. Savary has composed little better than a romance.

We learned at Cairo that this gentleman, much at his ease, in his own chamber, had got up his *Travels* often from the most contradictory and absurd accounts; and when he says, I witnessed this fact, or I talked with that chief, he had seen nothing, nor conversed with any one.

The troops quitted Acre on the 20th of May, when Bonaparte issued a proclamation, which insults truth from beginning to end, and is yet to be read in many works! We took our departure at night, in order to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to place the army, having three leagues of flat to traverse, beyond range of the English gun-boats and vessels of war, in the bay of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick had commenced two days before. We effected our night march along the shore of the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Here we learned that three of our sick, left in the hospital of the convent, and intrusted too confidently to Turkish generosity, had been put to a cruel death.

Thus terminated this disastrous expedition. But a fearful journey lay yet before us. Some of the wounded were carried in litters, and the rest on camels and mules. A devouring thirst; the total want of water; an excessive heat; a fatiguing march among scorching sand hills, demoralized the men: a most cruel selfishness, the most unfeeling indifference took place of every generous and human sentiment. I have seen officers, with amputated limbs, thrown from the litters when their transport had been ordered, and who had themselves given money as a recompense for the fatigue: I have beheld abandoned among the wheat fields, soldiers who had lost their limbs, wounded and plague patients, or those supposed to be such. Our march was lighted up by torches, kindled for the purpose of setting on fire towns, villages, hamlets, and the rich crops with which the earth was covered. The whole country was in flames. It seemed as if we sought a solace in this extent of mischief for our own reverses and sufferings. We were surrounded only by the dying, by plunderers, by incendiaries. Wretched beings, at the point of death, thrown by the wayside, continued to call with feeble voice, "I have not the plague; I am but wounded;" and, to convince those that passed, they might be seen tearing open their real wounds, or inflicting new ones. Nobody believed them. It was the interest of all not to believe. Comrades would say, "He is done for now: his march is over!" then pass on, look to themselves, and feel satisfied. The sun in all his splendor, under that beautiful sky, was obscured by the smoke of continual conflagration. We had the sea on our right; on our left, and behind us, lay the desert which we made; before were the sufferings and privations that awaited us. Such was our real position.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th. The heat had been suffocating, and universal discouragement prevailed. Our loss among the wounded and sick had already been considerable since leaving Acre. This truly afflicting state of an army, denominated the *triumphant*, made upon the Commander-in-chief an impression such as could not possibly fail to be produced. Scarcely had we halted, when he called me, and hastily dictated an order for every one to march on foot, and that all horses, mules and camels should be given up for the transport of the sick and wounded who yet survived. "Carry that to Berthier." The order was instantly issued. Scarcely had I returned, when Vigogne, equerry to the Commander-in-chief, entered the tent, hat in hand: "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the first ebullition of indignation excited by this question, he inflicted a violent blow with a whip upon the person of the equerry; then added, in a voice of terrific expression, "Let every soul be on foot, scoundrel! I the first—Heard you not the order?—Begone!"

The great object with all now was how to avoid giving their horses to those suspected of the plague. As to the wounded, and those suffering from amputations, not the slightest difficulty was made. I had a very fine horse for my own use, a mule, and two camels. I resigned the whole with the greatest pleasure; but confess directing my domestic to take all possible care lest a plague patient should be mounted on my horse. My charger was restored in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may easily be divined.

Tentoura, likewise, and its moving sands, beheld the loss of our last guns of caliber. They were buried from want of the means of transportation. The soldiers appeared for a moment to forget their own sufferings in regret for these the instruments and witnesses of those triumphs which had shaken Europe.

We slept at Cesarea on the 22d, and marched the whole of the following night. Towards daybreak a man concealed among some bushes on our left—we had the sea within two paces of our right—fired almost close at hand, aiming at the Commander-in-chief, who was asleep on his horse. I rode beside him. The wood being searched, the marksman was easily taken, and ordered to be instantly shot. Four of the guides drove him to the sea, with their carbines touching his back. All four, from the heavy night-dew, missed fire, as they had pressed the captive to the brink; the Syrian plunged into the waves, and, by great agility in swimming, gained a rock—so distant, that of all the troop who fired at him in succession, not one hit the mark. Bonaparte, pursuing his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, who

commanded the rear guard, to inform him of what had happened, recommending him "not to miss the droll fellow on the rock." The affair ended, I believe, in the death of the fugitive.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th May, and remained there during the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th. This city, but lately the scene of a terrible necessity, was once more to behold the same necessity of commanding death. Here have I a rigorous duty to fulfill: I shall fulfill it, and will declare what I know—what I saw. Some tents were erected on a little eminence near the gardens which surround Jaffa on the east. The order was secretly given to blow up the fortifications, and, on the 27th, upon the signal appointed, we suddenly beheld the town uncovered. An hour afterwards the General, attended by Berthier, with several physicians and surgeons, and the ordinary staff, entered his tent. I accompanied him. A long and melancholy deliberation ensued respecting the probable fate of those incurably sick of the plague, and their term of life. After the most conscientious discussion, it was decided to anticipate, by a potion, an inevitable death, which must take place a few hours later, but under circumstances more grievous and painful.

Bonaparte rapidly traversed the fallen ramparts of the little city, and entered the hospital. There were here some with amputations, some wounded, many soldiers afflicted with ophthalmia, uttering lamentable cries, and the plague patients. The beds of the last were to the right on entering the first ward. I walked by the General's side. I affirm never having seen him touch a single infected patient. And why should he have touched them? They were in the last stage of the malady. No one spoke a word. Bonaparte knew well that he had no safeguard against infection, and that to expose himself needlessly was to expose his army, who had no hope save in him. He traversed the wards quickly, switching the yellow top of his boot with the whip which he carried in his hand. While moving rapidly along he repeated these words:—"The fortifications are destroyed; Fortune has been against me at Acre; I must return to Egypt in order to preserve it from the enemies that are coming: the Turks will be here in a few hours. Let all who feel themselves able, rise and come with us; they shall be transported in litters and on horseback." There were barely sixty plague patients. Whatever has been said of numbers above this is exaggeration. Their total silence, their complete exhaustion or universal stupor, announced their approaching end. To carry them out in that state was evidently to inoculate the army with the pestilence. All the various theories and accounts of this event, of which I am by no means ignorant, are fabrications or fables. The fact ought to be frankly

avowed, proving, at the same time, its indispensable though painful necessity. For my part, I declare what I believed then to be true—what I believe now to be true. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered; I should tell an untruth. I am unable, therefore, to name any person, without hazarding something incorrect. But I know quite positively that, after deliberating, such determination was taken—and ought to have been taken. That the order, in consequence of this determination, was given, and that the plague patients died, are facts which I guarantee for the discovery of the truth. How! is that which formed the whole subject of conversation at headquarters, on the morrow after our departure from Jaffa, as a thing not to be doubted; that of which we spoke as a lamentable necessity; that which was spread throughout the whole army by public report; that which men regarded as a fact, the details only requiring explanation—is that become an atrocious invention to ruin the fame of a hero? Napoleon's own statement from St. Helena is in the main correct, except as respects the number, which signifies nothing. If it was right in the case of the seven or eight, which he acknowledged did receive the opiate, the act was equally justifiable in the case of sixty, to whom I *believe* it was administered, and for whom I *know* it to have been ordered. If wrong, the crime was the same in either case. His reasoning on its propriety, necessity, and even humanity, is but a repetition of that which every one, and he among the rest, employed and admitted twenty years before at Jaffa.

Our little army reached Cairo on the 14th of June, after a most painful march of twenty-five days, accomplished under every species of privation. The heat, during the passage of the Desert between El Arych and Belbeys, had exceeded 33° usually, and, on the ball of the thermometer being placed on the side, the mercury rose to 45°.* The fallacious mirage was more seductive than ever; and, notwithstanding the lessons of sad experience, so real appeared the illusion, we often could not refrain urging forward our jaded steeds, to find—only salt and arid sands. In two days I found my cloak covered with salt left by the evaporation of the night dew. The bitter waters of these deserts, which our thirsty horses drank with avidity, occasioned the loss of great numbers—the poor animals dropping under their riders before they had gone a mile from the watering place.

The bad success of the Syrian expedition gave birth to complaints

* The thermometer here used must have been the *centigrade*, consequently the temperature indicated was equal to 92° and 113° of Fahrenheit!—*Translator.*

and reflections, such as our position called forth, and marked more by their justness than moderation. "Why," men said, "go to anticipate the movements of an army which did not yet exist? Why, if this army was one day to attack Egypt, spare it the difficulties and evils of a march across the Desert? and why set out to besiege that army in its own strongholds, in place of waiting for it on the plains of Egypt? Was it not evident, also, that the sea, in the possession of our enemies, would be of vast importance in such an expedition?" This reasoning of the general good sense of the army would be incontrovertible if the real object of the war had been, as officially announced, the destruction of the butcher of Syria. But we have seen that it concealed other and greater, but, in our circumstances, objects more chimerical still.

Bonaparte announced his entrance into Cairo by one of those lying bulletins that imposed only on fools. "I bring," said he, in this precious document, "many prisoners and colors. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar, the ramparts of Acre. There stands not one stone above another. All the inhabitants fled by sea; Djezzar is dangerously wounded." I avow a painful sentiment felt while writing these words from his dictation. Excited by what I had just witnessed, it was difficult to refrain hazarding some observation; but his constant reply was—"My dear fellow, you are a ninny, and comprehend nothing at all of the matter;" and, with these words, signed what was to fill the world, and to inspire the historian! Our return to Egypt, too, has been attributed to insurrections in that country. Nothing can be more incorrect; these were trifling. The reverses at Acre, and the fear, or rather wise foresight, of a hostile disembarkation in July, were the true causes. We had enough of Syria. What should we have done longer there? Lose men and time. Truly our leader had neither too many men nor too much time at his disposal.

At Cairo I found several letters; among others the following from Marmont, dated Alexandria:—"I send you, my dear friend, a letter which was inclosed in one from my wife. I earnestly hope it may contain wherewith to interest you deeply, and give you good news of your wife and children. I have received letters from my poor Hortense. She grieves, and expects me with impatience. Heaven grant, my friend, that I may soon be enabled, with honor, to see her again! If peace continue, and if the General still retains any of his former friendship for me, within two months I may hope to meet her once more. Mine is not a light nor foolish passion; no sentiment of frivolity inspires my eager desire of returning to France; but a prudent calculation which makes me dread misfortunes that to me would be irreparable.

Domestic happiness, the peace of a family circle, the mutual confidence of hearts that love—these, my dear B., are the only objects worth envying. These blessings I yet possess, but risk losing them; and General Bonaparte, under whose auspices our union was cemented, ought to render it happy."

Scarcely arrived at Cairo, Bonaparte learned that the brave and indefatigable Mourad Bey was descending by the route of Fayoum to join certain insurrectionary movements in Bohahyreh. In all probability these had some connection with the Turkish dispositions on the coast; and Mourad was directed by news from Constantinople. The Natron Lakes were appointed as the rendezvous; but Murat being dispatched thither, the bey retired by the Desert of Gizeh and the Pyramids. Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of this enterprising chief, whom he regarded as his most formidable enemy in Egypt. All his informations announced that this bey, supported by the Arabs, was hovering upon the confines of the Desert of Gizeh. Bonaparte, therefore, resolved to march in person, in order, from a central point, to direct different corps against so able and active a partisan. On this expedition he left Cairo for the Pyramids on the 14th July. Amid these ruins of Memphian sepulchers he sojourned three or four days. We shall presently see the reason of this brief stay. In the meantime, I shall just recur to a pretty little romance which has been got up on this journey—a necessary step in our warlike operations. It is pretended that here an assignation was made with the mufti and the ulemas, and that Bonaparte himself entered with them into the great pyramid, shouting, "Glory to Allah! God only is God, and Mahomet his Prophet!" Now, unluckily for all this, Bonaparte never entered the pyramid, nor ever entertained a thought or intention of doing so. I should most certainly have been of the party; and I never for one second quitted him in the Desert. He sent some people into one of the great pyramids. He, however, remained without; and they gave an account of what they had seen in the interior—that is to say, they informed him there was nothing to see. The conversation with the mufti and the ulemas, if so intended, is a very clumsy attempt at wit. These venerable personages were no more present than were the pope and the archbishops.

On the evening of the 15th, I was walking with the General, when we perceived, advancing from the north, an Arab messenger at full speed. He was the bearer of a dispatch from Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, greatly to Bonaparte's satisfaction. The Turks had disembarked on the 11th, at Aboukir, under escort and

protection of an English fleet. This news of a landing by fifteen or sixteen thousand enemies did not surprise Bonaparte, who had long foreseen such an occurrence. The event, however, was little expected by the generals, to whom he had announced the destruction, before Acre, of that very army now arrived in Egypt.

Immediately on perusing this dispatch, Bonaparte, shutting himself up in his tent, continued till three o'clock next morning dictating to me his orders for the march of the troops, and for the conduct of those who, during his absence, were to remain in the interior. I beheld at this crisis the full development of that ardent spirit, which difficulties roused—that celerity which anticipated chances. He was all action, and never hesitated. At four o'clock on the morning of the 16th, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. At this epoch of life, energy, decision, promptitude, imperturbable presence of mind, and rapidity of execution, never forsook him on great emergencies. Must I not render justice to these qualities? On the eighth day, after leaving the Pyramids, we were in Alexandria, where all was prepared for that memorable conflict of the 25th July, which certainly did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval engagement of the same name;* yet the battle of Alexandria will ever recall to Frenchmen one of their most glorious achievements in arms.

The Turks being defeated, Bonaparte sent an envoy on board the English admiral's ship. Our intercourse was marked by that urbanity which ought to characterize the relations of civilized nations. The admiral presented to our envoy some little gifts, in return for those we had sent, and the French *Gazette* of Franckfort, of the 28th June, 1799. For ten months we had been without news from France. Bonaparte ran over this journal with an eagerness easy to be conceived. "Well," said he, "my presentiment has not deceived me: Italy is lost. The miserable creatures! All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must be gone."

He caused Berthier to be called—made him read the news. "Things," said he, "go ill in France. I must see what is passing there. You shall with me;" adding that only myself and Gentheaume, for whom he had sent, were in the secret; and recommending to Berthier discretion; to show no extraordinary joy; to change nothing of his usual habits; to make no purchases, nor sell anything; finishing with the words, "I am sure of myself—I am sure of Bourrienne." The chief-of-staff promised silence, and kept his pledge. He had enough

* Nelson's victory of Aboukir is by the French writers named the battle of Alexandria.—*Translator.*

of Egypt, burned with a desire of returning to France, and feared lest his own indiscretion should ruin all. Gentheaume arrived. Bonaparte gave him an order to prepare two frigates, *Le Muiron* and *La Carrière*, and two small brigs, *La Revanche* and *La Fortune*, with provisions for four or five hundred men, and for two months. He then confessed to him the secret of the armament, recommending the closest concealment of its object, and to act with such prudence that the English cruisers might remain also in complete ignorance of the preparations. Afterwards, he settled with Gentheaume the route to be followed. He provided for every contingency.

We have just seen the sole cause of the departure of General Bonaparte for Europe. It is a very plain fact, which has been disguised by the most absurd suppositions and ridiculous conjectures. It has been the object to assign to a simple occurrence some extraordinary origin. It is not true, as so often repeated, that he had determined on his departure before the battle of Alexandria. He would have been very well pleased, had that disembarkation not taken place, in which case he would have waited for news from France, and taken his resolution accordingly. It is pretended that Bonaparte had received intelligence of events in Italy before the engagement of the 25th by means of his secret correspondence. There existed no correspondence, either private or official. Ten months had already elapsed, and we were still without news from Europe. It is contrary to truth that he was officially informed of the posture of affairs in France, and of the critical situation of things both there and in Italy. Who is Bourbaki, or Bombachi, reported so confidently to have brought news from Joseph to his brother at Acre, which occasioned the siege to be raised? I never heard the name; and how was he to arrive at the camp *alone*, either by sea or land? And then, Madame Bonaparte—she, forsooth, told this secret to Fouché for 1,000 louis! What secret? Let us be satisfied with the truth. It was the chance, already explained, which procured news from Europe. It ought to be regarded as certain, and I affirm that Bonaparte never dreamt of his departure for France when he made his expedition to the Pyramids, nor when he learned the disembarkation of the Anglo-Turkish army. Writers have framed intelligence reaching him by way of Tunis, Algiers, Morocco—from I know not where! But nothing can be opposed to a certain fact. At this period, during more than two years, I know not that a single dispatch, in any circumstances, remained unknown to me. How, then, could all those mentioned escape my notice? Almost all who speak in this guise, wishing to remove the charge of desertion from the leader

of the Egyptian army, cite a letter of the Directory, of the 26th May, 1799.

This letter may have been written, but it never arrived. What imports it that such a document appears among the archives? All these are mere suppositions. What is now read, is from one who never quitted him—to whom he told everything—and who wrote all to his dictation, or by his order. I repeat, on our return from Syria, we were without information from France. On the 2d July, the General wrote to Desaix, the man whom he most loved and esteemed, that he was without intelligence from Europe, and waited for news. The long-wished-for intelligence reached us, as now explained, and its nature determined the resolution of Bonaparte, who now looked upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory. Before departing from that country, he knew full well discredit had begun to attach to the enterprise. Still, his original object of keeping himself in the attention of the world, had, to a great extent, been accomplished. Notwithstanding the real disasters which had befallen our army, the French flag yet floated over the Cataracts of the Nile, as above the ruins of Memphis; and these mighty names, united with those of the Pyramids and of Alexandria, had yet lost none of their power over the imagination. Finding the renown of arms no longer sustained the weakness of the Directory, he hastened to see whether he could not share or seize the directoral power.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and arrived at Cairo on the 10th. Here he caused to be renewed the report of his intended expedition into Upper Egypt, which appeared the more likely that he had really proposed such an excursion. He had ever looked forward with delight to inscribing his name on the famous statue of Memnon, which bears the designations of so many conquerors. I need not say with what pleasure I had anticipated such a tour. All at once he announced an intention, previously to run over the Delta, for the purpose, as he wrote to the Divan of Cairo, of there examining men and things with his own eyes. Till now, our secret had been faithfully kept; but, on descending the Nile to Menouf, where Lanusse commanded, that brave officer divined our object. Though he envied our lot, it was without complaints, and he said nothing to anyone. On the 21st we reached the Wells of Birket. The Arabs had infected the water; the Commander-in-chief, absolutely bent on quenching his thirst, tried to swallow a horrible potion, by mixing the water with the juice of lemons, and holding his nostrils. On the 22d, being near Alexandria, the General declared to all those whom he had brought with

him from Cairo that they were bound for France. Joy appeared on every countenance.

General Kleber, then at Rosetta, and destined successor in the command of the army, was invited to come to Damietta, in order to confer on matters of the utmost importance. In appointing this meeting, well knowing he should not be there, Bonaparte wished to avoid the reproaches and the sturdy frankness of Kleber. He then wrote whatever he had to say, giving as a reason for not keeping his appointment that the apprehension, every moment, of seeing an English cruiser appear, had induced him to accelerate his departure by three days. But, while writing this, he knew well that he should be at sea before the letter was received. Kleber complained loudly, in his correspondence, of this crafty policy. At the same time, the Commander-in-chief issued a proclamation to his army, in which he said, "Intelligence from Europe has decided my departure for France. I leave the command of the army to General Kleber; the army will soon hear news of me; I cannot explain more fully. It gives me pain to separate from soldiers to whom I am most attached: but our separation is but for a moment; and the general whom I leave you enjoys the confidence of government, and mine."

Before quitting forever the subject of the Egyptian expedition, it may be proper to refer the reader to Bonaparte's "Notes upon Egypt," These were written during the time which elapsed from our return to Cairo till the moment of setting out for the Pyramids: they formed the recreation of the General's leisure hours. I retain the modest title of NOTES, because such was the name he himself gave them. These notes he did not dictate to me—he wrote them with his own hand, and that, too, very carefully. I have at present only a part of the autograph, nor do I know what has become of the other portion of it. The copy, however, which I transcribed at Cairo from the original, shows, in several places, corrections by the General's own hand; nor do I now print a single word which is not his. Bonaparte, like Xenophon and Cæsar, excelled in the art of expressing thought. The grandeur of some, the clearness of all, the ideas, contained in these Notes, may challenge comparison with the best efforts of these warrior historians.*

* See Appendix, G.

CHAPTER XVI.

VOYAGE FROM EGYPT — ARRANGEMENTS — ADVERSE WINDS — BONAPARTE'S EMPLOYMENTS ON BOARD — FORCED TO LAND IN CORSICA — DANGER OF CAPTURE — BONAPARTE'S CALMNESS AND PRESENCE OF MIND — LANDING IN FRANCE — ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

We were at length about to revisit our native land—a second time to traverse seas abounding in dangers. The ship destined for Bonaparte was once more to carry Cæsar and his fortune; no longer Cæsar, indeed, advancing towards the East, to add Egypt to the conquests of the Republic; but Cæsar, revolving in his darkened spirit vast designs, and recoiling not at the idea of daring all to overturn, in his own favor, the government, under whose auspices he had combated. Mystery was around us; the hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the East inflamed not youthful imaginations now, as when we left the shores of France; our last illusions had faded beneath the walls of Acre, and we were constrained to abandon, in a deadly land, the remnant of our companions in arms. In fine, an impenetrable destiny urged us onwards, and we obeyed the impulse.

On the 23d August, 1799, we embarked in the two frigates, *Muiron* and *Carrière*, to the number of from four to five hundred. Such was our squadron, such the formidable armament with which Bonaparte—so he had written to the Divan at Cairo—was to annihilate all his enemies. This boasting tone might impose upon those who knew not the real state of things; but as for us, what were we to think of it? The same as Bonaparte thought on the morrow. Fifteen months had elapsed since we quitted our native country. Everything smiled on our departure: all was dark at our return. Where now were the fourteen ships of war, the frigates, the three hundred sail, which then bounded over the surges of the Mediterranean to Eastern conquests? What had been the fruit of those pompous proclamations, those promises, those hopes, and even of our first success? What had availed the capture of Malta in forty-eight hours, or the reduction of Egypt in one month? Alas! times were indeed changed; reduced to conceal our flight, to embark by stealth, we read nothing that was not hazardous in the future; and, if we cast remembrance back upon the past, we had to deplore the loss of our fleet, replaced by two frail Venetian barks, fitted out in haste.

Night had already fallen when we got on board the frigates, anchored at a considerable distance from the Port of Alexandria. The feeble light of the stars, however, sufficed to show us a corvette approaching to observe, and, as it were, to be present at our silent and nocturnal embarkment. Next morning, when on the point of setting sail, we perceived a wherry making directly from the harbor. On board was M. Grand-Maison, an excellent man, whom we all loved, but who, nevertheless, had not been nominated among those returning to France. He entreated, supplicated; but in vain. Bonaparte, desirous to be gone, would listen to no new arrival; and only at the last moment, Monge, Berthollet, and myself prevailed; we hoisted over the ship's side our brother of the Egyptian Institute, with the breeze swelling in our sails.

The statement is erroneous, that Admiral Gentheaume remained absolute master of his movements; as if another could have commanded, Bonaparte being present. So far from that, he explained to the admiral, in my hearing, that he was not to follow the ordinary course, and betake himself to the open sea. "I desire," said the General, "that you keep as close as possible to the coasts of Africa, running along the shores of the Mediterranean. You will pursue this route till we come opposite Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, with a few pieces of artillery. If the English present themselves, I will run ashore upon the sands; with my troop I will gain, by land, Oran, Tunis, or some other port, and there find means to re-embark." Such was his resolution, and it was irrevocably fixed.

During twenty-one days, the wind, blowing from the west or northwest, was constantly adverse. We were thus unceasingly driven back towards the coasts of Syria and Alexandria, which port it was even proposed to re-enter; but Bonaparte declared for running all hazards, rather than return. In the daytime, we tacked towards the north for a certain distance; and, in the evening, stood in till within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impatience and opposition, a very favorable wind from the east carried us, in a short time, past Cape Bon, the site of the ancient Carthage. Soon afterwards we doubled Sardinia, running along the western shore, and keeping close in with the land. It was the intention to have run a-ground, in case of meeting the English squadron, and landing, to have gained Corsica. There our leader would have waited a favorable opportunity of passing into France. During his moments of leisure, he walked upon deck, constantly occupied in superintending the execution of his orders. The smallest sail renewed his disquiet. Time seemed long to him, in the

commencement of the passage, before gaining the Sardinian Sea. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him: this was what he most dreaded then; yet, afterwards—he believed in the generosity of these very enemies!

Everything concurred to render our passage dreary and monotonous. The General had lost four aides-de-camp, Croiser, Sulkowsky, Julien and Guibert; Caffarelli, Brueys and many others, were no more. Our certain misfortunes, and the disquietudes of the future, alike threw their gloom over our hours. Nevertheless, though our apprehension was but too just, and intense the pre-occupation of Bonaparte's mind, there were yet times when we sought to unbend from anxiety, or, in familiar phrase, to kill time. Who would have believed it? Instead of cultivating the understanding by learned discussions, we endeavored to find in *cards* a resource from thought! Well! even in an amusement so frivolous, the character of our companion manifested its peculiar bias. In general, he disliked play; but, since play he must, preference was given to *Vingt et un*, because that game comes to a conclusion sooner than others. If, in describing his noble deeds of arms, he loved to embellish, to vaunt his fortune, so did he not disdain to aid his cards by sleight of hand: in one word, he cheated. Thus, for example, in *Vingt et un*, he drew a card; if a bad one, he left it on the table and said nothing, waiting till the dealer had drawn his card. If the latter had a good hand, the General threw up his without showing, and forfeited his stake only: if, on the contrary, the dealer's cards made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw up his bad hand without showing his cards, and of course demanded his stake. He laughed heartily, too, at those little tricks, especially when they were not detected; and, sooth to say, we were already courtiers enough to flatter him in this petty ambition, by voluntarily shutting our eyes. But I ought also to be no less in haste to say that he never profited by these little contrivances in play. When the party broke up, he restored his winnings, which we divided amongst us. The gain, as may be supposed, was no object; but fortune must give him, at the nick of time, an ace or ten, just as she owed him favorable weather on a day of battle; and if fortune failed in her duty, no one was to perceive. He played also at chess, but very rarely, because indifferently, and liked not being beaten at this game, which passes, one knows not well why, for a pretended imitation of the great game of war. At that, Bonaparte feared no one. I remember at Mantua, his losing a game to General Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. Beauvoir requested Bonaparte to point out any

pawn with which check-mate should be given, declaring the game lost if the pawn were taken. Bonaparte detected the last on his adversary's right, and with that pawn Beauvoir actually gave him check-mate. Bonaparte was anything but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, however, because, though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful he would give over playing, to rest upon his laurels.

Scarcely had we passed Sardinia, when the west wind, rising with great violence, constrained us on the 1st October to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We set sail on the morrow, but finding it impossible to clear the gulf, were obliged to seek shelter in port, and land at Ajaccio till the 7th. It may easily be imagined how impatient Bonaparte was of this delay; often, indeed, did he manifest that impatience, as if he would command the elements, in like manner as men obeyed him. He was losing time, and time was precious; but there existed also a more serious subject of uneasiness. "What shall I do," he would say, "if the English cruisers in these seas hear of my forced stay in Corsica? I must then remain—and what an abode! what wearisome days! The thought is insupportable! Besides, you see, it absolutely rains relations upon me." This was very true; his great fame had prodigiously increased his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, solicitations, and requests. The whole city was in movement. Everybody claimed to be his cousin at least; and from the amazing number of godsons, so styling themselves, one would have imagined that the General had stood sponsor for every fourth child in the place.

Bonaparte took several walks with us in the environs of Ajaccio. In the zenith of his power, he did not count his crowns with more pleasure than he showed while pointing out to us the small domain of his sires. With his uncle, M. Fesch, were exchanged our Turkish sequins, amounting in value to somewhat above 17,000 francs (£710). We found the future cardinal understood how to charge. This sum was all that Bonaparte brought from Egypt. I mention this fact, because the General has been unworthily calumniated in letters, written after our departure, which were intercepted and published by the English. I must add, that, refusing for his own private needs, to touch the military chest, which at no time contained funds for half the expenditure, he several times drew upon the firm of Clary at Genoa, on his own account, for fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty-three thousand francs (£625, £1,092, and £1,400). I attest, while in Egypt, that he was never seen to appropriate the smallest sum above his appointments. He left that country poorer than he entered it. These are incontestable truths.

From his private notes upon Egypt, it appears that the revenue drawn from that country in twelve months amounted to 12,600,000 francs (£525,000). In this sum are included 2,000,000 (£8,300), at least, of extraordinary levies, which would never have been touched had not a good many heads been struck off. Bonaparte remained fourteen months in Egypt, and he carried away from thence, say they, 20,000,000 (£833,000)! One would think calumny must be sweet to certain people; but, at least, they should put a little probability, a little address, into their scandals. Very well! this treasure of twenty millions barely sufficed for Bonaparte's disbursements at Ajaccio and our traveling expenses to Paris.

During the passage, till our arrival in Corsica, his mind was much occupied with the manner in which he should pass the time of quarantine at Toulon, an infliction he never calculated upon escaping. Then illusions on the state of our affairs, would often induce him to hold with me such discourse as the following:—"Were it not for this accursed quarantine, once on shore, I would hasten to place myself at the head of the Army of Italy. There is yet some resource. I am confident not a general would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me in Italy would arrive at Paris as soon as that of Alexandria. That would do capitally!" In Corsica, his language was very different. There he heard the series of our disasters, the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, on the 15th August.* The greatness of the public calamity almost unmanned him, while it added to the anxiety and doubt on his own position and probable reception. In the midst of all these distractions, he was still himself, though less so than usual.

Providing for all possible chances, he purchased, at Ajaccio, a large skiff, which was to be taken in tow by *Le Muiron*. Into this shallop, manned with twelve of the best rowers on the island, it was his intention to throw himself, in case of urgent danger of capture, and to run for the nearest shore at all hazards. This precaution had nearly proved not unnecessary. Our course was prosperous and tranquil, till the evening of the 8th, having been at length enabled to leave Ajaccio the day previous; but, at sunset, we were signalized by an English squadron of fourteen sail. Our pursuers, favored by the light, which shone in our faces, saw us much better than we could observe them. They must easily have recognized our vessels as of Venetian build, and the night closed in very opportunely for us; for we were not

* Alas, poor Italy! the constant sufferer, whoever may be the conqueror! When the Translator but lately passed through Novi, the town on the south and east lay half in ruins, from the consequences of the battle fought thirty years ago.

far distant from each other. We could long discern the English signals, and the report of cannon sounded more and more towards the left. We conceived that the intention of the cruisers must be to turn us on the southeast quarter. In these circumstances, Bonaparte might have been permitted to render thanks to fortune: for it is very evident, that, had we been suspected of coming from the East, and bound for France the English—which they could easily have accomplished—would have intercepted our progress, by making sail between us and the land. They probably took us for a convoy of stores, proceeding from Toulon to Genoa, to which mistake, and the approach of night, we were indebted for getting off with a fright only.

During the cruel night that followed this evening of fears and tribulations, the most painful agitation prevailed on board *Le Muiron*. Gentheaume, especially, was the victim of a distraction impossible to describe, and distressing to witness: he had absolutely lost his wits; for our disaster seemed inevitable. His proposal was to put about for Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte, imperiously; "no. Set all sail—every soul to his post. To the northwest—to the northwest—onwards!" This order saved us; and I pledge the assurance that, in the midst of a terror almost universal, Bonaparte was occupied solely in giving orders; the rapidity of his judgment seemed to increase with the aspect of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my memory: the hours were long, and none knew upon what new dangers the morning would dawn. In the meantime, the resolution of our leader was fixed; his orders were issued, his arrangements made. Already, in the evening, he had determined to commit himself to the skiff, named those persons admitted to share his fate, and pointed out to me what papers it was most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain, and these dispositions unnecessary; the first beams of day discovered to us the hostile fleet steering towards the northeast, and we continued our course for the long-wished-for shores of France.

On the 9th October, 1799, at eight in the morning, we entered the bay of Frejus. The sailors not having remarked the coast during the night, we knew not where we were. At first there was some hesitation whether we ought to advance: we were not expected, and could not reply to the signals changed during our absence. Some shots were fired from the batteries on the coast; but our frank entrance into the roadstead, the numbers crowded on the decks of the two frigates, our demonstrations of joy, soon dispelled every doubt of our being friends. Already had we entered the port and almost taken up a station, when the report

spread that one of the ships carried General Bonaparte. In an instant the sea was covered with embarkations. In vain we besought the people to keep at a distance; we were fairly carried off and landed on shore. When we represented to the crowd of men and women which pressed around us the danger they incurred, all cried out, "We prefer the plague to the Austrians!"

What we felt on treading the soil of France, I essay not to describe: Oh! how sweet it seemed to breathe the air of our native land under the delicious sky of Provence! The reception we had experienced; the acclamations, the delirium, of which our leader was the object; the interest which everyone was urgent to express towards us, heightened our gladness. All this was so overpowering as to deaden, for a space, the impression of the mournful tidings which met us from every quarter. In the first moment of our joy, as if by one spontaneous feeling, we repeated, with tears of enthusiasm, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has placed in the mouth of the Sicilian exile.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY TO PARIS—ENTHUSIASM OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE—VIEWS OF BONAPARTE—MEETING WITH JOSEPHINE — STATE OF PARTIES—DIRECTORY — ARMY — MOREAU — BERNADOTTE — ANECDOTES — INTRIGUES—PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW REVOLUTION.

In this return to France, the simple announcement of which produced effects still remembered both there and throughout Europe, Bonaparte has been accused, first, of breaking the sanitary laws; and, secondly, of having thus only consummated a design long matured, of abandoning his companions in Egypt. On both these points I have related facts. He had himself, as we have seen, always looked forward to the ordinary quarantine; he had made arrangements for passing the time; and, if any, the inhabitants of Frejus were the only culprits. Other writers have committed the absurdity of printing that a superior order exempted him from this salutary regulation, as if such individual exemption could have been possible. Nevertheless, when we consider the landing of 500 persons and much effects from Alexandria, where the plague had but lately raged, we must regard it as a singular happiness that France and Europe were preserved from the scourge. As to the second accusation, I have already shown that his departure was the effect of a sudden resolution, as will appear further from a little per-

sonal incident. While at Cairo, before the landing of the Turks, and just on the point of setting out for the Pyramids, I wrote, bidding an almost eternal adieu to my wife, seeing no prospect of return, and aware of the dangers to which we were continually exposed. If Bonaparte had *then* entertained the intention of embarking, I must have known, and, knowing, surely I would not thus causelessly have distressed my family. Two days after the reception of this melancholy epistle, my wife was awakened early in the morning by a messenger bearing my letter from Frejus, announcing our return to France, and that General Bonaparte would dine with my mother on his way through Sens! My wife set out immediately, and, on her way, passed Louis, and afterwards, Madame Bonaparte, hastening to meet us. They took the road to Lyons, and missed the General, who there changed his first route and proceeded through the Bourbonnais.

Men often talk of the good fortune which accompanies certain individuals in all their undertakings. Without believing in this species of predestination, if I examine those dangers, so numerous, so varied, from which Bonaparte escaped, on so many occasions, the hazards which he braved, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may attach to him this faith. But, having long studied "the man of destiny," I have remarked, that what others, and he himself, called his fortune, was his genius; that his success resulted from his own deep foresight—his calculations, rapid as the lightning—the instant accordance of his thoughts and actions—and the conviction that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during our passage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not inviolably held a route different from the ordinary course; if he had consented to return to the port of Alexandria, or, subsequently, to Ajaccio, would he have surmounted the perils which beset his path? In all probability, no. Well! was all this the effect of chance? No, certainly.

Hardly had he entered Frejus when, eager for news, Bonaparte questioned, examined everybody. Here he first learned the real extent of our reverses in Italy. These completely effaced former ideas, weakened, indeed, considerably in Corsica: "The evil is too great," said he; "there is nothing to be done." The sacrifice was not made without pain. Never shall I forget with what satisfaction, with what intoxication, he dwelt upon the effect which would be produced in France by the simultaneous announcement of an Egyptian and an Italian victory. Decided thus to hasten with all speed to Paris, he set out the same afternoon. Everywhere was he received with the same enthusiasm; his journey resembled a triumphal march, and it required but

small gift of prophecy to foresee in it something of the futurity that lay beyond.

The state of things in France was indeed fearful. Every province become a prey to anarchy, and the ravages of civil war; the nation menaced with foreign invasion, and groaning under the load of tyrannic laws; the government denounced by the universal voice of the people, as without power, without justice, without morality, the mere puppet of the factious and intriguing. The highways were so infested by robbers, that our carriage was benevolently escorted, not more from respect, than from anxiety for our safety. All things wore the aspect of dissolution; disorder reigned throughout, but especially in the provinces; for men in large cities more easily escape the fangs of despotism and oppression. Any prospect of a change could not fail of being hailed with transport. The majority of the French nation longed to emerge from this debasement. Two dangers threatened at one and the same moment—anarchy and the Bourbons. There was felt the pressing and irresistible necessity of concentrating the supreme power; and, at the same time, of maintaining those institutions which embalmed the spirit and the intelligence of the age—institutions which France had purchased so gloriously, and at the price of ten years of misfortune; of which she had known the sweets only in hope; and which seemed on the point of being lost forever. The good sense of the nation was searching for a man capable of restoring tranquillity to an exhausted and bleeding country. But the search had yet been vain. A fortunate soldier presented himself, covered with glory, who had unfurled the banners of the republic from the Capitol and from the Pyramids. All acknowledged his possession of superior talents: his character, the well known boldness of his views, and his victories, had placed him in the first rank: his conduct hitherto had likewise appeared to proclaim the wish to render the country of his adoption free and happy. Thus, without a thought in reserve, expectation fixed upon a general whom past actions designated as the most capable of defending the republic from foes without, and liberty from false friends within; a general whom his flatterers, and even many of good faith, addressed as "the hero of liberal principles." At the least, there could not be comparison between him and the ignoble crowd of fanatical hypocrites, who under the pretexts of republican and liberal notions, had reduced France to the most disgraceful and the vilest servitude. But, in reality, who could have imagined that, after obtaining the chief magistracy of the republic, for whose preservation he had seemed to labor so earnestly and so successfully, Bonaparte would employ the powers of that very

magistracy to prostrate beneath his feet those principles which he had so often proclaimed—to which he had pledged allegiance?

Yet, true it is, his ambition gratified, such was his after conduct. By absolute rule, he put down the constitutional freedom for which France yearned—the enjoyment of which she had struggled to secure, even by fatal means. But in the upward path of his ambition he reckoned not that he was left alone. His eagle glance, which could scan rapidly and truly the most complicated affairs, detected not his own solitude on a giddy height, whence once destiny, natural feeling, and national patriotism, thus disavowed and betrayed, would leave him to a fall terrible and rapid. He saw not that, when one man is in himself *all*, all must yield with him; and that, when empire hangs upon the issue of a battle, it is staid on nothing!

Among the mighty projects which rolled unceasingly through the mind of Bonaparte, must undoubtedly be ranged the design of arriving at the head of the government. But the belief is erroneous that, on his return, he had any formed plan, any settled scheme: there existed something of vague ambition in his aspirations; and, so to speak, he was building airy structures on a magnificent scale. The march of events moved in accordance with his desires; and one might say that each individual Frenchman aided in shortening the path which led Bonaparte to power. It is certain that those unanimous plaudits, that universal joy and enthusiasm which, to be conceived, must have been witnessed, accompanying his progress through more than 200 leagues, might seem to him, what it appeared to others, a national missive, inviting his participation in the rule of the republic. I, in like manner, regarded him as the savior of my country; and affirm, that this universal joy, which loudly proclaimed the wrongs of the people, and the hope that they had found in the "man of victory," him whom they delighted to call their liberator, was to him the first and principal encouragement to advance directly in the accomplishment of those aims, now apparently indicated by the wishes of France. This he often repeated to me.

We reached Paris on the 24th Vendemiaire (16th October). He had as yet been informed of nothing, having seen neither his wife nor brothers, who had posted through Burgundy, while we had taken the route by the Bourbonnais. The news of the General's disembarkation at Frejus had been transmitted by telegraph to Paris. Madame Bonaparte, dining at M. Gohier's the same day on which, as president of the Directory, he received this dispatch, formed the resolution of instantly setting out to meet her husband, knowing of what importance it was

that she should be beforehand with his brothers. The jealous fury, caused formerly by the imprudent conduct of Junot, had left no apparent traces: nevertheless, secret suspicion preyed upon the mind of Bonaparte. When Josephine returned to Paris, we were already there. Remembrance of the past, the hateful and envenomed tales of his brothers, exaggerations of facts, had exasperated him to the last degree; accordingly, Josephine was received with a studied severity, and an expression of the most cutting indifference. For three days, he held no communication with her, and, during that space, spoke to me incessantly of those suspicions which imagination had now converted into certainties. Often threatenings of divorce were uttered, with no less fury than on the confines of Syria. I again assumed, with success, the part of conciliating: my endeavors, seconded by his own reflections, the sincere affection he had always entertained for Josephine, and his regard for her children, brought about a perfect reconciliation. After these three days of matrimonial pouting, their union, on this point, was never again seriously affected, not even at a subsequent period, by Josephine's foolish expenses and debts.

On the morrow after his arrival, Bonaparte paid a visit to the Directory. The interview was cold. On the 24th he said to me, "At dinner, yesterday, with Gohier, I affected to take no notice of Sieyes, who was there, and I could observe all the rage with which this contempt inflamed him."—"But are you sure he is against you?"—"I know nothing about his plans as yet; but he is a man of system—that I like not." In fact, Bonaparte was already contemplating how he might turn him out, and take his place in the Directory.

But, to follow the course of events, we must cast a retrospective glance upon the state of parties during our absence, and at our return to Paris. The army was exclusively republican, while the Directory and the government seemed as if constituted expressly for intrigue of all kinds. Sieyes was reported at one time to have entertained thoughts of inviting the Duke of Brunswick to the head of affairs; and Barras seemed not to have been far removed from recalling the Bourbons. Moulins, Roger-Ducos, and Gohier alone maintained, or affected alone to maintain, the possibility of preserving existing forms. Among the military, again, Moreau enjoyed a high reputation, and might be considered as representing the Army of the Rhine, which, having reared in its own ranks men of great valor, while not refusing the tribute of admiration to the Conqueror of Italy, leaned with something of personal interest in its estimation of him who had repaired the disasters on the German frontier. Bonaparte, on the other hand, had, for devoted

partisans, all the companions of his Italian glory, and, a little later, those whom he termed "my Egyptians." Bernadotte, too, though at the head of no party, occupied a conspicuous place in public attention, as a stern and inflexible republican, round whom, in the event of any great political explosion, most probably would rally all those of similar sentiments. Strange, that the affairs of Europe should since have been so changed, so intermingled, so fantastic, that the crown of Sweden has become compatible with the fidelity sworn to the constitution of year III.! During the Egyptian expedition, Bernadotte, in his capacity of zealous republican, had discharged the functions of minister of war. I have strong reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of attempts to bring him over to their brother's party; and, with that view, had seconded his nomination to this office. At the same time, I guarantee only what I have seen or heard. It was also reported that, at first, he had yielded to their influence; but afterwards, alienated by their demands in favor of their client, acted independently in his office, and even undertook to open the eyes of the Directory to the ambitious views of the Bonapartes. Certainly the subsequent conduct of Bernadotte, as witnessed by myself, went to corroborate these reports. Endowed with rare perspicacity, he was the first to penetrate clearly the ulterior designs of Bonaparte. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; one duped by the promises, the other accomplices of the Conqueror of Egypt. In these circumstances, if I may so express myself, he hawked about the offer of his services to all those in the government who were, like himself, opposed to the change so much apprehended. But Bonaparte was not the man to be vanquished in management, and every instant beheld his ranks increase.

There were also causes of private difference. Bernadotte did not, like all the other generals in Paris, visit Bonaparte on his arrival. This absence was the more remarked, that the former had served in Italy. It was only after the lapse of fifteen days, and upon the repeated instances of Joseph, and Madame Joseph Bonaparte, his sister-in-law, that Bernadotte paid a visit to his old commander. I was not present, but soon knew the result of the interview, during which the conversation had been long and animated. On its termination, Bonaparte entered the study where I was at work, quite agitated. Hastily addressing me—"Bourrienne, can you conceive of Bernadotte? You have just traversed France with me. You yourself have said that you read in the enthusiasm called forth by my return the desire of every Frenchman to escape from the disastrous situation into which our reverses have plunged the country. Very well! Now see to Berna-

dotte! he vaunts the brilliant and victorious condition of France; tells me of Russia beaten; of Genoa occupied; of innumerable armies everywhere levying; and of I know not what more besides. It is all humbug."—"I understand nothing of this exaggeration," replied I; "but did he not speak to you of Egypt?"—"Ah! now you put me in mind. Did he not reproach me for not having brought the army along with me? My answer to this was—'You just now told me that you have more than enough of troops; that all your frontiers are secured; that immense levies are making; that you have 200,000 foot, and 40,000 cavalry. If so, of what use would a few thousand men more be in France, who are yet sufficient to preserve Egypt?' To this he could make no reply. Then this man, quite elated by having been minister of war, has the assurance to tell me that he looks upon the Egyptian army as lost. He did more—he has shown me that he penetrates my intentions! He spoke of enemies without, and enemies within. At these last words he gave me a look: I also allowed a glance to escape! —But, patience! the pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address; she was present—the look did not escape her: she changed the conversation. Bernadotte saw, from my countenance, that I had enough of it, and took his leave—But I interrupt you—you will find me in Josephine's apartment."

In a private conversation with Madame Bonaparte on the same evening, which, after this account, it is not to be denied I was anxious to hold, the whole was confirmed. She repeated Bernadotte's words. "'I do not despair,' said he, 'of the safety of the state, and am certain the republic will be able to deal with enemies, whether from without or from within.' In pronouncing the last words," continued she, "Bernadotte's look made me tremble. One word more, and Bonaparte would have broken out. It is true," said she again, "it was a little his own fault; for it was he who first turned the conversation upon politics; and Bernadotte, in presenting to him a flattering picture of the condition of France, only replied to one of another description, which the General had just drawn. You know, my dear Bourrienne, our friend is not at all seasons overprudent; and I fear he said too much to Bernadotte on the necessity of changes in the government." Josephine was yet agitated by the thoughts of this morning scene; and I quitted her to consign these outlines of it to my notes.

Three weeks before our arrival from Egypt, Bernadotte had resigned the war portfolio, which was now in possession of Dubois-Crance. Some friends of the late minister, however, were attempting to recall him to his former post. This it imported much to prevent; and how well

Bonaparte already understood his position appears from a conversation held with me the second day after our arrival. After a short silence and rubbing his forehead with his right hand, he continued, breaking off from less important matters—"I am perfectly aware that Bernadotte and Moreau will be against me. But of Moreau I have no fear; he is soft, without energy. I am sure he prefers military to political power: we shall gain him by the offer of a command. But, Bernadotte? he has Moorish blood in his veins; he is bold and enterprising; he has been with my brothers; he does not like me. I am almost certain he will be against me. If he become ambitious, he is capable of daring anything. Yet you will remember with what lukewarmness he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. Besides, this devil of a fellow is scarcely to be seduced; he is disinterested; he has judgment: but we shall see." In little more than three weeks after our arrival, Bernadotte had dined with Bonaparte, both in the Rue Victoire and in the country. The latter had laid himself out to persuade, and finally prevailed on the former, if not to forward, at least not actively to oppose his schemes. In all these advances, Bonaparte acted upon his own principle—"We must always be beforehand with our enemies and show them a fair outside; without this, they think we fear them, and that gives them boldness." Moreau, again, had been brought in the same time completely over. Such were the difficulties in the way, such the imperative necessity of knowing well our ground, when Bonaparte began to act. Let us now advance into a more extensive field, and view our first chances.

As a mark of high esteem for the General, the Council of Five Hundred named his brother Lucien their president. The sequel proved the importance of this nomination, which, with the excellent conduct of Lucien, who throughout displayed a courage, activity, intelligence and presence of mind rarely united in the same individual, mainly contributed to the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The General had a fixed plan of conduct, whence he did not once depart, during the twenty-three days from his arrival till the above date. He refused almost all private invitations, as a safeguard against indiscreet inquiries; waved all unacceptable offers, and all replies which might compromise him. It was even with considerable repugnance that he went into a project of the ardent Lucien, who, by every species of address, had brought the majority of his colleagues to take part in a public subscription dinner to be given in honor of Bonaparte. This, from the number of the guests—two hundred and fifty—the diversity of their opinions, and their mutual suspicions, the heaviest concern at

which I was ever present, attained, however, its object. Two parties, till then irritated against each other, were thus brought together and prepared to join against the common enemy. Bonaparte, wearied and impatient, dined quickly, rose as soon as he had finished, and, making the round of the table with Berthier and myself, addressed a few words of flattery to some, to others an unmeaning phrase, according to circumstances, and disappeared leaving his entertainers still at table.

During this brief political crisis, nothing passed more noble, more elevated, or less contemptible, than all we have seen in these revolutionary commotions, and especially in that of the 18th Fructidor. Everything in such political dealings is so despicable, conducted with so much knavery, with so many lies and snares, so much treachery and impudence, that for the honor of the human species a veil should be drawn over the disgusting detail. All finishes by saber cuts.

The first views of General Bonaparte were directed towards his former aim of obtaining a place in the Directory. But the old objection of age was still opposed, even by his warmest partisans, to his nomination—so much are men more the slaves of names and forms than the supporters of the essential in laws, government and liberty. This *constitutional* objection, which Bonaparte, with all his efforts, perceived he could not surmount, was urged by those who were plotting fundamentally to overturn the constitution of the year III. So soon as his intentions became fully known there were seen to group around him all those who had long divined the man that would be called, and many reared by the Revolution who conceived themselves neglected. It was now, who should share the spoils of the Directory and of the two Councils. At that price, the services of all were venal. These able, and, in their own spheres, influential men exerted their interest to engage Bonaparte to unite with Sieyes, though their hostility had been increased by a report brought to Bonaparte's ear that, on occasion of the dinner at Gohier's, already mentioned, Sieyes exclaimed, after the General's departure—"See how this little insolent treats a member of that authority which ought to have ordered him to be shot." In those days, too, Bonaparte had termed the nomination of Sieyes scandalous; but all was changed by able mediators. These represented to the General how useless it was to seek to take the place of Sieyes; better flatter him, in the hope of overturning the present and making a new constitution; above all, tempt his cupidity. One said in my hearing, "Seek support among those who treat as Jacobins the friends of the republic; and be assured, Sieyes is at the head of that party."

In order speedily to rid themselves of a reputation which embar-

rassed and disquieted them, the members of the Directory sent out for the General to attend a private sitting. On the morrow he informed me of the result:—"They offered me the choice of any army I might desire to command. I did not refuse; but requested some time for the re-establishment of my health; and, to escape other troublesome offers, took my leave. I will not return to their sittings—(he went only once again)—I decide for the party of Sieyes. It numbers better than that of the profligate Barras. Besides, the latter would have repugnance to play an inferior part; and I will never yield to such a one. He gives himself out as the author of my fortune; and thinks only of himself as the future prop of the republic. What should I do with him? Sieyes, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner had Sieyes and Bonaparte come to an understanding than the former let out that Barras had said:—"The little Corporal made his fortune in Italy; he has no need to return." Bonaparte, upon this, went to the Directory expressly to rebut the accusation; complaining loudly before all of this attack; resolutely affirming that his supposed wealth was a fable; and that, if he had made a fortune, it was at least not at the expense of the republic. "You know well," said he to me, speaking on this subject, "that the mines of Hydria produced the greater part of what I may have." The peculations of Barras were at this very time notorious.

During this important crisis Bonaparte admitted few into his confidence. He communicated his designs only to those necessary to their success. The rest, like machines, followed their chiefs and the impulse given them. They waited with passive obedience upon the faith of those promises by which their assistance had been purchased. As time advanced, agents of all descriptions, agitators, partisans, the public journals, were set to work, diffusing everywhere the requisite opinions and alarms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVOLUTION OF 18TH BRUMAIRE — PREPARATIONS IN BONAPARTE'S HOUSE — IN THE CHAMBERS—ST. CLOUD — BONAPARTE'S SPEECH—FEARS—CHAMBERS DISSOLVED—BONAPARTE ELECTED CONSUL, WITH SIEYES AND DUCOS.

THE parts were well cast in the grand drama whose catastrophe approached. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire (9th November) every one was at his post. Lucien, with no less activity

than intelligence, advanced the conspiracy in the Council of Five Hundred. Sieyes took care of the Directory. Real, under the wing of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and, according to the instructions of his leader, labored with admirable address, without compromising Fouché, for the destruction of those from whom that minister derived his power. Time pressed. So early as the 14th, Fouché said to me—"Tell your General to be speedy. If he delays he is lost."

On the 17th, Bonaparte was informed by Regnault St. Jean d'Angely that the overtures made to Cambacèrés and Lebrun were not received in a very decided manner. "I will have no tergiversation," replied the General with warmth. "Let them not suppose I have need of them. They must determine to-day. If not, to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself sufficiently strong at present to stand alone." These individuals had remained almost strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, in his arrangements, had cast his eyes upon Cambacèrés, the minister of justice, in order to create him one of his colleagues, when he should be in a condition to appoint them; because, through his former life, this functionary had given pledges to the partisans of the Revolution; and he added Lebrun to counterbalance the former choice. Lebrun was well known as a man of honorable conduct and moderate principles. By this selection Bonaparte hoped to satisfy all parties. Besides, neither was in a state to contend against his own inflexible resolution and ambitious views.

What low intrigues the 17th Brumaire beheld! That day I dined with Bonaparte. After dinner, he said to me—"To-morrow I have engaged to dine with Gohier. You may well believe I shall do no such thing. I am not the less vexed at his obstinacy. To reassure him still more, my wife has just invited him to breakfast for to-morrow. It is impossible he should apprehend anything. I saw Barras this morning, and left him very ill at ease. He besought me to see him again to-night. I promised, but shall not go. To-morrow the affair will be finished. It is a little time gained. He expects me at eleven. All will be prepared for my reception. Take my carriage, name me, and you will be immediately admitted. Say to him, a severe headache has obliged me to go to bed; but that I shall see him to-morrow without fail: that he may be quite easy; for everything will be arranged. Avoid as much as possible being questioned; do not stay long; and come to my apartment on your return."

I arrived at eleven o'clock at night precisely, in the General's

chariot. The greatest solitude and most profound silence reigned in the apartments leading to the cabinet of Barras. I was announced, when, seeing me instead of Bonaparte, he showed extreme astonishment. He had a most disconsolate air. It was easy to perceive that he looked upon himself as a lost man. I discharged my commission, and remained but a short time. On conducting me to the door, he said —"I see Bonaparte deceives me. He will not return. All is over. To me, nevertheless, he owes everything." I replied that he would certainly return on the morrow. A negative shake of the head showed me plainly he did not believe the assertion. We shall see what passed. Bonaparte, on hearing the account of my visit, appeared well satisfied. In reply, he said—"Joseph has just gone to Bernadotte's to tell him to come to-morrow."—"From what I know," was my answer, "if he does come, he will be of no service to you."—"I believe so; but he can no longer do me any hurt: that is all I want. Come, good-night! Be here to-morrow morning at seven." It was then one o'clock.

Returning on the morrow a little before seven, I perceived a great number of generals and officers already assembled; and on entering Bonaparte's chamber—an extraordinary circumstance—found him risen. At this moment he appeared calm, as on the approach of battle: the great agitation was reserved for the day after. I had not been there more than a few minutes, when Joseph entered with Bernadotte, whom he had not been able to find the preceding evening, and had therefore brought thus early. I felt so surprised to see the latter in plain clothes, that I could not help approaching and saying, in a low voice—"General, everybody here is in uniform, except you and I."—"Why should I be so?" As he pronounced these words, Bonaparte, struck also with surprise, interrupted his conversation with several persons collected about him, and turning abruptly towards Bernadotte —"Hold!" said he, "you are not in uniform."—"I am thus every morning, when not on duty."—"But you shall be on service in a moment."—"I have heard nothing to that effect. My instructions should have reached me sooner." Bonaparte then withdrew with Bernadotte into an adjoining room. The conversation was not long—there was no time to be lost.

In another quarter, under the influence of a party of the principal conspirators, the translation of the two legislative bodies to St. Cloud was decreed on the morning of the 18th, and Bonaparte appointed to the command of the armed force.

While these various transactions were going forward, Barras probably still expected Bonaparte, while Josephine waited Gohier for break-

fast. In the residence of Bonaparte were assembled all the generals devoted to him. Never had I seen there so large a number. All were in full uniform. Some half dozen civilians also appeared, of those initiated in the mysteries of the day. The humble abode of the Conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage: the court, and even the entrance, were crowded. Bonaparte had been informed of the decree of the Council, and, before mounting on horseback, waited for the copy which would be transmitted to him. At the very moment even of this numerous convocation of officers, that decree was passed in the Council of the Ancients by a majority which might be termed factitious, for the members had been summoned in the evening at different hours, and matters were so managed that sixty or eighty, whom Lucien and his friends had been unable to bring over, did not receive their intimations till too late.

When the message of the Ancients arrived, Bonaparte invited all the assembled officers to follow him. On the news which he announced, a small number drew back—at least I observed two groups separately quit the house. Bernadotte, addressing me, said, "I remain with you." My belief then was that a great deal of jealousy appeared in his demeanor. Bonaparte, before descending the stairs leading into the court from the small circular dining-room, which served also as an antechamber, returned hastily to invite Bernadotte to follow. He refused. Bonaparte said to me in passing—"Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him!" then sprung on horseback. Scarcely was he gone, when Bernadotte also departed.

Thus left alone with Josephine, I became the confidant of the inquietudes which agitated her, and which I sought to tranquilize by saying that, everything being prepared, affairs would go on of their own accord. She entertained much kindness of feeling towards Madame Gohier: this sentiment extended also to her husband; and I have reason to believe that Madame Bonaparte sent assurance to President Gohier, through a friend of his wife, that if he resigned voluntarily, without joining Barras, all would go well. But, at that moment, Gohier and Moulins were in their places in the hall of the Directory, waiting for their colleague Barras, to deliberate as a majority, not counting upon Sieyes and Ducos, respecting the translation of the two councils to St. Cloud. They were deceived in their hope. Barras had been so completely prostrated by my visit of the evening before, which had opened his eyes at midnight, that he refused to appear, however pressing the messages sent to him; but remained invisible to his brethren till the moment when Bruix and Talleyrand made him ac-

quainted with the accomplishment of what he dreaded, and demanded his resignation; for, in the position of things, *requested* would be too mild an expression.

On leaving home, Bonaparte rode to the garden of the Tuileries, where, accompanied by Generals Beurnonville, Moreau, Macdonald, he reviewed about 10,000 troops, assembled there from an early hour. He then read to the soldiers the decree of the Ancients, directing the transference of the two chambers to St. Cloud for to-morrow (19th), and interdicting all exercise of functions and all deliberations elsewhere, and before that time. The decree farther invested Bonaparte with the command of all the military force, and empowered him to require the aid of every citizen if needful. After reading this document, to which the troops listened with the most lively interest, the General addressed them in a few words of explanation, showing the decree to be conformable to articles 102-3 of the constitution, and that measures were in operation for the better government of the country, which he and they were called upon, in the discharge of their duty, to assist and protect. While the General was thus laboring in his vocation, the Council of the Ancients issued an address "to the French," setting forth that "the Council of the Ancients employed the right delegated by the constitution of changing the residence of the legislative body, in order to reclaim the national representation from the dominion of factions, and to restore internal peace." A proclamation somewhat similar was also issued by Bonaparte, addressed to the citizens, and dispersed throughout Paris. He was so certain of the manner in which the Council would act, that he dictated to me this same proclamation before receiving the decree upon which it was founded.

During these transactions, I remained with Josephine. We were at length considerably re-assured by learning that a message, through Adjutant-general Rapatel, had been delivered at Joseph's house, who was absent, in name of Bonaparte and Moreau, requesting his presence at the Tuileries. This alliance, so long unhoped, appeared to us both a favorable omen. It was in effect a grand stroke played and gained, by Bonaparte thus engaging Moreau on his side: the game, too, appeared by no means without hazard, since we all knew Moreau to be justly alive to the injurious slights of Bonaparte, of whose projects, besides, he was not ignorant. A slave to military discipline, the former now no longer regarded the fortunate rival, save as the chief nominated by his Council of the Ancients. Orders were given him, and he obeyed. Bonaparte assigned to the Commander of the Army of the Rhine the quarter of Luxembourg—the command of the jailor-guard of the Directory. He

accepted, and no circumstance could have contributed more marvelously to the accomplishment of the views of Bonaparte and the triumph of his ambition. Whatever might be the event, Moreau had been under his orders: the latter would, more than any other, thus be compromised with the Directors, should they prove refractory; and this stern republican had held captive the chiefs of the republic.

At last we beheld the General return. Almost everything had succeeded; he had then to deal only with soldiers. In the course of the evening he said to me—"They are now engaged in decreeing, by the commission of inspectors of the chamber, what shall be done to-morrow at St. Cloud: I am better pleased that these people should decide — it flatters their vanity. I shall obey orders which I have myself concerted." Continuing our conversation, he expressed satisfaction at having gained Moreau; then spoke thus of Bernadotte's visit: — "A general without uniform! — he might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what I told him on withdrawing? — All. He then knew what to depend upon: I prefer plain dealing. I said his Directory was detested, his constitution grown stale; that it had become necessary to make a clean house, and give another direction to the government. I then added, Go and put on your uniform; I cannot wait longer; you will find me at the Tuileries in the midst of all our comrades. Bernadotte, you need place reliance neither on Moreau nor on Beurnonville, nor upon any of the generals of your side. When you know men better, you will find that they promise much, and hold to little. Trust them not. He then said he would take no part in what must be called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, can you conceive that? A pack of imbeciles; people who play the lawyer from morning to night in their pettiest affairs! All was useless; I could not overcome Bernadotte's resolution: he is a bar of iron. I requested his pledge to undertake nothing against me. Know you what he said?"—"Doubtless, something unpleasant."—"Unpleasant! that's a good one!—much worse. He told me, 'I shall remain quiet as a citizen; but, if the Directory give me orders to act, I will march against all perturbators.' After all, I laugh at him: my measures are taken, and he shall have no command. Moreover, I may just tell you, I completely outwitted him as to the sequel. I played off the sweets of a private life—the pleasures of the country—the delights of Malmaison—of, I know not what? I enacted the swain, and so parted. On the whole, things have passed off pretty well to-day. Good-night; we shall see to-morrow."

On the 19th, I went to St. Cloud, accompanied by my old acquaint-

ance La Valette. As we were passing through the Place Louis XV.,* he asked me what was to be transacted, and what I thought of the events now at issue. "My friend," said I, "we shall either sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg, or we finish here." Who could have told which was to be the conclusion? Success has legitimated, as a noble enterprise, what the least circumstance had converted into a criminal attempt.

The meeting of the Ancients opened at one o'clock, presided over by Lemercier. Discussion ran high upon the situation of affairs; upon the admission of the members of Directory; and the propriety of an immediate election. Altercation was becoming warm. The accounts brought every instant to General Bonaparte determined him to enter the hall and take part in the debate. His entrance was hasty, and in anger—no favorable prognostics of what he would say. The passage by which we entered led directly forward into the middle of the house: our backs were toward the door. Bonaparte had the president on his right; he could not see him quite in front. I found myself on the General's right; our clothes touched; Berthier was on his left. All the harangues composed for Bonaparte, after the event, differ from each other—no miracle that. There was, in fact, none pronounced to the Ancients; unless a broken conversation with the president, carried on without nobleness, propriety, or dignity, may be called a speech. We heard only these words:—"Brothers in arms"—"frankness of a soldier." The interrogatories of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear. Nothing could be more confused, or worse enunciated, than the ambiguous and disjointed replies of Bonaparte. He spoke incoherently of "volcanoes"—"secret agitations"—"victories"—"constitution violated." He found fault even with the 18th Fructidor, of which he had himself been the prime instigator and most powerful upholder. He pretended to be ignorant of everything up to the very moment when the Council of the Ancients had called him to the succor of the country. Then came "Cæsar"—"Cromwell"—"tyrant." He repeated several times, "I have nothing more to tell you;" and he had told them nothing. He said he was called to assume a higher command, on his return from Italy, by the wish of the nation, and, afterwards, of his comrades. Out came the words, "liberty, equality." For these, every one saw, he had not come to St. Cloud. Scarcely were they

* A square in which the executions during the revolutionary times generally took place.

pronounced, when a member—I believe Linglet — interrupted him sharply, "You forget the constitution." Then his action became animated, and we lost him, comprehending nothing beyond "18 Fructidor"—"30 Prairial"—"hypocrites"—"intriguers"—"I am not so"—"I shall declare all"—"I will abdicate the power when the danger which threatens the republic has passed." Bonaparte, thinking all these allegations admitted as proofs, plucked up a little assurance and accused the two directors, "Barras and Moulins, who had proposed," said he, "to place him at the head of a party whose object was to put down those professing liberal ideas." At these words, revolting from their falsehood, great clamor arose in the hall. Some demanded, with loud outcries, a general committee to examine these revelations. "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! a conspiracy has been denounced: it is proper that France hear all." Bonaparte was then invited to enter upon details: "You ought to conceal nothing." These interruptions, apostrophes and interrogations overwhelmed him: he believed himself lost. Instead of explaining what he had said, he accused anew the Council of Five Hundred. The disapprobation became more violent, and his discourse still more wanting in method and coherence. Sometimes he addressed the representatives, now quite stultified; sometimes the military in the court, who were beyond hearing; then, without any transition, he spoke of the "thunder of war," saying, "I am accompanied by the God of war and fortune." The president then calmly observed to him, that he found nothing—absolutely nothing—upon which they could deliberate; that all he had said was vague: "Explain yourself, unfold the plots into which you have been invited to enter." Bonaparte repeated the same things—and in what style! No idea, in truth, can be formed of the whole scene, unless by those present. There was not the least order in all he stammered out, to speak sincerely, with the most inconceivable incoherence. Bonaparte was no orator. His place was in front of a battery, rather than before the president's chair of an assembly.

Perceiving the bad effect produced upon the meeting by this rhapsody, and the progressive confusion of the speaker, I whispered, pulling his coat gently at the same time, "Retire, General; you no longer know what you are saying." I made a sign to Berthier to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; when suddenly, after stammering out a few words more, he turned round, saying, "Let all who love me, follow!" The guards stationed at the door offered no opposition to his passage; the attendant who preceded calmly drew aside the drapery which closed the entrance, and the General sprang upon his horse, in

the midst of the troops which filled the court. Truly, I know not what might have been the consequence had the president, seeing the General retire, said, "Grenadiers! let no one pass." I have a notion, however, that, instead of sleeping on the morrow in the palace of the Luxembourg, he would have finished his part in the square of the Revolution.

We have just seen what a spectacle the hall of the Ancients presented: without, all wore a different aspect. Scarcely had the General appeared on horseback, when shouts from a thousand voices of "Long live Bonaparte!" rose in every quarter. This was but a ray of sunshine in the interval of the storm: the Council of Five Hundred was yet to be faced and quite otherwise prepared than that of the Ancients. All combined to produce a fearful uncertainty; but there was now no retreat, the party was too deeply engaged; the last stake must be played; some hours more, and the die would be cast.

These apprehensions were not groundless. In the Council of Five Hundred, agitation was at its height. The most serious disturbances were manifestsd in all its deliberations; the Council insisted that the installation of the two Chambers should be announced to the Directory; and a message dispatched to the Ancients, requesting to be informed of the motives which had rendered necessary an extraordinary convocation. But already no Directory existed: Sieyes and Ducos had thrown themselves into the party of Bonaparte; Gohier and Moulins, confided to the custody of Moreau, were detained prisoners in the Luxembourg; and, while the message was yet under discussion, the resignation of Barras, previously addressed to them, was forwarded by the Ancients to the Five Hundred. The reading of this document by Lucien, as president, occasioned a great uproar in the latter assembly. A second reading was demanded, and the legality of the resignation, with other matters connected, were yet undergoing a stormy examination, when Bonaparte appeared in the assembly, followed by the grenadiers, whom, however, he left at the door.

I was not with the General on this occasion, having been commissioned to send information to his wife by express that all would go well. But without guaranteeing things so positively as if I had seen them, I hesitate not to think, and to say, that we must rank among the grossest fabrications all that has been said of pretended acts of violence, and of imaginary daggers. This conviction is founded upon the relations given me the same evening by individuals most deserving of credit, spectators of what passed. As to the reports then or afterwards promulgated—in all, the recitals vary according to the opinions of the narrators. It is said that, on the sight of armed men, a uni-

versal outcry arose. From all parts of the hall resounded the exclamations, "The sanctuary of the law is violated!"—"Down with the tyrant!"—"Down with Cromwell!"—"Down with the Dictator!"—"What means the madman?" with others of the same kind. Bonaparte would needs hammer out a speech; but had no sooner opened his lips, than the sounds were lost in almost universal cries of "Live the Republic!"—"The Constitution forever!"—"Outlawry to the Dictator!" Then, it is said, the grenadiers precipitately advanced, calling out, "Let us save our General!" that upon sight of these, indignation reached its height; and Bonaparte, out of his wits, fell into the arms of the soldiers, crying out, "They have a design to assassinate me." I give faith to the cries, to the menaces, to the vociferations; but rank as fables the poniards and fire-arms with which the deputies are said to have been armed, and this irruption of the military, the more confidently that Bonaparte mentioned these circumstances neither to me nor to Josephine.

On Bonaparte's exit, the deliberations in the Five Hundred continued to be most tumultuous, and the most furious proposals were agitated. The president, Lucien, endeavored to calm the assembly; but every sentence was interrupted by cries—"Bonaparte has tarnished his glory!" "He is become a disgrace to the republic!" "I devote him to execration!" After new efforts, he resigned the chair to Chasal, desirous to obtain a hearing as a simple member. He requested that the General might be again introduced and allowed to state his intentions, which, he maintained, were only to explain something of great moment in the situation of affairs; "for I believe none of you will, in any case, impute to him designs inimical to liberty." This proposition of Lucien was not received. Cries of "Outlawry!" "Bonaparte!" "Outlawry!" pervaded the assembly. Lucien a second time left the chair, that he might not, as president, be compelled to put to the vote the sentence of outlawry invoked against his brother. Braving the fury of the chamber, he ascended the tribune, abdicated the presidency, renounced his mandate of deputy, and threw off his insignia. At the moment when he thus quitted the assembly, I returned to my station on the scene. Bonaparte, perfectly informed of what was going on within, sent some soldiers to his brother's rescue. They brought him out from the midst of the hall; and the General attached importance to the circumstance of having with him the president of an assembly which thenceforth he affected to treat as rebellious. Lucien now reassumed the functions of president; but it was on horseback, at the head of the troops. Inspired by his brother's and his own

danger, he pronounced, with inflammatory action, a spirited harangue, which showed what a man could then dare, who was nothing, and could be nothing, save through the splendor reflected from his brother.

Notwithstanding the shouts of "Bonaparte forever!" which followed this address, the hesitation reigning among the troops still continued. They shrunk from turning their arms against the national representation. Upon this, Lucien, unsheathing his sword, cried out, "I swear to pierce the bosom of my own brother, if ever he harbor a thought injurious to the liberties of Frenchmen!" This dramatic effort had entire success. Hesitation vanished at these words; and, on a sign from Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of the grenadiers, charged into the hall, and cleared it of the representatives. All were forced to yield to the logic of the bayonet, and here stopped the interference of the armed force on this famous day.

By ten o'clock at night the greatest calm reigned throughout the palace of St. Cloud, wherein so many tumultuous scenes had just been enacted. All the deputies had remained within its precincts. They might be seen wandering about in the saloon, in the gallaries, in the courts. The majority had an air of consternation not yet quieted. The rest affected a satisfaction well got up; but all burned with the desire of returning to Paris. This they could not do till a new mandate revoked the order for their translation.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had yet taken nothing the whole day, but who seemed insensible to physical wants in the season of great action, said to me, "Come, Bourrienne, write. I must this evening address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow, on its awakening, I shall occupy the whole capital." The proclamation dictated to me that evening, proved, no less than others, how greatly its author excelled in the art of embellishing the truth to his own advantage.

The day had thus been passed in destroying one government; it was imperative to devote the night to the building up of a new one on the ruins. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Sieyes were at St. Cloud. The Council of the Ancients assembled, and Lucien set about searching out such members of the other chamber as he could count upon. He was able to collect only about thirty, who, with their president, represented the *majority* of the numerous assembly of which they formed so small a portion. This shade of a representation was essential; for Bonaparte, in spite of the illegal proceedings of the previous day, desired to have the appearance of acting under lawful authority. The Council of the Ancients had already in the morning decided that an executive pro-

visional commission should be named, composed of three members, and was preparing to appoint the commissioners—a measure the initiative of which belonged to the Five Hundred—when Lucien came to announce to his brother his own chamber unmanageable.

On these grounds, the Council of *Five Hundred*, represented now by the *majority* of *thirty*, passed with all speed a decree to the following effect—"There is no longer a Directory; and there are no longer members of a national representation, by reason of the excess and felonious attempts to which they were continually proceeding." Then appeared a list of sixty-two deputies, noticed by name, as peculiarly turbulent. By other articles of the same decree the Council created a provisional commission, similar to that the Ancients proposed to be instituted; decided that it should be composed of three members; and that these members should take the title of Consuls of the Republic. There were named as Consuls, Sieyes, Roger Ducos and Bonaparte. The remaining depositions comprised in this nocturnal decree of St. Cloud were merely formal. This night sitting was perfectly peaceable; indeed, it could not well be otherwise. All the members knew in advance the part they were required to play. By three in the morning all was finished, and the palace of St. Cloud, lately the scene of so much tumult, assumed its wonted character of one vast solitude.

All the goings and comings, numerous little billets to write to different people, the necessary conversations, etc., did not allow me to dine till one in the morning. At that hour, and not sooner, had Bonaparte gone to take the oath before the Five Hundred (the thirty) as Consul. By three we were in his carriage, on our way to Paris, where he arrived extremely fatigued; and, as a new futurity had now opened upon him, so entirely was he absorbed in his own thoughts that he spoke not a single word during the drive. But having reached home, no sooner had he ascended to his bed-chamber, where I also followed, and where Josephine awaited his arrival, in the greatest distress, than, abruptly addressing me, he observed, inquiringly—"So, Bourrienne, I blundered egregiously?"—"Not so badly, General."—"I like better to harangue my soldiers than to speak before lawyers. These —— put me out. I have not sufficient experience for assemblies. That will come, of course." We then all three fell a-talking. Madame Bonaparte was at length reassured, and the General recovered his usual self-possession. The events of the day naturally supplied the materials of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, inquired feelingly about the president. "What would you have me do, sweet?" said Bonaparte to her; "it is not my fault. Why would he

not hear reason? He is a fine fellow—a simpleton! He does not understand me. I ought perhaps to cause him to be transported. He wrote against me to the Ancients. But I have his letter, and the Council knew nothing at all about the matter. Poor man! Yesterday he expected me to dinner!—And yet, he believes himself a statesman!—Let us talk of something else!" In the course of our chatting, the name of Bernadotte occurred. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?"—"No, General."—"Nor I—he has not even been mentioned to me. Can you conceive of him? I heard yesterday of a great many intrigues going forward, in which he was concerned. Would you believe it? he asked nothing less than to be named my colleague in the command! He talked of mounting on horseback, and coming with the troops that should be placed under his orders, in the design, as he said, of maintaining the constitution. He did more: I am assured he had the audacity to add, that, if it were necessary to carry the sentence of outlawry against me into effect, he was ready; and that he would have soldiers capable of executing the decree."—"All these things, General, saould make you aware of the inflexibility of his principles."—"Oh! true; I understand perfectly. There is something in it: he keeps his word; for, without his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are connected: his wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has much influence. I myself—but, let me ask you, have I not made sufficient advances? You have witnessed. Moreau, who enjoys a very different military reputation, yielded at once. Upon the whole, I repent having condescended to Bernadotte a little; so am thinking how to remove him from all his haunts, without any one being the wiser. I cannot prudently revenge myself in any other way: Joseph loves him; everybody would be against me. Ah! what foolish things these same family considerations are! Good-night, Bourrienne—*Apropos*, we shall sleep tomorrow in the Luxembourg!"

I then left the General, henceforth the First Consul, after having been constantly by his side for nearly twenty-four hours, except while he was with the Five Hundred, and reached home at five in the morning.

There can be no doubt that, if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th, as invited by Madame Bonaparte, he would have been one of the members of Government. But Gohier enacted the lofty republican, and, to use a proverbial expression, got upon his high horse, the constitution of the year III., which, receiving a pretty hard fall, he came down along with it. Gohier, conjointly with Moulins, did, in fact, address the Council of the Ancients in a letter which, as we have seen,

was intercepted by Bonaparte. In this document they complained of being detained prisoners in the Directoral Palace, unconscious as they were of any crime, save an unshaken resolution to perform those duties arising out of the confidence reposed in them by that assembly. They declared the republic to be in danger, and called upon the Council to "take measures for its defense."

A singular circumstance prevented these patriotic directors from defending their beloved constitution. They allowed it to perish out of sheer respect, seeing that, in order to save it, they must have violated the principle which forbade the directors to deliberate, unless three were present. In a somewhat similar way, a king of Castile was suffered to give up the ghost—having fallen into the fire when, unhappily, there was no one present of the rank permitted by etiquette to touch the royal person.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSULAR GOVERNMENT—BONAPARTE—SIEYES—DUCOS—SECOND CONSULAR GOVERNMENT—BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL; CAMBACERES, SECOND; LE BRUN, THIRD — MUTINIES — DIFFICULTIES — NEGOTIATIONS WITH ENGLAND—ANECDOTES—EGYPTIAN OFFICERS—PROVIDENTIAL OCCURRENCE.

Nothing is more difficult than to vindicate the superiority of truth, when it is opposed to received error. Such is the difficulty I now experience. What has been just said respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire is the exact truth: I speak of those things only which I have seen, and relate proceedings which I witnessed: but how reconcile this late truth with so many erroneous suppositions? How drag these accredited lies from the place they have usurped in history? One of these errors, in particular, respects the conduct of Bonaparte. Strange mania of certain writers! the moment they have adopted a hero, they remove from him all the weaknesses incident to humanity. Bonaparte, chief in the field of battle, must also be first in the eloquence of debate. "There were moments," says one writer, "when he spoke like a god, and others in which he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." The one-half of this is true; but most assuredly I did not hear the god. Yet I was present; I wrote down the whole at the very time even, and have often repeated the narrative, as I now recount its events to the reader. Doubtless I should be better

satisfied to be in accordance with all the world; but cannot bring myself to play the part of a flatterer before a great man, in supposing an eloquence which did not exist; and as I honestly labor to destroy calumny, so I shall establish truth, at whatever expense of undeserved praise. Thus have I shown that Bonaparte exercised not an act of wanton cruelty at Jaffa; but he blundered on and spoke nonsense to the Council of Five Hundred. After all, what imported his blunders of speech? The oratory of the bayonet carried it over the most eloquent harangues. On the morrow he was not less Chief of the Republic; nor, at a later period, Emperor of the French.

The acts of the 18th Brumaire are, without doubt, open to censure, in point of legal right; but who will venture to assert that the immediate result of that day was not to be regarded as a great happiness to France? To deny this would be to proclaim a total ignorance of the wretched situation of affairs at that deplorable epoch. Let men lavish as they may the high-sounding phrases, "oppressed representation," "violated constitution," "military tyranny," "usurped power," "soldier of fortune;" this did not and will not hinder France from saluting, with almost unanimous voice, the advent of Bonaparte to the consular power as a blessing of Providence. I speak not here of the ulterior consequences, but simply of the event in itself, and its first effects; such, for instance, as the repeal of the "law of hostages," and the abolition of the "forced loans." Few blamed the 18th Brumaire; no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, probably, of the five directors.—But let us speak no more of the directoral government; what an administration! in what a condition were the finances of the country! Will it be credited? on the second day of his consulate, Bonaparte desired to send dispatches to General Championnet, commander of the Army of Italy. Well, there could not be found in the treasury of France *twelve hundred francs* (£50) disposable to give to the courier!

Hence may be conceived the difficulties from the want of money in the first movements of the new government. Of those who came forward to the assistance of the First Consul, M. Collot, whose excellent conduct and administration under Bonaparte in Italy merited only encomium, was among the foremost. No less disinterested than speedy in his aid, he was yet poorly recompensed. Five millions of francs in gold were thus placed in the consular chest, where they figured to excellent purpose. This sum was not repaid till long after, and without any interest; and the Consul afterwards acted as if he wished to punish M. Collot for being rich.

On the morning of the 20th, the First Consul sent his brother Louis to announce to the ex-director, Gohier, that he was at liberty. This haste was not without cause; but generosity had therein no part. Bonaparte eagerly longed to install himself in the Luxembourg; and we removed thither that same evening.

All was to create. Bonaparte had almost the whole of the army on his side; but the military no longer sufficed for his purposes: there was wanting a great civil power, legally established. The institution, therefore, of a senate, a tribunate, a council of state, and a new legislative body; in short, the creation of a new constitution, immediately commenced. This, the constitution of the year VIII., was presented on the 13th December, 1799, and accepted by the people 7th February, 1800. It recognized a consular government, composed of Bonaparte, First Consul, named for ten years; Cambacèrés, Second Consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, Third Consul, for five years. It established a conservative senate and legislative body of 300, with a tribunate of 100 members.* The 95 articles composing the constitution were ranged under seven grand divisions: I. On the exercise of rights of citation. II. On the powers and duties of the conservative senate. III. On the legislative power. IV. On the executive government. V. On the tribunals. VI. On the responsibility of public functionaries. VII. General dispositions.

In forming the consular administration, Bonaparte not having yet experience of the men with whom he was thus about to surround himself, procured from those whom he knew of the most remarkable individuals of that period, and who were best instructed regarding France and the revolution, written information respecting the persons worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunate, and the council of state. These notes afford grounds for believing that the writers considered themselves as falling in with his sentiments, and regarded him as impressed with the current opinions, by dwelling as strong recommendations upon the patriotism, love of liberty, and former occupation of office under the republic, of those nominated for the projected functions. Bonaparte, however, thought only of organizing a complaisant senate, a mute legislature, and a tribunate which should content itself with a seeming independence, existing in certain fine speeches and sonorous phrases. He appointed senators without much difficulty; but it was not so with members of the tribunate. Here he hesitated long, entertaining an anticipated dread of that assembly. On

* Reduced to fifty, 1802, and finally suppressed, 1807

attaining power he dared not all at once disregard the exigencies of the times; but consented for a season to humor the hollow ambition of those who still continued their fine declamations about liberty. He considered that circumstances were not yet sufficiently favorable for the prevention of this third power in the constitution, destined in appearance to plead before the legislature the cause and interests of the people; but, even in yielding to this necessity, the very idea of a tribunate caused him a lively uneasiness. To say the truth, Bonaparte could not bear public discussions on projects of law.

These notes are principally in the hand-writing of Lucien, though several portions are inserted by Regnault St. Jean d'Angely. In the autographs, an asterisk is affixed to many names, placed there by Bonaparte himself, in order to distinguish those upon whom he intended to have his eye for future employments. These marks designate chiefly practical men, merchants, bankers, former administrators, and some few lawyers; but all men of talents, characterized as of moderate principles and steady habits. The descriptions annexed are usually very brief. Several are marked out, to be avoided as declared partisans of the Orleans party, which is there designated as secret, active and numerous, and likely one day to be troublesome in France!

But we must do justice: of all qualities or recommendations, that which possessed the greatest influence with the First Consul was uncorrupted integrity; and herein he was seldom mistaken. When Cambacèrés, on his elevation, vacated the office of minister of justice, Bonaparte conferred it on M. d'Abrial, a Peer of France, since dead. On remitting the portfolio to the new minister, the First Consul addressed him thus: "Citizen Abrial, I know you not, but am informed you are the most upright man in the magistracy; it is on that account I have named you minister of justice." Above all, he required talent, and little as he liked the men of the Revolution, he considered that, in this respect, they could not be passed over. For mediocrity he had conceived an extreme aversion, and rejected a character of this description, whenever presented; but, if such a one had long been in office, he submitted to the empire of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, in his own words, "new faces."

The first consular ministry (under Bonaparte, Sieyes and Ducos), was composed of Berthier in the war department; Gaudin for finance; Cambacèrés, solicitor-general; Forfait at the admiralty; La Place, secretary for the home department; Fouché, minister of police; and Reinhard, foreign secretary. La Place and Reinhard were soon superseded; the latter by the able Talleyrand, the former by Lucien, who

did little more than merely make the round of the ministry before reaching his lucrative Spanish embassy. As to La Place, whose nomination was a tribute paid to science, Bonaparte had quickly reason to repent this choice. The philosopher, so aptly organized for meditation, exhibited the most incredible mediocrity in business, proving incapable of conducting the most trifling affairs of government; as if that spirit formed to embrace the system of the universe, and to interpret the laws of Newton and of Kepler, could not stoop to the labors of detail, nor apply its powers to the cares required of the legislator, with whose functions its possessor was invested for a very brief, and yet too long, space.

On the 26th Brumaire (November 17), the Consuls issued arrests against thirty-eight ex-deputies, and others, sentenced to be transported to French Guiana; and against twenty-three others, ordered to be detained in some department of France. On the representation of Cambacèrés, that such proscriptions were impolitic and unreasonable severities, they were withdrawn, and the individuals named only placed under the surveillance of the general police. From this list, I had fortunately obtained from Bonaparte the erasure of Deputy Moreau of Worms. Some days after Sieyes entered the cabinet of the First Consul, saying—"Truly this Moreau of Worms, whom M. de Bourrienne prevailed on you to save from transportation, has been playing fine pranks! I warned you of him. Here is a letter from Sens, his native place, informing me that he is there, and did publicly, with the most violent declamations, excite the people against the 18th Brumaire."—"Are you quite sure of your agents?"—"Perfectly sure; I answer for the truth of what is written." Bonaparte, showing the letter, made me the most cutting reproaches. "What would you say, General, if, within an hour, I produce here this same Moreau, reporting to be holding forth at Sens?"—"I defy you."—"I pledged myself for his good conduct," was my answer, "and I knew what I was about: he is an enthusiast, but a man of honor, and incapable of compromising a friend."—"Very well! we shall see: go and find him." I was pretty confident in all this, for, in truth, not an hour before I had seen Moreau, who had lain concealed without quitting Paris. He was introduced, and the First Consul conversed with him a long while about the affair of the 18th. "Well," said Bonaparte to me, after his departure, "you were right. That fool, Sieyes, is credulous as Cassandra! This proves that we must not lightly put faith in the reports of the wretches we are obliged to employ on the police. But really now, Bourrienne, this Moreau of yours is not quite

so bad: he pleases me mightily: I shall do something for him." In fact, a few days after, on my simple recommendation, he was nominated to a place with a salary of ten thousand francs (£420). How strange are often the chances in a man's fortune!

As to Sieyes, in the transactions, certainly not numerous, which occurred between us, I found him much below the great reputation he then enjoyed. He placed a blind confidence in that multitude of agents with which he filled every quarter. When he was informed of what had happened in the case of deputy Moreau, he replied, with a truly ridiculous assurance, "Oh! I am sure of my men." Talleyrand, who knows so well how to estimate character, and whose excellent sayings are not unworthy of a place in history, was one day conversing with Cambacérés about the Second Consul: the latter observed, "And yet you must acknowledge that Sieyes is a very *profound* man."—"Profound!" answered Talleyrand; "*deep*, you mean—very *deep!*" Sieyes had perpetually written in his face—Give me money! This reflection upon his craving visage I remember once to have made before the First Consul: "You are quite right," said he, smiling; "when money is in the question, Sieyes is quite obstinate; but he displays his *ideology:* that renders it easy to manage him. He gives up without scruple his dreams about a constitution for a round sum. He is a perfect convenience."

At the Luxembourg, Bonaparte occupied a suite on the ground floor, his cabinet being near a private stair leading to Josephine's apartments. I had rooms above. After breakfast, which was served at ten, he chatted for a few minutes, with his ordinary guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons invited, and myself, who never quitted him. There were also pretty generally present some political and literary friends, and his brothers Joseph and Lucien, whom he received with the greatest pleasure, and with whom he conversed most familiarly. When we rose from table after breakfast, it rarely happened that, having bid good-morning to Josephine and Hortense, he did not add—"Come, Bourrienne: come, let us to work."

During the day I was occupied either in reading to him, or writing to his dictation, or he went to council, which was his custom, three or four times a week. On those days he was always in bad humor, because he had to cross the court and ascend to the council chamber by the grand stairs. It happened, too, that the weather at this time was particularly bad. This source of petty annoyance continued till the 25th December, when he got quit both of the grievance and his two colleagues, Sieyes and Ducos. From this date, he properly assumed the title of

First Consul, uniting in the consular executive Cambacèrés and Lebrun. From the council he always entered his cabinet singing; and God knows how wretchedly! He then examined what had been previously ordered, signed letters, stretched himself at length in his *fauteuil*, reading the letters of last night and the publications of the day. When there was no council he remained in the study, chatting with me, always singing; notched the arm of his chair—a common amusement; and often, in short, behaving like a great boy. Then, rousing on a sudden, he would determine the plan of some public work to be executed, or dictate to me those mighty schemes which astonished and awed the world.

We dined at five. After dinner the First Consul retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he habitually received the visits of the ministers, and with especial pleasure that of the minister for foreign affairs, more particularly after the portfolio had passed to Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retreat by saying, abruptly, "Let us to bed." In the apartments of the Luxembourg, of which the amiable Josephine did the honors with so much grace, the word *Madame* came again into use.

In selecting the members of the consular government and legislature, two classes of candidates were sources of apprehension to Bonaparte. On the one hand, he loved not the men of the Revolution; he distrusted still more the partisans of the Bourbons. The mere name of these princes filled him with secret terrors; and often did he speak to me of the necessity of elevating a wall of iron between them and France. We shall see hereafter what was his opinion of the regicides; but, in those early times of his power, he judged that the more pledges anyone had given to the Revolution, by the larger securities, also, did the same person appear bound to oppose return to the ancient order of things. In other respects Bonaparte was not the man to listen to any consideration whatsoever where his policy had spoken out. The notes already alluded to were unceasingly consulted. But, besides, he often received with great kindness recommendations from private persons whom he knew particularly. It would have been hazardous, however, to have recommended a knave or a fool. The men most cordially disliked were those whom he designated as "people who talked of all, about all, and always." "*I want*," he would say frequently, "*more head and less tongue*." At first, so little did he know of the Revolution, or of its actors, that he was obliged to take much upon trust with regard both to men and measures. But this great facility in granting places assumed a more chary character when the passions were no

longer excited, when the spirit of party had become prudent, and, above all, when time permitted to pursue his own rigid investigations, which soon brought back around him order and economy where formerly reigned unbridled license. Previously he would say to me:— "Bourrienne, I give up your province to you, name me whom you will; but, remember, you shall answer for the consequences. You understand?" What a list would mine present of prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, commissioners, etc., appointed on my recommendation! I have little to complain of in those whom I thus obliged. Very true it is, however, that after my separation from Bonaparte I have seen not a small number of these my ancient *protégées* prefer the side of the public walk on which I was *not;* and, by this delicate attention, generously save me the trouble of taking off my hat to them.

Though Bonaparte, on attaining the consulship, doubtless in his secret wishes desired war, yet he was not ignorant how much the people longed for repose; and that the appearance, at least, of seeking peace was the interest of a government erected on the ruins of one which had provoked an unpopular and disastrous hostility. In this view he hastened to notify to the various foreign powers his new dignity, and caused a letter of like tenor to be addressed to our diplomatic agents abroad.

On the 26th December, 1799, the very day after he had been disencumbered of his first two colleagues, Sieyes and Roger Ducos, Bonaparte accordingly endeavored to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At this period, we were at war with almost all Europe: Italy was lost to us; the Emperor of Germany obeyed the views of his ministers, who, in turn, were governed by England; and France possessed no army within herself. To sustain the dignity of the consular government, and to conduct the no less important interests of foreign policy, required no mean talent; while it was of vital importance to the First Consul that foreign powers should understand both the impossibility of restoring the Bourbons and how to appreciate the system of the existing government, alike remote from the popular violence of the Convention, and the unmanly deceptions of the Directory. For the attainment of this end, the First Consul directed Talleyrand, the new foreign minister, to make the first overtures of accommodation to the British cabinet. There thence resulted a correspondence, which I copied, and which showed how condescending were even then the advances of Bonaparte, and how haughty had already become the policy of England. I ought to mention that, some time after, the First Consul caused the principal pieces of this correspondence to be published, but without acknowl-

edging them as official: ordering it to be stated, on the contrary, that their authenticity was not guaranteed. These extracts were published as taken from an English newspaper, *The Morning Chronicle,* which was then at the devotion of the consular government. It behoved that, to the public, the First Consul should not appear as the author of propositions which were not accepted.*

The interchange of these communications produced no immediate result. Nevertheless, the First Consul had attained his object in part. If the British government had expressed no wish to enter into negotiations for peace, at least it had allowed him to perceive that, somewhat later, renewed overtures from the consulate might be listened to: at the very least, Bonaparte had thus been enabled to make a declaration of principles; and, what was really of great importance, he had discovered that the return of the Bourbons would not, on the part of England, be urged as a *sine qua non* in the political conditions of peace between the two powers.

Since Talleyrand had been called to the head of foreign affairs, great activity had been introduced into that department. It was an advantage to the Consul to have found among the republicans a nobleman of the ancient reign. Such a choice seemed even to have something of polish in the eyes of foreign courts. It was as if a delicate attention were paid to the diplomacy of Europe, thus to present to its members, as the organ of negotiation, one of rank at least equal to their own, and already known to all by the exquisite refinement of his manners, and by the elegance of address under which he veiled more solid qualities and real talents.

Not with England alone did Bonaparte and his minister endeavor to commence diplomatic relations. Peace, but separately, was held out to the House of Austria. Here the object was to awaken a jealousy between the two powers. Speaking to me one day of his extreme desire of peace—"Look you, Bourrienne," said the First Consul; "I have two powerful enemies on my hands; I shall conclude with the more complaisant, which will give the means of falling all at once upon the other. I do not conceal from you that I prefer peace with Britain. Nothing would then be more easy than to overwhelm Austria. She has no money except through England."

Negotiations were essayed in the very import of these words, but unsuccessfully. All seemed averse from recognizing the new govern-

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* See Appendix, H.

ment of the Consul-chief, whose victory of Marengo was thus rendered a necessary prelude to the peace of Amiens.

But whatever occupation the cares and the necessities of the new government gave to Bonaparte, there still remained some moments when he could turn a regard towards the East.

With respect to all who remained in Egypt, Bonaparte found himself in a very singular predicament. Placed at the head of government, not only had he become the depositary of the information actually transmitted to the Directory, but dispatches forwarded to one address were handed to another: thus, it was Bonaparte, First Consul, who received the complaints lodged against Bonaparte, the deserter of the Egyptian army. For all these complaints, too, it must be confessed, there existed but too just grounds. And we cannot help admiring the rapid concurrence of events which had raised Bonaparte to the consular chair. According to the natural order of things, according to his own calculations, even, and desire, he ought first to have reached Toulon, where the laws of quarantine would most certainly have been enforced: well, fear of the English, the uncertainty of the pilot, obliged him to land at Frejus, where those salutary laws were violated by the very people most interested in maintaining them inviolate. Let us suppose an obligatory sojourn in the Lazaretto at Toulon. What would have happened then? Complaints and criminations would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, furnishing powerful weapons against Bonaparte. His accusation would then have become possible, and his suspension probable; for the complaints were of a nature to be certainly followed up by the former of these results. Of this there needs no other proof than the official dispatch of General Kleber, which, after having read, the Consul placed in my custody.

This document, dated from Cairo, 26th September, commenced by informing the Directory of General Bonaparte's departure, and his own advancement to the chief command. "My first care," says Kleber, "has been to take a precognition on the actual state of the army. It is decreased one-half. With this diminished strength, we have to occupy the principal points from the Cataracts to Alexandria and El Arych; and at the same time, to contend no longer with disorganized Mamelukes, but against three great powers—the Porte, the English, and the Russians. Arms, powder and shot are failing us, without the possibility of supply. The soldiers are naked, a state the more dreadful, that, in this country, it is the most active cause of disease; so that, with half the numerical force, we have a much greater number of sick than last year. Bonaparte exhausted all the disposable resources

of the country in a few months after our landing: in revenue we are consequently in arrear twelve, in pay to the troops four, millions. The season, too, is unfavorable; the Nile has not risen. Egypt, in appearance tranquil, is anything but submissive. I am surrounded by enemies. Such is the situation in which Bonaparte remitted to me the enormous burden of the Army of the East. He left me power to conclude a peace, if this year we should lose 1,500 men by the plague. This more than all shows his own opinion of the state in which he left things. What are 1,500 men, more or less, to the extent of country I have to defend, while every day is a day of battle? The Commander-in-chief has also written, Alexandria and El Arych are keys of Egypt. The latter is a wretched fort, four days' journey in the Desert; 600 Mamelukes can cut off our communications when they please. Alexandria was sufficiently well defended; but Bonaparte carried off the artillery to fit out his frigates, and our own heavy guns were lost in the disastrous campaign of Syria. In fine, General Bonaparte was deceived in the consequences of his success at Aboukir: he did indeed destroy almost the totality of the Turks who landed; but what is the loss of 15,000 men to such a power? It has not retarded, one instant, the march of the Grand Vizier. In these circumstances, what can—what ought I to do? I will try to gain time by negotiations, proposing as terms that the French may occupy all the fortified places, till peace with England, receiving the revenues on paying to the Turkish Pasha the tribute formerly paid. If, as is likely, these terms be rejected, I will try our fortune if, by any possibility, only 5,000 men can be got under arms."

The rest of the letters from Egypt were not less criminative than this of Kleber; but the word of a general (who offered to prove every allegation by a process verbal), become commander-in-chief, accusing a predecessor in terms so precise, must have had great weight, especially looking to the coincidences of the whole correspondence. An accusation must have been inevitable, and then, no 18th Brumaire—no consulate—no empire—no conquests in all Europe—but also, no St. Helena. All these hinged upon the circumstance of the English fleet having constrained *Le Muiron* to voyage at a venture through the Corsican Sea, and to land at hazard.

The Egyptian expedition formed too grand an incident in the life of Bonaparte for him to desire earnestly, and often, to recall the public mind to his conquests in the East. It was requisite, besides, that the nation should never cease to behold, in the Chief of the Republic, the first of its generals condemned to forbear the glory of arms. While

Moreau had been invested with the command of the Armies of the Rhine; while Massena received the Army of Italy, as the reward of his victory at Zurich; and while Brune was at the head of the Army of Holland, he, who had passed his youth in camps, solaced the hours of temporary inactivity by a momentary retrospect to his ancient triumphs. Fame was not to be mute for an instant on the theme. With this view, he caused to be published, at short intervals, in the *Moniteur*, recitals of the eastern expedition. Often did it furnish matter of congratulation that the damning correspondence, and especially Kleber's dispatch, had fallen into his own power. So much was Bonaparte master of himself, that, immediately after having seized that communication, he dictated to me the following proclamation, thereupon published:

"Soldiers!—The Councils of the Republic often turn their cares to the Army of the East. France is grateful for the influence of your conquests in the restoration of her commerce and the civilization of the world. The undivided regards of Europe are fixed upon you. In thought, I too am often with you. In whatever situation the changes of war may place you, be ever the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir: you will then be invincible. Give to Kleber that unbounded confidence which you yielded to me; he merits it all! Soldiers! think of the day when, crowned with victory, you shall re-enter the sacred terrority: it will be a day of glory for the whole nation!"

Nothing shows more completely the character of Bonaparte than the paragraph touching Kleber, after the reader has seen the manner in which that general had written to the Directory. Reading expressions so flattering as these, how could any one entertain the idea of the correspondence from Egypt being filled with accusations! It is, however, no more than justice to state that, if the great proportion of these accusations was, on the whole, not exaggerated, there were also many calumnies in the letters. As to what was true, Bonaparte said little, but he felt most acutely the misrepresentations; for example, he was most painfully affected on seeing himself accused, in some letters, of having carried away the pretended millions. I have already shown how this matter really stood, and have never been able to conceive what could have given rise to so impudent a falsehood.

Perfectly aware in what light the Egyptian expedition ought to be held, Bonaparte yet looked with a favorable eye upon those who extolled that adventure. The correspondence now in his possession rendered him master of important secrets. The confidences which con-

cerned himself were precious documents, as displaying the opinions entertained of his conduct. This was the source of much of the favor, and much of the disgrace, which, without this key, remains inexplicable. This accounts, better than anything else, for the elevation of so many men of mean abilities to places and honors; and, at the same time, reveals why so many others of real merit were discountenanced and forgotten. Ah! how indispensable is pliancy to maintaining one's self in constant favor! If that be your aim, take good heed how you speak today, as you spoke yesterday. The wind has changed; veer with the wind: condemn what you approved, approve what you condemned; you will get on.

CHAPTER XX.

PREPARATORY SCHEMES—ANECDOTES—MILITARY REWARDS—TUILERIES —JUDICIOUS POLICY OF THE CONSUL—CONSULAR CONSTITUTION.

I AM almost tempted to designate as the "consulate preparatory" that period of the consular government during which Bonaparte resided at the Luxembourg. Then, in fact, were planted the first germs of those mighty enterprises which he meditated, and the foundation laid of those institutions by which he announced his accession to power. He had then two men within himself—the republican general, exposed to all eyes as the friend of liberty and of revolutionary principles; and the man of ambition, coveting in secret the overthrow of that liberty and of those principles: thus in darkness preparing the destruction of the edifice which necessity constrained him to erect in open day. These two characters he played with inconceivable address and deep hypocrisy, which, if it so please, may be titled profound policy. This was indubitably requisite for the accomplishment of his designs; but, as if not to lose the habit, he carried this dissimulation into affairs altogether secondary.

It enters little into my plan to speak of the laws, acts and decrees which the First Consul passed or authorized. What, indeed, with the exception of the Civil Code, is become of them all? Yet I ought to mention at least the happy effect which they produced at the time in Paris, and soon over all France. The state of society under the preceding reign of terror must have been seen, in order fully to appreciate the joy inspired by the first steps of the consular government towards the restoration of social order. The Directory, more indolent, and not less

MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

perverse, than the Convention, had retained among the fêtes of the republic the horrible 21st January.* One of Bonaparte's first thoughts was to abolish this; yet such was the fearful ascendency of the friends of crime, that management was necessary; and he got his colleagues to place their signatures to a resolution that there should in future be celebrated as festivals only the 1st Vendemiaire and the 14th July, eras of the foundation of the republic and the establishment of liberty. There is, in fact, no exaggeration in saying that Bonaparte got into a fury at all times—and these were very frequent—when he spoke of the directors, whom he had sent about their business. Their incapacity revolted, nay, astonished him. "Conceive," he would say, "Bourrienne, anything so wretched as their system of finance. There is no room for doubt—the first magistrates of the state daily resigned themselves to fraudulent embezzlements. What venality! what disorder! what grasping! Everything was put to the hammer: places, stores, provisions, clothing, military effects—everything they sold! Did they not devour 75,000,000 of anticipated revenue (£3,150,000)? And then, all these scandalous fortunes! all these malversations!—Is there no way to make them disgorge?—We shall see!" In the first moments of penury, occasioned by such predecessors, 12,000,000 (£500,000) were borrowed from different bankers in Paris, who received bonds upon the receivers-general, bearing a discount of thirty-three per cent. The first appointments were inconsiderable, compared with the allowances under the empire. The modest budget of the consular government for the year VIII. amounted only to 6,854,500 francs.† The allowance of the First Consul was settled at 500,000 francs (£20,833, 6s. 8d).

During his sojourn at the Luxembourg, the Cousul sometimes paid visits of ceremony, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, or a minister. I did not form one in these official excursions, but frequently, or to speak more correctly, almost always, he informed me afterwards what had been done or said. Only six days after his preferment, he visited the prisons; and, as his arrival was unexpected, the conductors of these establishments had no time to get things dressed up, so they were seen in their real condition. I was in the cabinet on his return from the prisons. "What animals," exclaimed he on entering, "were these directors! to what a state have these gentry reduced the public establishments! But, patience, I shall set all matters to rights. The prisons are ruinous—unhealthy—the prisoners are ill-fed: I questioned

* The beheading of Louis XVI.

† £285,603, 3s. 4d., for the whole civil expenditure of a nation containing 30,000,000 of inhabitants!

them; I examined also the jailors, for from the overseers one gets nothing; they always trump up their wares. When at the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent person, but too good, too easy, and knew not how to deal with the world: and Sidney Smith!—I had his chamber shown me. If the blockheads had not allowed him to escape, I should have captured Acre! There are too many recollections associated with that said prison; I shall order it to be pulled down some of these days. Do you know what I did at the Temple? I ordered the registers to be produced: there were hostages among the captives; I have set them at liberty. 'An unjust law,' it was thus I addressed them, 'has deprived you of freedom: my first duty is to restore it to you.' In this, Bourrienne, have I not done well?" Here he did do well, and many blessed him for the happiness thus bestowed.

Another incident of the first consulate shows the inflexibility of Bonaparte's character, when he had once formed a decision. In July, 1799, General Latour Foissac, intrusted with the command of Mantua, contrary to its apparent means of defense, had surrendered that important fortress. The Directory had ordered inquiry, but the Consul broke off the proceedings, and pronounced sentence against Foissac, though he had as yet been only impeached before a council of war, and nothing proven. This arbitrary decision occasioned much discontent among the general officers; and some days after, I essayed to induce him to revise his decree, remarking, that in a country where honor holds the first rank among the principles of conduct, it was impossible for Foissac, if guilty, to have escaped condemnation. "Bourrienne, you are probably right; but the resolution is passed—the blow is struck. I have explained myself in a corresponding manner before the public. I cannot retrace my steps so soon. To retreat—is to have been weak. I must not appear to have been wrong: I shall see by and by: time will bring indulgence and pardon. At present it would be premature."

He loved contrasts; thus, while acting so severely towards an unfortunate commander, he was busy with a troop of comedians, which he desired, or rather wished to have the appearance of desiring, to send out to Egypt: not that he now attached the slightest importance to such puerilities, but they answered his purpose.

While we resided in the Luxembourg, early in January, 1800, a mission of real importance was confided to Duroc, whom the First Consul sent to the Court of Prussia. The causes of this preference were the accomplishments, education and graceful manners of Duroc, and

the wish of his patron to bring him forward in the eye of France. The youthful envoy, too, had never quitted us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board *Le Muiron ;* while Bonaparte's tact led him at once to conjecture that Frederic William would be well pleased to hear from an eye-witness the narrative of these campaigns, especially the siege of Acre. Nor was he disappointed ; for such I learned from Duroc himself were the chief subjects of conversation with the Prussian monarch. The first interview continued two hours, and on the morrow the envoy was invited to dine with his majesty. When the news of this arrived at the Luxembourg, I could see the Chief of the Republic was extremely well pleased to find one of his aides-de-camp seated at the table of a king whom, but a few years later, he kept cooling his heels in an ante-chamber at Tilsit. The Prussian was the first court in Europe which recognized the Consul's authority.

It was at the Luxembourg, also, that Bonaparte first displayed (27th Nivose) his hatred of the liberty of the press. By a consular act, or rather act of the First Consul, it was decreed " that, whereas a portion of the journals printed in Paris are instruments in the hands of the enemies of the republic, the minister of police will take care that, during the continuance of the war, there shall be printed, published and distributed only thirteen political journals, as per margin, exclusive of those connected *solely* with science, art, literature and commerce." Certainly this may well be regarded as a preparatory step, and may serve as a scale to measure the greater part of Bonaparte's acts by which he established his own power under pretense of consulting the interests of the republic. The restriction, too, " during the war," showed only provisionally, and left a little hope for the future ; but the provisional is of a nature very elastic, and Bonaparte knew how to stretch it to infinity.

The title of First Consul made him disdain even the title of Member of the Institute—an honor which, in his proclamations, he had even preferred to that of Commander-in-chief. But in speaking of his nomination, I forgot to say what he really thought of it. The truth is that, young, ambitious, covered with glory, he received no ordinary gratification from the title which was thus offered : it was for the public. But in private how often have we laughed heartily on weighing the value of these literary distinctions ! Bonaparte knew a little of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, it need not be added, possessed immense military genius ; but with only all this, he was good for nothing at the Institute, unless to deliver a course on ancient and modern strategy. Already he no longer entertained the least re-

gard for that learned body, of which in the sequel he cherished so great distrust. It was a *corporation*—an *authorized assembly:* there required nothing more to give umbrage to Bonaparte, and Napoleon was no longer at the pains to dissemble how much he detested all that enjoyed the right of assembling and deliberating. Even from the time of his return, after the Egyptian expedition, he began to be weary of a title by which *too many colleagues* had the privilege of addressing him; and he detested colleagues. "Do you not find," said he one day to me, "that there is something trivial, something ignoble, in the phrase, 'I have the honor to be, my dear colleague?' It tires me." In general all expressions which sounded like equality displeased him utterly. The figure of the Republic, seated, and holding a lance affixed to legal instruments, at the beginning of the consulate, was not long in being trodden under foot: fortunate would it have been had he thus treated only the *image* of liberty!

Another preparative for the future order of things, which dates also from the Luxembourg, was the institution of *honorary sabers* and *fusils.* Who does not discover in this humble means the foundation of the Legion of Honor? A sergeant of grenadiers, named Aune, having been included in the first distribution, *easily* obtained permission to write, thanking the First Consul. Bonaparte, desiring to reply ostensibly, dictated to me the following letter:—"I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You have no need to tell me of your actions; you are the bravest grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benerete. You have had one of the hundred sabers which I distributed to the army. All the soldiers agreed that you were the person who best deserved it. I wish much to see you again. The minister of war sends you an order to come to Paris." This cajoling, addressed to a soldier, tended marvelously to the object proposed. The letter could not fail to circulate in the army. The First Consul—the first general of France—call a sergeant "My brave companion!" Who would act thus but a sincere republican—an enthusiastic admirer of equality? There wanted nothing more to inflame the whole army with devoted admiration.

At this very time Bonaparte had begun to find himself straitened in the Luxembourg, and preparations were making for the Tuileries. But this grand step towards the re-establishment of monarchy was to be taken with all prudence. It behooved first to remove the supposition that none save a king could inhabit the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done in this case? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy; and was not Brutus the scourge of tyrants?

Upon this, David* was solemnly inaugurated to the charge of superintending the location of Junius Brutus in the gallery of the Tuileries. What greater proof of hatred of tyranny! And then a bust could do no harm—all was for the best. The reasoning was perfectly unexceptionable.

To sleep in the Tuileries, in the bed-chamber of the kings of France, was *all* that Bonaparte desired; the rest would follow. To establish a principle satisfied him in the meantime; at fitting opportunity he could deduce the consequences: hence the affectation of not mentioning the name in the acts, but of dating them from "The Palace of the Government." The first preparations were modest enough; for the stanch republican ought to have no taste for luxury. Therefore the architect only received orders to clean out the palace, a term of significant application, after the assemblies which had therein held sittings. For this so small a sum as five hundred thousand francs sufficed (£20,000). The Consul's play was to conceal as much as possible the importance attached to the translation of the consular domicile. Little expense, therefore, must be incurred for his accommodation, while grave and severe ornaments, as marbles and statues, were procured for this "The Palace of the Government." With him everything had meaning, so not without design were even statues selected for the gallery of the Tuileries. From among the Greeks, Demosthenes and Alexander were chosen to pay homage at once to the genius of Eloquence and of Conquest. The statue of Hannibal recalled the greatest enemy of Rome, and Rome herself was represented by Scipio, Cicero and Cato; by Brutus and Cæsar—the victim and his murderer, side by side. Among the great men whom the modern world offered to his choice, he gave the preference to Gustavus Adolphus; then to Turenne and the great Condé—to Turenne, whose scientific combinations he so much admired—to Condé, that it might be thought the remembrance of a Bourbon had for the Consul no terrors, and to show that he rendered homage alike to all men. The memory of the gallant exploits of the French navy was recalled by the statue of Duguai-Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugene attested the disasters of his reign, who was styled the Great; while Mareschal Saxe proved that the age of even Louis XV. had not altogether been wanting in glory. The image of Frederic and that of Washington were opposed to each other—false philosophy upon a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. In fine, the statues of Dugommier, Dampierre, and Joubert,† clearly evinced to the

* The celebrated artist.

† Celebrated republican generals.

world the high esteem entertained by General Bonaparte for his former brethren in arms, illustrious victims of a cause no longer his own.

We have already noticed the fruitless attempts of Bonaparte to engage the courts of London and Vienna in negotiations with the consular government. It had, therefore, become necessary to give a new activity to the war and to explain, at the same time, why peace, promised on the first days of the consulate, had remained as yet only a promise. To attain these two objects, the Consul addressed to the army an energetic proclamation, the more remarkable as omitting the sacramental words—for the usage was consecrated—of concluding with "Live the Republic."

"Soldiers!—In promising peace to the French people, I have been your organ. I know your valor. You are the same men who conquered Holland, the Rhine, Italy, and gave peace beneath the walls of astonished Vienna. Soldiers! The defense of your own frontiers must no longer bound your desires. The states of our enemies remain to be subdued. There is not one among you who, having made several campaigns, knows not that the most essential quality of the soldier is to endure privations with constancy: many years of bad administration cannot be repaired in a day. As First Magistrate of the Republic, it will be grateful to me to declare to the whole nation, those troops who shall deserve by their discipline and valor to be proclaimed the supports of their country. Soldiers! When the time arrives, I will be in the midst of you; and awe-struck Europe shall confess that you are of the race of the brave."

About the same time was accomplished the organizing of a council of state, divided into five sections; namely, Home Department, Finances, Admiralty, War, Legislation. The allowance of the counselors of state was fixed at 25,000 francs (£1,041, 13s. 4d.), and that of the presidents of each of the sections at 35,000 francs (£1,458, 6s. 8d.). The costumes of the consuls, and different orders of state officers, were also appointed. Velvet, proscribed since the monarchy, now once more came into use; and, as if from regard to the manufactories of Lyons, it was decreed that this anti-republican stuff should be employed in the robes of office. Thus, in the most insignificant details, the constant aim of Bonaparte was to efface the remembrance of the republic, preparing things so artfully for the return of monarchy that when the time arrived there should remain only a word to be changed. Beyond this, I can assert that he took little concern in these important frivolities. I never re-

member to have seen him in the consular habit, a costume he detested. The dress he preferred, and the only one in which he felt at ease, was that of the camp, the uniform of the guides, a corps whose devotion, conduct and courage merited the predilection.

These, though the grandest, were not the only masquerades pressed by the First Consul into the service of his politics. At the epoch of the year VIII., corresponding to the carnival of 1800, masks began to reappear in Paris. Disguise was the mode, and Bonaparte favored the amusements of other days. In the first effects, all this brought round past times. So far well. Subsequently, these things turned the attention of the people from matters of more moment; and if, on the field of battle, he followed the principle, "divide and conquer," in government he pursued the maxim, "amuse and rule." He did not say, with Juvenal, "*panem et circenses*," for I believe his Latin hardly extended so far; but he put the advice in practice. From the same motives was authorized the reopening of opera balls; and those who still remember the consulate will recollect this—really an *event* to the Parisians. "While they prattle about these things," said he, "they will not talk about politics; and that is what I want. They may be amused; they may dance; but let them not thrust their noses into the designs of government. Besides, Bourrienne, I have other motives; I see here other advantages. Fouché tells me the merchants complain. This will always cause a little money to circulate. And then, must I fret myself about the Jacobins? Must all be wrong, because all is not new? I very much prefer opera balls to their saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I never was lauded more enthusiastically than at last parade."

Some time before a consular decree of another nature and of different importance had carried joy into the bosom of many families. Bonaparte, as we have seen, had reasons for bringing about the 18th Fructidor, preparatory to overturning the Directory. The Directory subverted, he had now motives, at least in part, for undoing the effects of the 18th Fructidor. He caused a report for those exiled on that occasion to be presented by the minister of police, and authorized the return of forty, merely placing them under surveillance, and assigning a certain place of residence. But the greater part of these distinguished men remained not long under even this restraint. They were quickly called to fill those elevated situations in the administration for which their respective talents were adapted. All this was natural; for Bonaparte wished, as yet, in appearance, at least, to base his government upon those principles of moderate republicanism which had occasioned

their banishment whom he now invited to assist his labors. Thus he proceeded to invite to the councils of the consulate those whom the Directory had proscribed, precisely as, at a later period, he recalled the emigrants, the proscribed of the republic, into the high functions of the empire. The times and the men alone differed—the thought was the same.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEACE WITH RUSSIA—PAUL I. AND THE FIRST CONSUL—WASHINGTON—HISTORY OF MURAT—HIS MARRIAGE WITH CAROLINE BONAPARTE—ANECDOTES—JOSEPHINE—THE PEARL NECKLACE—THE CONSUL OUTWITTED.

The first relations between Bonaparte and the Emperor Paul I. commenced soon after the consulate. Circumstances seemed a little less unfavorable. For some time, vague rumors announced a coldness between Russia and Austria, while an open misunderstanding manifestly existed between the courts of London and St. Petersburg. From these transactions, the First Consul, divining the chivalric and somewhat romantic character of Paul, judged the season propitious for severing Russia from England. He was not the man to allow any opportunity to escape, and seized on this one with his usual sagacity. It had formerly been refused to include, in a cartel of exchange between France and England, 7,000 Russians, taken prisoners in Holland. These Bonaparte ordered to be armed and clothed anew, in the uniforms of the corps to which they had belonged, and sent back without ransom, exchange, or condition whatsoever. This ingenious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself abundantly sensible thereof, and, from an ally, became the declared enemy of England. Henceforward, the Consul and the Czar were on the best terms. Lord Wentworth, ordered to quit St. Petersburg, immediately retired to Riga; and English ships were seized in all the ports of Russia. The arrival of the Baron Springporten, as Russian ambassador at Paris, caused universal satisfaction. Through this envoy, who enjoyed the entire confidence of his master, a personal correspondence was carried on between the French Consul and the Russian Emperor. I have read the autograph letters of Paul. They were remarkable for the frankness with which they expressed admiration of Bonaparte. No courtier could have used terms more flattering; but the professions of the Emperor

were sincere; and his friendship led him in all things to comply with the wishes of his hero. Of this he gave a proof as lively as it was singular. Having conceived so violent a hatred against the English government, he desired to engage in single combat all those kings who refused to shut their ports and declare war. There was given, to be inserted in the Petersburg *Court Gazette*, his challenge to the King of Denmark. But declining to request officially from the senate of Hamburg its insertion in the *Correspondent*, the journal of that state, the affair was referred to M. Schramm, a merchant, by Count de Pablen,* the Russian minister of police. The Count intimated to M. Schramm that it would afford the Emperor much satisfaction to have inserted in the *Correspondent* the article from the *Gazette*, requesting, if the insertion took place, to remit by an extraordinary courier twelve copies of the journal on vellum paper. The intention of Paul was to have sent a copy to all the sovereigns; but this folly *à la* Charles XII. produced no result. This enthusiasm of Paul for Bonaparte was to the latter a source of the liveliest pleasure he had ever experienced. The friendship of a sovereign appeared a move nearer being a sovereign himself. But he failed not, at the same time, to draw immediate profit from the friendship of the heir of Catherine, rendering it concurrent to the vast conceptions he was revolving. Through the instigation of the Czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover; and, with his support, Bonaparte was contemplating the march of a French army by land against the British possessions in India. The tragical death of Paul formed the catastrophe of these intrigues of the north.

Before quitting the Luxembourg, to inhabit the Tuileries, Bonaparte resolved to strike the eyes of the Parisians by the splendor of a grand ceremony. For this, he fixed upon the 20th Pluviose, that is to say, ten days before finally leaving the quondam palace of the Directory. These fêtes were then very different from what they afterwards became. They derived all their magnificence from military display; and, at all times, when the Consul mounted on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant staff, in center of which he was conspicuous by the simplicity of his attire, he was sure that the populace of Paris would throng around his path, to salute him with unforced and unbought acclamations. The sole object of the present festival was to have been the presentation, in the Hospital of the Invalids, then called the Temple of Mars, of seventy-two stand of colors, taken at the battle of Aboukir, from the Turks.

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* The same who afterwards played a conspicuous part on the assassination of Paul, and was killed by a cannon ball in the first Russian campaign.

But the news of the death of Washington arriving before the arrangements were completed, Bonaparte seized with avidity the means of imparting more effect, by mingling the cypress of mourning for this great citizen with the latest laurels gathered by himself in Egypt.* The greatest *éclat* possible was added to the publication of this intelligence; and the following order of the day, previously dictated to me, was addressed to the consular guard and to the army:—

"Washington is dead! That illustrious man combated against tyranny. He consolidated the liberty of his country. His memory will ever be dear to the French people, as to the freemen of both worlds; and especially to the soldiers of France, who, like him and the warriors of America, fight for liberty and equality. The First Consul, therefore, orders that, for the space of ten days, black crapes be suspended from all the standards and flags of the republic."

The death of Washington, the noble founder of a rational freedom in the New World, was an event of perfect indifference to Bonaparte; but it happened opportunely, as a fresh occasion of masking his real designs under high sounding phrases in favor of liberty. On the 20th Pluviose, accordingly, Lannes, to whom Bonaparte had assigned the act of presentation, attended by strong detachments of cavalry, bent his way to the Hôtel des Invalides. Here, in the hall of the council, the minister of war waited to receive the pledges of Eastern victory. All the ministers, counselors of state and generals, had been convoked to assist at the solemnity. Lannes pronounced a discourse to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes joined his studied eloquence to the military harangues of the two generals. M. de Fontanes, along with Suard, La Harpe and some others proscribed at the 18th Fructidor, among the first authorized by the Consul to return to France. He was charged with pronouncing the funeral oration of Washington; and, as may be supposed of an *able* speaker, the flowers of his oratory were not strewed exclusively on the bier of the American hero. In the temple was the statue of Mars. From the columns and the arched roofs depended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy and the Italian campaign—trophies which would have still been there, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two aged veterans, in their hundredth year, stood beside the minister of war; and beneath the trophy, composed of the standards of Aboukir, reposed the bust of the liberator of America. In short, every species of quackery suited to

* Washington died 14th December, 1799.

such an occasion, was called into requisition. In the evening the assembly was numerous at the Luxembourg; and Bonaparte took to himself much credit for the effect produced on this well contrived day. There now remained only ten days to wait, before sleeping at the Tuileries. On the 10th, ceased the national mourning for Washington. Well might the sables have been retained for the demise of freedom!

The first report on the civil code before the Legislative Body was also made during the abode in the Luxembourg. There also were decreed the statutes constituting the Bank of France, and that establishment organized which, till then, had been wanting in our country. In this palace, too, was solemnized a domestic ceremony in Bonaparte's family, afterwards productive of no mean consequences to the parties.

I have hitherto spoken but little of Murat, in the course of these Memoirs; but, having now arrived at the epoch of his marriage with the sister of the First Consul, it seems here the proper place to revert to certain facts of some interest anterior to that alliance; especially as this will afford me an opportunity of mentioning discreetly, but with truth, certain family details. Murat, by the beauty of his external form, his physical strength, the somewhat over-refined elegance of his manners, the loftiness of his carriage, and his fearless bravery in combat, bore less resemblance to a republican soldier than to one of those warlike knights so romantically described by Ariosto and Tasso. The nobility of his appearance quickly effaced all recollection of the lowness of his birth: he was courteous, polished, gallant; and, on the field of battle, twenty men commanded by Murat were worth a regiment. Yet, on one occasion, even Murat had a "moment of fear." The following are the circumstances under which *he* once ceased to be himself:—When, in the first campaign of Italy, Bonaparte had forced Wurmzer to retire within Mantau with 20,000 men, Miollis, with 4,000 soldiers only, was directed to oppose the sorties made by the Austrian general. In one of these attacks, Murat received an order to charge Wurmzer. He *was afraid!* did not execute the order; and, in the first moment of confusion, said he was wounded. From that time, Murat fell into disgrace with the Commander-in-chief, whose aid-de-camp he then was, though contrary to the rules. For, prior to this, having been sent to Paris commissioner to present to the Directory the first colors taken by the French army in Italy, he was introduced to, and, as first aid-de-camp of the General, received with kindness by Madame Bonaparte; whose interest, and that of Madam Tallien, procured for him the rank of brigadier-general. It was a remarkable circumstance for the time that Murat, on his return, notwithstanding this accession

of rank, still continued aid-de-camp to Bonaparte, whom the rules did not permit to have one of higher grade than chief-of-brigade, answering to the rank of colonel. It was, on Bonaparte's side, but an early anticipation of the prerogatives everywhere reserved for princes and sovereigns. Previously to this journey, Murat had become acquainted with the handsome Caroline Bonaparte, at her brother Joseph's, who then discharged the functions of republican ambassador at Rome. It appeared that, from the first, Caroline had not viewed him with indifference; and he found himself the favored rival of Prince Santa Croce, who earnestly sought her hand.

After the affair at Mantua, however, Murat fell into such disrepute with the Commander-in-chief that the latter seemed to have conceived a sort of dislike for his former friend—placing him, first in the division of Reille, and subsequently in that of Hilliers. When we returned to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not included in our party; but as *the ladies*, his patronesses, had no little credit with the minister of war, they obtained for him a place in the Egyptian expedition, and he was attached to the Genoese division. On board the *L'Orient*, the ancient aid-de-camp constantly remained in the most complete disgrace. During the passage, Bonaparte never once spoke to him; and in Egypt, also, he was treated always with coldness, or removed from headquarters upon difficult missions. But the Commander-in-chief having at length opposed him to Mourad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valor, and in so many perilous encounters, that he effaced, by so much bravery, the slight stain which a moment of hesitation had affixed to his name under the walls of Mantua. Finally, he contributed so powerfully to the fortunate success of the day of Aboukir, that the General, happy in bearing into France a last laurel gathered in the East, forgave the error of a moment, and wished also to forget what had doubtless been reported to his ear: for, though Bonaparte never exactly said so, I have many reasons for thinking the name of Murat was uttered by Junot in his indiscretions at the Springs of Messoudiah. The grenadier charge, led on by Murat, on the 19th Vendemiaire, dissipated any lingering clouds; and at those seasons, when the necessity of Bonaparte's politics dominated over all other considerations, the rival of the Roman prince received the command of the consular guards.

Madame Bonaparte, in seeking to captivate the chivalrous spirit of Murat by laboring for his advancement, had principally in view to conciliate one partisan more to oppose the brothers and family of her husband: and she had need of support. Their jealous hatred permitted

no opportunity of venting itself to escape. The good Josephine, whose only reproach was, perhaps, having been somewhat too much a woman in her love of admiration, was haunted by distressing presentiments. Carried away by the unreflecting openness of her character, she perceived not that the same coquetry which procured her defenders, likewise supplied her implacable enemies with arms against her. In this situation of things, Josephine, well aware that she had attached Murat by the ties of gratitude and friendship, ardently wished to see him united to Bonaparte in a family alliance, and aided by her best influence his union with Caroline. She could not be ignorant, also, that already, at Milan, an intimacy had commenced between the parties, rendering their marriage altogether desirable; and it was she who first proposed to Murat. He hesitated, and in his hesitation went to consult M. Collot—a good counselor in all things, and one whom long intimacy had initiated into the family secrets. M. Collot recommended an immediate and formal application for the hand of the sister of the First Consul. Murat repaired to the Luxembourg, and presented his request to Bonaparte. Acted he well? To this step he owed the throne of Naples: had he abstained, he would not have been shot at Pizzo.

However that might have been, the First Consul listened more like a sovereign than as brother in arms to the suit of Murat. He received him with a cold gravity; said he would think of it, without giving at first any positive answer. Murat's proposal, as may be supposed, formed the subject of the evening's conversation in the drawing-room of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her means of pleasing and persuasion to obtain a favorable reply. Hortense, Eugene and I, lent our aid. Our exertions were for some time without apparent success. "Murat," we were told, among other things, "is the son of an ale-house keeper. In the elevated rank to which fortune and glory have raised me, his blood cannot mingle with mine. Besides, nothing presses. I will see about it hereafter." We returned to the charge, dwelling upon the mutual affection of the young people, and on the devoted attachment of Murat to the person and service of the Consul; nor did we fail to point out to the latter the brilliant courage and excellent conduct of the young soldier in Egypt. "Yes," exclaimed he then, with animation, "that I acknowledge; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We allowed not the moment of kindly dispositions to pass away, but redoubled our entreaties. At length consent was given. The same evening, when we were alone in his cabinet, "Well, Bourrienne," said he, "you ought to be satisfied; for my own

part I am so likewise; every reflection made, Murat suits my sister; and then no one can say I am proud or court grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have set up a cry of a counter-revolution. Besides, I am very well pleased, for reasons you can easily divine, that my wife has interested herself in this marriage. Since it is decided, I shall hasten the affair; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, Murat goes with me: I must there strike a decisive blow."

Next morning, when I entered the Chamber of the First Consul, at seven, as usual, I found him even better satisfied than in the evening with the resolution he had formed. I readily perceived that, notwithstanding his discernment, he had no suspicion of the true motive which had induced Josephine to take so deep an interest in the affair. In his satisfaction he even allowed me to discover that he considered her anxiety a proof of the falsehood of those indiscreet reports mentioned to him of her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage was celebrated in the Luxembourg, but without any pomp; the First Consul wisely judging the time not yet arrived for rendering his family arrangements matters of state. Previously to the celebration, however, a little comedy was to be played in which I could not dispense with accepting a character: and here I may as well explain the whole plot. At this time, Bonaparte had not much money, and gave to his sister in consequence a dowry of no more than thirty thousand francs (£1,250). Feeling, also, the propriety of making her a marriage present, and not having wherewithal to purchase one suitable, he took a diamond necklace from his own wife and gave it to the intended. Josephine was not at all satisfied of the correctness of this abduction, and set all her wits to work contriving means of replacing her necklace. She knew the famous jeweler Foncier had by him a magnificent set of fine pearls, reported to have belonged to Marie-Antoinette. Sending for a sight of them she judged they would answer admirably. But, for this acquisition, two hundred and fifty thousand francs (£10,416, 13s. 4d., or in round numbers, £10,400) were necessary. And how raise this sum? Recourse was had to Berthier, then minister at war. Berthier, murdering his vowels as usual, consented to discharge in an easy way certain debts against the hospitals of Italy; and as the contractors who, in these times, obtained payment, showed themselves grateful to their patrons, the pearls were transferred from the repertories of Foncier to the jewel-case of Madame Bonaparte.

The suit of pearls thus obtained, there occurred another little difficulty on which the fair possessor had not at first calculated How

could she wear an ornament so very remarkable, and acquired without her husband's knowledge? This seemed so much the more difficult that the First Consul knew his wife had no money; and as he was—the term will be excused—somewhat of a *meddler*, he knew, or fancied he knew, what jewels she had. For more than fifteen days, then, the pearls remained invisible, Josephine not daring to display them. What punishment for a woman! At length, one fine day, Madame Bonaparte said to me, "To-morrow there is a grand drawing-room; absolutely I must wear my pearls: but, you know *him*, he will grumble if he discover anything. Now do, Bourrienne, I beg of you, keep by me; and should he ask about my pearls, I will say, without hesitation, that I had them long ago." Everything passed as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the jewels, failed not to inquire—"Ah! what have we got here? How very fine thou art to-day! Whence are all these pearls? they appear as if new to me; I never saw them."—"Oh, yes; but thou hast seen them, ten times; it is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I have put in my hair."—"It seems to me, notwithstanding——"—"Now, do be quiet; just ask Bourrienne; he will tell thee."—"Eh, well, Bourrienne, what say you to that? do you remember them?"—"Yes, General, I recollect perfectly having seen them before." I told the truth, for Madame Bonaparte had shown me her acquisition some days before; and it was likewise true that she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but much inferior. Josephine played her part with admirable dexterity; I enacted tolerably, as required, the deponent in this little drama, and the Consul suspected nothing. On beholding the perfect self-possession of the principal personage, I could not avoid an involuntary allusion to the remark of Suzanne on the facility with which women of true honor only can venture an innocent deviation from veracity, without being committed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE POLICE OF FRANCE—PERSONAL ADVENTURE—HORRID SYSTEM—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS DETESTED BY BONAPARTE—CEREMONY OF REMOVING TO THE TUILERIES—DESCRIPTION—ANECDOTES, ETC.

At the Luxembourg, also, the First Consul organized his secret, which, at the same time, was intended to act as a check upon the public, police. There existed, at first, the systems of Duroc and Moncey;

later, those of Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte termed this a vile system of espionage; my observations on its inutility were disregarded. Bonaparte had the weakness to suspect Fouché, and looked upon this precaution as necessary. That minister is too well known in this line that I should here vaunt his abilities; he quickly discovered both the institution and its agents, high and low. It is difficult to form an idea of the follies, the absurdities, the romances of the bulletinists, both noble and plebeian. I shall be silent on such villainies, anticipating merely a personal occurrence, which must prove the worthlessness of the wretched and disgusting system. The adventure happened in the second year of the consulate, when we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a large sum for the secret police of the capital; of this he gave 3,000 francs (£125) to a wretched reporter; the rest passed to the police of his own stables and kitchen. On reading one of these daily bulletins I found, "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. Entering a certain residence in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, Rue de Varenne, there, in a very animated conversation, he gave it to be understood that the First Consul desired to make himself king." I had never opened my mouth on this subject. It is to be observed, also, that I never did, nor indeed could, leave Malmaison for an instant; being liable every moment, night and day, to be called by the First Consul, and very often sent for unexpectedly; but, on the night particularly specified, he had continued dictating notes and instructions to me till three o'clock in the morning! Junot came every day at eleven o'clock; I sent for him while alone in the cabinet. "You have not read your bulletin?"—"Yes, but I have."—"That is impossible."—"Wherefore?"—"Because you would have suppressed an absurdity which concerns me."—"Ah! I am very sorry for it, but I am sure of my agent; I shall change nothing in his report."—"You are wrong." I then related to him what had passed on the night in question. He persisted, and went away.

Every morning I arranged on Bonaparte's table the papers and letters to be read. That morning Junot's report was placed uppermost. The First Consul entered, took it up and began reading. Having come to the obnoxious passage, he fell a-laughing. "Have you read this bulletin?"—"Yes, General."—"What a beast Junot is! it is long since I knew that; how he allows himself to be gulled! Is he here still?"—"I believe so; I have had some explanations with him in the spirit of good fellowship; but he refused to listen to anything."—"Send him here." Junot entered. "Blockhead that you are, how could you transmit to me a report like this? So, you don't read your

bulletins? What warrant have I that you do not compromise other persons as unjustly? I want positive facts, and not inventions. Your agent has long displeased me; dismiss him this very day." Junot attempted to justify himself. "Enough said! See it done." Fouché, to whom I related this affair, informed me that the contrivance was his, in order to amuse himself at Junot's expense. The former, indeed, often led the police of the palace into the snare he had previously set. This added to his own credit. Miserable police! In my time it poisoned the existence of the First Consul, often irritated him against his wife, his servants and his friends. He at length discovered and escaped from its fatal influence; but not before it had entangled him in its wiles and long held the ascendant over even his power. False denunciations; forged correspondences; the most artful coincidences, preceded by the most alarming reports—such are the means which the police will ever practice for its own preservation; by these it survives; not to use them is death. "You think, then," said Napoleon, at Elba, one day to an officer, "that the agents of the police anticipate and know all. The police invents much more than it discovers. Without doubt, mine was better than these gentry now employ; yet it was often only at the end of ten or fifteen days that mine learned something through chance, imprudence or treason. It is the same with the post-office—like the police, it catches only fools."

The police, as a political instrument, is a dangerous means; it has forged, or, to speak more correctly, has alimented, entertained, fostered a greater number of false conspiracies than it has ever detected or counteracted real ones. The minister, to give importance to his watchfulness in the eyes of the prince, contrives conspiracies on a grand scale, which he is quite certain to arrest in time, because he is master of the whole. Inferior agents, to curry favor with the minister by their seeming vigilance, spread their petty snares, which, through a little discontent or temporary pressure, may become—thanks to such diabolical officiousness!—affairs of serious moment. I will not cite examples; I wish not to afflict the living nor to disturb the ashes of the dead. I limit myself to general inferences, declaring these to be based on facts unfortunately too numerous and too true.

The political police, offspring of our revolutionary troubles, has survived them. The police of the safety, health, well-being and order of society has come to be considered as only secondary; it has of consequence been neglected. We live in times when attention is directed more to spy out whether a citizen goes to mass and confession, than to protect his life and property. Such a state of things is unfortu-

nate for the country; and to much better purposes might be applied that money which is spent in guarding the objects of pretended suspicion; in domestic inquisition; in corrupting the friends, the relations, the servants of the man marked out for destruction. This system—this leprosy of modern society, growing out of our revolutionary troubles, has continued, like the times which gave it birth, suspicious, restless, deceitful, inquisitorial, vexatious, tyrannical; greedy of plots which it discovers, because it has created them. Who has not heard, even in the drawing-room, such whispers as these addressed to a warm speaker—"Take care—be moderate—such a one is said to be of the police!" Since the establishment of a minister of police in France his power has ever depended upon two prime movers—gold and informers. I am convinced that no man, whatever talents he might otherwise have possessed, could have inflicted either less or more evil than the different individuals who have occupied that place, from its creation to the present moment, have done; that is, a great deal of good upon some, but much evil upon others. It is through this minister that a man obtains, that he loses all. He who can enrich, and he who can destroy, is equally flattered. Interest and fear—these are the two mighty agents. What renders his power so dangerous is denouncement and espionage. Informers are men of a most pernicious stamp, the natural enemies of society. If a man is accused for the public good, why denounce him secretly to the prince, who may be easily prejudiced? why not bring him before the magistrate, who must be guided by fixed rules? What man is so master of himself as to calculate all his proceedings, measure all his expressions, and never give matter for information to a concealed enemy, a suborned domestic, or a son led astray by scruples, political or religious? for, in these last times, religion played an active part in the police! What can be said of that execrable race of spies, known under the term *Baits*, whose duty and inclination are always to undermine that virtue which they have never known, and to drag into crime, which is their element; to urge the unfortunate being who has fallen into their toils, from a vague feeling of discontent into actual transgression—accomplices before becoming accusers! Many examples could I instance of this, establishing the melancholy truth that the human heart is the arsenal of all perfidy—and of all evil! It is certain, and the proofs abound, that the acts of the police have but too frequently encouraged the crime, to have the merit of denouncing and the satisfaction of punishing. This assertion, fearful as it is, might be supported by a thousand facts. Its agents are restrained by no rule; to provoke their victims

they may do all and say all; their medal and a piece of ribbon protects them. These are not the secrets of place—for I was once prefect of police; but I believe I render a service in pointing out what I have known and seen as unwilling confidant of the shameful maneuvers of this political institution.*

Bonaparte had often in his mouth the word *ideologue*, by which he meant to designate, with some degree of ridicule, those men who, speculatively laboring for the melioration of the species, beheld the true and the only source of power in *national institutions*. This he called metaphysics. He saw power only in *force*. These men and their opinions Bonaparte regarded as dangerous, because opposed diametrically to the stern and arbitrary forms which he had adopted. Their heart, he said, excelled their understanding. Far from plunging into such abstractions, he always asserted that men were governed by *fear* and by *interest*. To watch over these and all other speculators, the censorship might be regarded as a distinct species of police. The free manifestation of thought, through the voice of the press, ought ever to be regarded as a most precious privilege. As to Bonaparte, he held this freedom in so great horror, his rage was such when men dared to argue in favor of the liberty of the press, that he seemed like one in the commmencement of a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he feared little books.

The period of quitting the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte, in addition to those already described, surrounded the movement by many new precautions, equally deceitful. The removal was fixed for the 30th Pluviose; the day previous had been selected for publishing the list of votes accepting the constitution. On the other hand, he had postponed for ten days the insertion, into the *Moniteur*, of the speeches and proceedings in the Temple of Mars. He considered the day in which he was to make so bold an advance towards monarchy well adapted to entertain the inhabitants of Paris with great ideas about liberty and to mingle anew his name with Washington's.

On the day appointed for this decisive ceremony, I entered the chamber of the First Consul, as usual, at seven o'clock. He was in a profound sleep; and this was one of the mornings in which he begged me to let him indulge a little longer. I remarked that General Bonaparte was much less moved at the moment of executing designs which he had projected than at the time of their conception: so established was his

* Since these passages were written some change has taken place in the administration of 1827.—*Author.* Bourrienne was prefect of police under Louis XVIII.—*Translator.*

habitude of considering what he had determined upon in thought as already performed. On my re-entering, he said, with an air of marked satisfaction—"Well! Bourrienne, at length we shall sleep in the Tuileries! You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to exhibit yourself; you can go in your own way: but, with me, it must needs be an affair of display—a procession; that is tiresome: however, we must speak to the eyes. The Directory was too simple, so it enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in place; in a great city, in a palace, it becomes incumbent on the head of government to draw attention by all possible means: but we must walk warily."

Bonaparte left the Luxembourg at one o'clock precisely. The procession was, doubtless, far from resembling those which, under the empire, displayed such magnificence; but all the pomp permitted by the existing state of things in France had been given. The only true splendor of that period was the magnificence of the troops; and 3,000 chosen soldiers, especially the superb regiment of guides, were assembled. The military officers were on horseback, the civil functionaries and counselors of state in carriages; and, for their transportation, it was necessary to have recourse to hackney coaches, merely using the precaution of covering the number with paper of the same color as the body of the vehicle. The consular carriage only was drawn by six horses. These recalled the memory of glory and of peace, being the beautiful white coursers presented by the Emperor of Austria after the treaty of Campo-Formio. With the First Consul, who was in military costume, wearing the magnificent saber, a present also from Francis, were his colleagues Cambacérés and Lebrun. Everywhere on the route, through a considerable portion of the capital, his presence called forth shouts of joy, which then required not to be extorted by the police. The immediate approaches to the Tuileries were lined by the consular guard—a royal usage, which contrasted singularly with the inscription over the entrance—"ON THE 10TH AUGUST, 1792, ROYALTY WAS ABOLISHED IN FRANCE, AND SHALL NEVER BE RE-ESTABLISHED!" Already was it re-established.

No sooner had the carriage stopped in the square of the palace, than the First Consul instantly alighting, mounted, or, to speak more correctly, vaulted on horseback, to review the troops, while his two colleagues ascended to the royal apartments, where the council of state and ministers attended them. The review was prolonged in presence of an indescribable confluence of spectators; the windows were filled with elegant women, dressed in the Grecian costume, then the fashion; and from every quarter, as from a single voice, resounded acclamations

of "Long live the First Consul!" Who would not have yielded to the intoxication of such enthusiasm? After passing between the lines, addressing flattering expressions to the commanders of the corps, Bonaparte, having Murat and Lannes on his right and left, took his station near the gate of the Tuileries. Behind stood a numerous *etat-major*, composed of youthful warriors, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, every one of whom had been in more combats than he numbered years. When the Consul beheld pass before him the colors of the 86th, the 43d, and the 30th demi-brigade, as these standards were reduced to a bare pole with some tatters of silk, torn by bullets and blackened with smoke, he took off his hat and bent towards them, in token of reverence. These homages of a great captain to ensigns mutilated on the field of battle, were hailed by a thousand acclamations. All the troops having defiled, the First Consul ascended with dauntless step the stairs of the Tuileries.

The part of the General was over for that day; now commenced that of Chief of the State. And here is the proper place to relate a fact of which I was both an eye and ear witness, because, though occurring somewhat earlier, its effects became daily more perceptible, after the removal to the Tuileries. The reader will not have forgotten that when Ducos and Sieyes bore the title of Consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equals, if not in fact, at least in right. When Cambacèrés and Lebrun replaced them, M. de Talleyrand was appointed at the same time successor to M. Reinhard as minister for foreign affairs. On this appointment, he was admitted to a private audience in the cabinet, where I remained alone with them. The words addressed by Talleyrand to Bonaparte were too remarkable in themselves, and in their effects upon the auditor, for me to forget them: "Citizen-General," said the new minister, "you have confided to me the department of foreign affairs: I will justify your confidence; but I esteem it my duty at once to declare that I will consult with you alone. There is in this no vain haughtiness on my side; I speak only as the interests of France are concerned. That our country may be well governed, that there may be unity of action, it is indispensable that you be First Consul, and that the First Consul have in his own management whatsoever directly pertains to politics—namely, the home and police departments, for the internal government; my department, for external relations; and finally, the two great instruments of the executive, war and the admiralty. It will, therefore, be altogether proper for these five ministers to correspond with you alone. The administration of justice, and of the finances, is doubtless connected with the executive

policy by numberless links, but here the union is less inseparable. With your permission, General, I would advise that the Second Cousul, very able lawyer as he is, should have the direction of legal affairs; while the Third, equally conversant in ways and means, should conduct financial operations. This will occupy—will amuse them; and you, General, having at disposal the vital powers of government, will thus be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims—the regeneration of France."

These remarkable words were too much in accordance with the private sentiments of Bonaparte to be heard with indifference. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, on the departure of the minister, "Talleyrand gives good counsel; he is a man of excellent sense."—"Such, General, is the opinion of all who know him."—"Talleyrand," added he, with a smile, "is quick; he has penetrated me. What he advises you know well it is my intention to do. But one stroke more!—he is right: they walk with speed who walk alone. Lebrun is an excellent person, but he has no politics in his head; he writes books. Cambacèrés has too many traditions of the Revolution. My government must be one quite new." So punctually were Talleyrand's advices followed, that already, the very day of the installation of the consular government, when Bonaparte had entered the hall wherein the presentations took place, Cambacèrés and Lebrun resembled rather spectators than colleagues of the First Consul. On this occasion, as our republicans of the consular times were not altogether Spartans, the procession to the Tuileries, the review and the presentations were followed by grand dinners. The First Consul received at his table the two other consuls, the ministers and the presidents of the great bodies of the state; Murat entertained the chiefs of the army; and the entire council of state, getting into the conveyances with effaced numbers, drove off to partake of Lucien's good cheer.

Before installing ourselves in the Tuileries, we had made frequent visits to the palace, surveying how the reparations, or rather *cleansings*, ordered by Bonaparte, advanced. At the very commencement, seeing the quantity of *bonnets rouges* (caps of liberty) painted upon the walls, he desired the architect, Lecomte, "See that all these smearings vanish; I will have no such abominations."

The slight changes which he wished in the interior of the suite destined for himself, were of his own planning. A bed of ceremony, not that of Louis XVI., was placed in an apartment opening from his cabinet; but I may just mention that he slept there very rarely; for, cultivating the simplest tastes internally, he loved external splendor only

as a studied means of imposing upon men. To speak in vulgar fashion, both at the Luxembourg and Malmaison, as also during the first period of his residence at the Tuileries, Bonaparte slept with his wife. Every night he descended to Josephine's chamber by a small staircase, opening into a wardrobe, which adjoined his cabinet, and formerly the oratory of Mary de Medicis. I never entered the Consul's bedroom except by this passage, which he used likewise on ascending to *our* cabinet.

As to our cabinet, study, or office, I have beheld so many events prepared therein; have witnessed in it sometimes great, sometimes little, things transacted; and finally, passed there so many hours of my life, that the whole still remains indelibly impressed on my memory. A very beautiful table for the First Consul stood nearly in the center. When he placed himself at work in the splendid arm-chair, the same which he so unmercifully notched with his pen-knife, his back was to the fireplace and his right to the only window in the apartment. Against the opposite wall stood a large bookcase, filled with papers from top to bottom. A little to the right, a door led into the bed-chamber of ceremony already mentioned. Beyond, was the grand saloon of audience, upon the ceiling of which Lebrun had painted Louis XIV. When we took possession, a tricolor cockade, daubed upon the forehead of the *grand monarch*, still attested the base imbecility of the Convention. Beyond this was the hall of the guards, which conducted to the great staircase. My writing-table, very plain, was placed near the window, whence in summer I enjoyed the perspective of the tufted foliage of the chestnut trees; but to see those who walked in the garden I had to rise, while a slight movement of the head enabled me to face the Consul, when we had to address each other. On the right, was a small apartment, or closet, appropriated to Duroc, by which, also, was held communication with the attendant in waiting and with the state apartments. Duroc being rarely present, I used the small room to see those persons with whom it might be necessary to converse. Such was the consular, afterwards the imperial, cabinet.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PERSONAL HABITS, CHARACTER AND DISPOSITIONS OF BONAPARTE — DESCRIPTION OF HIS PERSON—ANECDOTES OF HIS CONVERSATIONS AND OPINIONS, ETC.

In reading the history of the great men of antiquity, do we not regret that their annalists have neglected to tell us of the man, occupying themselves only with the hero? In effect, though nothing more resembles an ordinary man than an illustrious personage, when one follows both into the details of private life, it is no less true that, generally speaking, the world likes to be acquainted with the most unimportant habits of those whom great talents and vast renown have elevated above their fellow men. Is this merely an effect of curiosity? or, rather, may it not be referred to an involuntary display of self-love? And do we not thus seek, without intending it, to console ourselves for their superiority in beholding their errors, their weaknesses, their absurdities even; in short, all those points of contact which they exhibit in common with the herd of mankind? In order, then, that those inquisitive in such details may find wherewithal to satisfy their longing in regard to Bonaparte, I intend to devote the following chapter to a physical and moral portraiture of the man, as I have seen him, in his tastes, his habits, his passions, his caprices. I draw at present from the original, as every moment exposed to my observation for so many years.

The ablest painters and sculptors have labored to fix upon the canvas, or to call forth from the marble, the features of that extraordinary man. The greater number of these skillful artists, whose talents honor France, have happily seized the type of his countenance; yet may we assert that there exists not a perfect resemblance. It is not granted even to genius to triumph over an impossibility. The noble contour of the head, the expanded front, the pale and elongated visage, and the meditative cast of the countenance might be represented; but the mobility of his glance was beyond the dominion of imitation—that glance which obeyed volition with the rapidity of lightning. In the same minute might be read in his quick and piercing eye an expression, now sweet, now stern, now terrible, and anon caressing. It seemed as if every thought which agitated his soul molded an appropriate physiognomy.

Bonaparte had finely formed hands, and highly estimated this beauty. He likewise took particular care of them; and often, while conversing, regarded them with complacency. He had also pretensions to fine teeth; but these claims appeared to me less justly founded. When he walked, whether alone or in company, in a room or in his gardens, he stooped a little in his gait, with hands crossed behind his back.* Frequently he made an involuntary movement of the right shoulder, by slightly elevating it; at the same time, a motion in the mouth, from left to right, was observable. If one had not known this to be only a habit, these motions might have been mistaken for spasmodic affections. They, in reality, indicated deep cogitation—a sort of condensing of the spirit, while it cherished lofty reflections. Often, after these walks, he drew up, or dictated to me, the most important papers. It seemed almost impossible to tire him, not merely on horseback, and with the army, but in his ordinary exercise; for sometimes he walked during five or six hours in succession without being sensible of the exertion. He had a habit, too, in these walks, when accompanied by any one whom he treated familiarly, of passing his arm through his companion's and thus supporting himself.

Bonaparte used frequently to say to me—"You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and spare I am. Well, I cannot divest myself of the apprehension that, forty years hence, I shall be a great eater, and become very corpulent. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change; and notwithstanding I take sufficient exercise. But what would you? It is a presentiment, and will certainly be realized." This idea troubled him much. As nothing then permitted me to participate in them, I never failed to argue against these fears as groundless. But he would not listen to me; and during the whole time of my remaining in his service, this presentiment haunted him continually. It was but too well founded.

For the bath he had an absolute passion, and mistook this partiality for a necessity of life. He remained habitually two hours in the water. During this time I read to him extracts from the journals or some new pamphlets; for he desired to hear all, know all, and see all for himself. While in the bath he kept continually turning the warm water valve, raising the temperature to such a pitch that we found ourselves en-

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*At a masquerade in the opera-house, Napoleon, then Emperor, had ten different dresses carried to a private apartment, determined not to be recognized. Ten several times he was discovered in a few minutes. On four of these occasions, detection ensued almost immediately from his entering with his hands behind him, though cautioned to avoid the attitude.—*Translator.*

veloped in an atmosphere of vapor so dense as to prevent my seeing sufficiently to read. We were then forced to open the door.

I never knew Bonaparte to be otherwise than extremely temperate and an enemy to all excess. He was aware of the absurd stories circulated concerning him; and they sometimes put him out of humor. How often has it been repeated that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy! During the space of more than eleven years, I never saw any symptom which resembled in the very least that malady. He was very healthy, and of excellent constitution. But if, on the one hand, his enemies have thought to degrade by describing him as subject to a grievous periodical infirmity, his flatterers, apparently figuring to themselves sleep as incompatible with greatness, have not less belied truth in speaking of his imaginary watchings. Bonaparte made others wake, but he himself slept, and slept soundly. He desired that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, always the first who entered his bedroom; but, pretty often, on attempting to rouse him, he would say, his eyes still shut—"Do, Bourrienne, I beseech you, let me indulge a moment longer." When there happened to be nothing very pressing, I did not return again till eight. In general, he slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides dozing a little in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions delivered me in writing, there was one very singular on this point: "During the night," said the rule, "you will enter my room as seldom as possible. Never awake me when you have good news to announce: with such intelligence nothing presses. But, if the matter concerns bad news, rouse me immediately; for then there is not an instant to be lost." This was good calculation; and Bonaparte often found his advantage therein.

As soon as he had risen, his valet de chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While these operations were going forward, I read the journals aloud, commencing always with the *Moniteur*. He gave no attention save to the English and German newspapers. "Pass, pass," he would say to me, on reading the French journals; "I know all that is there. They say only as I permit." I have often been much astonished that his valet did not cut him during these readings; for, on hearing anything remarkable, he turned suddenly towards my side. When his toilet was completed, and that, too, with great care—for he dressed with scrupulous neatness—we descended together to the study. There he signed the answers to important petitions, of which the analysis had been made by myself the preceding evening. On levees especially, and public days, he was very punctual in these signatures, because I took

care to put him in mind that the greater part of the petitioners would be in the apartments, or would present themselves, on his passing to the parade ground. In order to spare him this annoyance I informed them in advance what had been the decision of the First Consul. Afterwards he read the open letters which I placed in order upon his table, classing them according to their importance, and to which he charged me with replying in his name. Sometimes, indeed, though rarely, he wrote answers himself. Thus passed the time till ten, when breakfast was announced by the steward of the household, while at the Luxembourg, in these terms—"The General's table is served." On adjourning to the breakfast room we found a repast of extreme frugality. Almost every morning, at this meal, he eat chickens done with oil and onions, then named, I believe, *Poulet à la Provençale*, but since perpetuated in the cards of our restaurateurs under the more ambitious designation of *Poulet à Marengo*. He drank very little wine. What he did take was always Bordeaux or Burgundy, and the latter in preference. After breakfast, as after dinner, he had a cup of strong coffee.* This beverage I never saw him take between repasts; and I know not to what source to attribute the report that Bonaparte had a perfect passion for coffee. This supposition ought to belong to those who pretend that he never slept during the night. The one hypothesis requires to be supported by the other. When he did work later than usual, it was never coffee he ordered, but chocolate, of which he always made me take a cup with him; but this happened only when our labors were prolonged to two or three in the morning.

What has been said respecting Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff is not less opposed to truth than his liking for coffee. Certainly, he had early begun to show a partiality this way. He used, however, but a small quantity, always in a box, of which he had a great many; for this was one of his fancies; and, if he resembled in anything the great Frederick, it was not in converting the pocket of his vest into a snuff canister; for I have already said he carried neatness in dress to a degree of fastidiousness.

Bonaparte nourished two real passions—glory and war. Never was he more gay than in the camp; at no time so morose as when inactive. Building, too, gratified his imagination; plans of gigantic construction filled, more than any other thought, the void created by repose. He was aware that such monuments constitute a portion of the history of

* It has been established as a gastronomic principle, by a celebrated *Professor*, "That he who does not take coffee after each meal, assuredly is not a man of taste."

a people; which, by their long duration, bear witness to the civilization of their age, long after the nation has disappeared from the face of the earth; and that, often to the most remote generations, they hand down as true, conquests in reality fabulous. He deceived himself, however, in the means by which he hoped to attain this end. His inscriptions, his trophies, and, later, his eagles, figured nobly on the monuments of his reign; but why, by false initials, endeavor to bring within his own era even the old Louvre? The multitude of N's engraven everywhere, could avail nothing in opposition to the recitals of history; a scratch upon a wall could not alter the order of time.* But what imports it? Bonaparte knew that the fine arts impart to great actions a long renown, and consecrate the memory of princes who encourage and protect them. Yet has Bonaparte affirmed to me, more than once—"A great reputation is but a great noise; the more we make of it, the farther it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations—all perish; but the noise is prolonged, and echoes among other generations." This was a favorite idea. "My power," he would say again, "depends upon my glory, and my glory upon the victories I have gained. My power would fall if I gave it not a base of more glory and of new victories. Conquest has made me what I am; conquest alone can maintain that position." It was this sentiment, then reigning supreme in his mind, and probably ever forming his ruling principle, which awakened unceasing visions of new wars, and scattered the seeds of hostility throughout Europe. He believed that to remain stationary was to fall: hence, the desire ever to be advancing: and with him not to act grandly and strikingly was not to act at all. This constraining necessity flowed from his organization; it was inseparable from his very being. "A government just created must needs dazzle and astonish," he would say. "So as it sends forth no meteoric splendor, it fades." It was vain to ask repose on the part of one who personified movement itself.

His sentiments towards France, finally, differed much from those observable in youth. Long he bore with impatience the remembrance of the subjugation of Corsica, which he then desired to regard as his country; but this feeling subsided; and I can affirm that he passionately loved France. His imagination kindled at the sole idea of seeing her great, happy, powerful, the first among the nations of the earth, and dictating laws to all others. He beheld his name indissolubly

* When this circumstance was pointed out to Louis XVIII., who had found Bonaparte an excellent tenant, the monarch very aptly repeated from Fontaine:—

"He would have written on's hat, This is me—
My name is Colin—that's my flock you see."

united with that of this beautiful France, and listened to the union being repeated in the echoes of most distant time. In his every action, the present moment disappeared before the ages to come; in every region into which he was led by warlike enterprise, the opinion of France held empire over his thought. Like Alexander at Arbela, who esteemed it less glorious to have vanquished Darius than to have conquered the suffrages of the Athenians, Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea, "What will they say in France?"

Before engaging in battle, Bonaparte made little provision for subsequent events, if successful; but occupied himself much with what ought to be done in the case of defeat. I here report a fact of which I have often been a witness, leaving to his brethren in arms the decision on the merits of this conduct. He was enabled to accomplish much, because he hazarded all, grasped at all, and was cautious in nothing. His excessive ambition urged him on to power, and power obtained only added to his ambition. None ever more firmly held the conviction that a nothing often decides the greatest affairs. This supplies the reason why he was more solicitous in watching than in tempting events; he beheld them in their progress of preparation and maturity, when, suddenly seizing, he directed them at will.

Bonaparte was not by nature inclined to esteem mankind, and he despised them more in proportion as he knew them better. This unfavorable opinion of the human race, the result of experience, was, in his case, justified by many striking examples. His severity was the fruit of a maxim he frequently repeated—"There are two levers whereby men may be moved—fear and interest." What esteem, for instance, could Bonaparte have for the pensioners on the opera-purse? This was a fund deriving a considerable revenue from the gaming-houses, one portion of which served to cover the surplus expenditure of that magnificent theater, while the residue had a secret appropriation. Thence very tolerable gratuities were touched on bonds signed by Duroc. There might often be seen entering by the little private door personages invested with very opposite characters. Our fair Egyptian friend, whose captive husband was so maliciously released by the English, made pretty frequent visits to the fundholder of the opera. There, too, might be found, at one and the same time, a philosopher, an actor, a celebrated orator, and a maimed musician. One day the cashier transacted business in the same hour with a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal, who no longer, as of old, discounted Turkish sequins for French francs at an exorbitant exchange.

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes consisted in his not believ-

ing in friendship, and in not feeling the necessity of loving—the sweetest aspiration of which the human heart is susceptible. How often has he exclaimed in my hearing, "Friendship is but a name: I love no one—no; not even my brothers; Joseph, perhaps, a little; still if I do love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us.—Duroc! Yes; him I certainly love. But why? His character suits me. He is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then, Duroc never weeps!* As to me, it is all one; I well know that I have no true friends. While remaining what I am, I can make as many of them as I like in appearance. Look ye, Bourrienne; we must leave tender-heartedness to the women—that is their affair; but no sensibility for me! It is necessary to be firm—to have the heart of adamant: otherwise, let no one meddle with war or politics!"

In his social relations, Bonaparte showed himself, in schoolboy phrase, a sullen; but his sulkiness was rarely disobliging. His fits of ill-humor passed like clouds, and evaporated in words. His serious bad treatment; his sarcastic allusions; the burst of his resentment—all these were calculated and prepared beforehand. When he had to express his disapprobation against anyone, the presence of witnesses encouraged the attack: then his remarks were always harsh, sarcastic, and humiliating. Under these strokes it was hard to bear up; but he seldom gave way to these violent sallies, and never except on proofs received of the culpability of their objects. When he designed to take one to task, he always desired to have a third party as witness. I frequently observed that this inspired him with more hardihood: in fact, when alone with him, and when well informed of his character, there was a certainty of one's getting the better, by being cool, frank, and never appearing to wince under the castigation. To his friends at St. Helena he is reported to have said that he admitted a third on such occasions only that the blow struck might sound to a greater distance. Such was not his true motive; for then it would have been far more simple to have made a public exhibition at once. There were other reasons. During the whole time I remained in his service, I remarked that he cared not about private interviews: when he was expecting anyone he would say—"Bourrienne, you will remain;" and when a person was announced whom he did not expect—a minister, for instance, or general—on my rising to retire, he would say, in an undertone, "Remain now." I certainly was not detained that what might be said should

*We must not judge of Duroc by this description. He was cold, certainly, and habitually serious; but few were kinder, or more obliging.—*Author.*

thus be spread abroad; it formed no part either of my character, or of my duty, to carry about his words; if, too, I had so desired, there wanted time. It may, besides, be presumed, that the few persons admitted, as third parties, into these confidences, could not be ignorant of the inconveniences consequent on indiscretions under a government that knew all. In every view, Bonaparte would have failed of his aim, in reckoning upon the revelations of a thirdsman, if that had been the only object proposed.

For the sanguinary actors in the Revolution, and especially for the regicides, the Consul entertained the profoundest aversion. He endured, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling his sentiments; but, when he spoke to me of these men of blood, of those whom he himself named "assassins of Louis XVI.," it was with horror, lamenting the necessity under which he yet labored of employing and of constraining himself so far as to speak them fair. Many times did he say to Cambacèrés, at the same time gently pinching his ear, to make palatable, by this habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the sarcasm, "My poor Cambacèrés, I have nothing to do in that case; but your affair is clear—if ever the Bourbons return, you will be hanged!" Upon this, a forced laugh would contract the leaden countenance of Cambacèrés, in a manner as difficult, as it would be disagreeable, to paint. This expression was uniformly the sole reply of the Second Consul, who once, however, in my hearing, made answer—"Come, now, do forbear your ill-timed jokes!" If, to use a vulgar phrase, there ever was one who laughed only from the teeth outwards, it was Cambacèrés.

Bonaparte exhibited some singular habits and tastes. Whenever anything went wrong, or when some disagreeable thought occupied him, he uttered a humming sort of noise, far, indeed, from resembling an air, for he was very unmusical, as already mentioned. In this mood, seating himself by his writing-table, he poised himself on his chair, leaning backwards so dangerously that a hundred times have I called to him to beware of falling heels over head. In this situation he vented his ill-humor against the right arm of his elbow-chair, slashing it with his penknife, which, indeed, was of no other use to him. I took great care to have always within his reach the very best pens; for, charged with deciphering his writing, I was more interested than anyone else that he wrote—not well, which was out of the question, but the least badly possible.

The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, for which I have never been able to account. When we were at Malmaison, and while walking in the avenue leading to Ruel, how often

has the booming of the village bell broken off our most serious conversation! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a tone in the sounds which charmed him. He was even inclined to be angry with me for not feeling the same impressions as were made upon himself; the influence, indeed, was so powerful, that his voice trembled with emotion, while he said—"That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne. I was happy then." The bell ceased to vibrate—and he, resuming the current of gigantic reverie, would launch into futurity, encircle his head with a diadem, and hurl kings from their thrones!

Nowhere, unless it were on the field of battle, have I seen Bonaparte more delighted than in his gardens at Malmaison. During the early period of the consulate, we retired thither every Saturday evening, staying over Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Nor can I describe his joy, on getting to his beloved retreat, more happily, or more truly, than by saying, that it resembled the buoyant gladness of a youth just let loose from school. At Malmaison, the Consul made study give place *a little* to walking, overseeing in person the improvements which he had ordered. At first, he sometimes visited the environs, until the report of the police poisoned his native feeling of security, by insinuating fears of royalist partisans lying in wait to carry him off.* For the first four or five days, on getting possession, he amused himself, after breakfast, in calculating the annual income, omitting nothing, not even the care of the park, and the price of the vegetables. He found the whole amount to be 8,000 francs (£333, 6s. 8d.). "That is not so bad," were his words; "but, to live here, one would require an income of $30,000" (£1,250). I fell a-laughing heartily to see him seriously apply to this inquiry. These humble desires were not of long duration.

In the country, one of his greatest pleasures was to see a lady, of a tall and slender figure, dressed in white, walking in a shady avenue. He could not endure colored dresses, especially those of a deep shade; and for women too much *embonpoint* he had a sovereign dislike. Ladies in the situation wished by those "who love their lords," inspired him with invincible repugnance, so that very rarely were they invited to his parties, or dinners. He possessed all the requisite qualifications for being, what is termed in the world an agreeable man—except the will to be so. He was too imposing to attract; and, unless by those who perfectly knew him, a sentiment of involuntary fear was experienced

* It appears, however, that, at a later period, such schemes were actually agitated.

in his presence. In that saloon where the excellent Josephine presided with so much grace and affability, all respired freedom and gaiety in the absence of her lord: on his arrival, a change came over the scene, and every eye rested on his countenance, to read there the disposition of his mind, whether he was to be conversible or silent, gay or gloomy.

Often he talked a great deal, sometimes even a little too much; but he conversed in a manner than which nothing could be more agreeable, or more truly engaging. His conversation seldom ran upon light or humorous subjects, never upon frivolous matters. He so much loved discussion that, in the heat of argument, it was easy to lead him into disclosures. Sometimes he amused himself, in a little circle, by relating anecdotes of presentiments and spirits. This occurred always in the evening, when the day was closing. He prepared his auditors by some solemn observation. On one occasion, for example, he began by saying, in a grave tone, "When death strikes at a distance a person who is dear to us, a presentiment almost always announces the event, and the individual whom death removes appears to us at the moment of our loss." After this introduction, he related to us the following instance:—"A great personage in the court of Louis XIV. happened to be one in the gallery at Versailles when that monarch was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingin, gained by Villars, in Germany. Suddenly, at the very moment, the courtier beheld, at the extremity of the apartment, the shade of his son, who was in the army with Villars, and exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' An instant after, the king named him among the slain."

All Bonaparte's narratives overflowed with fascination and originality. He was particularly conversible on a journey. In the warmth of discourse, always delightful, always abounding in noble views and elevated ideas, he sometimes permitted to escape involuntary disclosures upon his future views, or, at least, revealed things which might serve to give insight into those which he still wished to conceal. I took the liberty of remarking on this imprudence, and he received my observations in good part, acknowledging his failing, saying at the same time that he was not aware of going so far. He did not pretend to dissemble this species of heedlessness, of which he has made frank confession in his notes from St. Helena.

When in good humor, his ordinary caresses consisted in slight fillips with the first and second fingers, or in gently pinching the tip of the ear. In his most friendly conversations, with those admitted to unrestrained intimacy, he was in the habit of repeating, "You are a simple-

ton—a ninny—a blockhead—an ass—a fool—an imbecile." These six words served to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never applied them seriously, and the tone with which they were pronounced rendered their signification one quite of kindness.

Bonaparte put no faith either in medicine or in the prescriptions of physicians. He spoke of physic as of an art altogether conjectural, his opinion in this respect being fixed and immovable. He possessed a masculine reason which admitted only of demonstrated truths.

He had great difficulty in recollecting proper names and dates, but possessed a prodigious memory for facts and localities. I remember that, once, in going from Paris to Toulon, he made me remark six different places adapted for great battles, and he never forgot them; for, at that time, the recollection was one of the earliest journeys of his youth, and he described to me the surface of the ground, and explained the positions he would have occupied, even before we had reached the places themselves.

Insensible to the charms of poetic harmony, Bonaparte enjoyed not even sufficient ear to appreciate the measure of the verses, nor could he recite a single line without altering the rhythm; but the sublime thoughts of poetry charmed him. He was an idolater of Corneille, and to such a degree that one day, after the representation of "Cinna," he observed to me—"If a man like Corneille lived in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I admire, but his good sense, his great knowledge of the human heart; in short, the profundity of his politics."

Politeness in his intercourse with women did not form an habitual trait in the character of Bonaparte. Rarely had he anything agreeable to say to them; often, indeed, he addressed unlucky compliments, or made the strangest remarks. Sometimes it was, "Ah! good God! what red arms you have got!" at others, "Oh! what a villainous head-dress!" or, "Who has bundled your hair up in that fashion?" Sometimes, again, "You have got a very dirty robe! Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that dress twenty times before." In this he had no mercy, and generally liked to see money disbursed.* Often present at the toilet of his wife, who had a most exquisite taste, he had become not easily satisfied as respected the costume

* When Emperor, he one day said to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in presence of the whole circle at the Tuileries—"Ah, how droll! I declare your hair is red!"—"Perhaps it is, sire; but you are the first man who ever told me so." This spirited lady was soon after exiled to Tours for having declined the office of maid of honor to the Queen of Spain.

of other ladies. At first, elegance was what he chiefly required; a little later, he looked to expense and magnificence; but always propriety. At the commencement of the consulate, he complained more than once of the fashion which left the neck exposed.

Bonaparte did not love play; and it was so far very fortunate for those invited to his circles; for when he sat down to a card table, as he sometimes considered himself obliged to do, nothing could be more tiresome than the party, whether at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. On the contrary, when he walked about through the numerous assembly, every one felt pleased, for he addressed a great many people. It was, however, always with the learned men present that he held conversation, especially with those who had accompanied the Egyptian expedition, or with some popular author. But, on the whole, it was not so much in a drawing-room as at the head of his troops that one must have seen, to have formed a high idea of Bonaparte, and appreciated his powers. Uniform became him much better than the most splendid civil costumes; and, in these latter, his first essays were not by any means happy. I have been told that the first time he appeared in official robes he wore with them a black stock—a singular contrast, as was remarked to him. "So much the better," replied he; "that leaves something at least of the soldier, and there's no harm done."

The First Consul was sufficiently punctual in paying his personal expenses; but he disliked discharging public accounts, arising out of former transactions with ministers for the various services of the state. These payments he put off as long as possible, by every sort of chicanery and difficulty, having recourse to the very worst reasons. Hence, had accumulated so immense an arrear of expenses as occasioned the necessity of a committee of liquidation. It was with him a fixed opinion, a settled conviction, that "Whoever writes himself contractor signs himself knave." Whatever was not paid to this class of functionaries he considered as a just restitution; and the sums deducted from their accounts seemed to him as recovered from a robbery. The less a minister paid upon his budget the more favorably was he regarded; and this ruinous economy can alone explain the protracted credit of the claims against the French marine.

On religion Bonaparte had only vague ideas. He was wont to say, "My reason keeps me in unbelief regarding many things, but the impressions of childhood and the feelings of early youth throw me back into uncertainty." I have already mentioned the effect produced upon his mind by the sound of bells, and it is a fact which I have twenty

times witnessed. He liked very much to converse about religion. I have very frequently, at Passeriano, in Egypt, on board the *L'Orient* and *Le Muiron*, heard him take a most active share in animated conversations on this subject. He readily conceded whatever was proved, and everything that appeared to him to come of men and of time; but he would never hear of materialism. I remember that, being on deck one beautiful night, surrounded by several persons, who were discussing in favor of this afflictive opinion, Bonaparte, raising his hand towards the heavens and pointing to the stars, said, "Gentlemen, your arguments are vain—who made all these?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of men was to him the soul's immortality. To all religions he extended entire toleration, and could not conceive how men should be persecuted on account of religious creeds.

Among Bonaparte's singular habits I may cite that of sitting sideways upon every table within reach. He used to seat himself in this manner upon mine, resting the left arm upon my right shoulder and balancing his left leg, which did not touch the floor, thus continuing to dictate, shaking the table all the while, very much, of course, to the improvement of my penmanship.

Bonaparte felt great repugnance to reverse a decision, even when aware of its injustice. In little as in great things nothing could induce him to withdraw a step: to recede was, with him, to fall. Here his heart was at variance with his conduct: he felt this, too; but his good dispositions were silenced by what he regarded as a political exigency. Never, perhaps, did Bonaparte say, "I have done wrong;" his favorite expression was, "I begin to suspect all is not right." Nevertheless, and in opposition to this maxim, more becoming a disappointed theorist than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither rancorous nor vindictive. His character was not sanguinary. I cannot, of course, justify all those sentences drawn from him by the inexorable law of war, and the cruel necessity of circumstances; but I am able to say that, in this respect, mankind have often been most unjust towards him. Outrageous fools only could have given him the appellations of Nero and Caligula. There existed nothing in his actions or character which ought to have exposed him to such insult. I believe I have remarked with sufficient sincerity on his real faults to be taken on my word: well, then, I can assure the reader that, setting aside political considerations, Bonaparte was feeling, kind, accessible to pity. He was very fond of children; and rarely does a wicked man show such an attachment. In the habits of private life he had—yes, the word is not too strong—he had much benevolence and great indulgence for

human weakness. A contrary opinion is too deeply rooted in some minds that I should flatter myself with being able entirely to remove the impression. I shall have, it is to be feared, some opposers; but I address myself to those who seek for truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Bonaparte for six-and-twenty years, and I advance nothing lightly. At all events, allowance must be made for difference of times, circumstances and characters. The Collegian must be distinguished from the General, the Consul from the Emperor, if we would pronounce an impartial judgment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONSULATE IN THE TUILERIES--CLEMENCY AND GENEROSITY OF BONAPARTE—JOSEPHINE—HER HABITS—EXTRAVAGANT CHARGES — ANECDOTES — PUBLIC BUILDINGS — BONAPARTE'S TASTE IN ARCHITECTURE—ANECDOTES.

We were then at the Tuileries! On the morrow of the so much wished for day on which we slept in the palace of our kings, I addressed Bonaparte on entering his chamber—"Well, General, behold you at length arrived here, not only without difficulty, but with the acclamations of the people! Do you remember your remark in the Rue St. Anne—'I ought to make myself king, but it is not yet time?'"—"Yes, very true; I remember. See what it is to will. It was only two years ago! Don't you think we have managed matters not so badly in that time? On the whole, I am much satisfied. The affair of yesterday passed off well. Do you suppose that all those who came to play the sycophant about me were sincere? Not so, undoubtedly; but the joy of the people was real; and the people are right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion. Look at the state of the money market. The course of exchange, at *eleven* on the 17th Brumaire had risen to *sixteen* on the 20th, and to-day is at *twenty-one*. With that I can allow the chattering of the Jacobins: but—let them not speak too loud!" Having dressed, he went to walk in the gallery of Diana; examined the statues placed there by his order; and, in the course of the morning, felt in full possession of his new abode. Among other things, I recollect he said—"Bourrienne, to be at the Tuileries is not *all;* we must remain there. Who have inhabited this place? Robbers—the Convention. Hold; look, there's your brother's house. Did I not thence behold the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried

away prisoner? But you may rest in security. Let them try that again!"

Already was the ancient ceremonial of the court of France in request; and till the chamberlains and grand-master of the ceremonies should be forthcoming, a counselor of state presented to the Consul in public audience the members of foreign diplomacy then in Paris. A hall in the palace was expressly fitted up for this ceremony, like many others, unknown for long. At this and other presentations that followed, three consuls were, indeed, present; but what chiefly distinguished the first from his colleagues, besides receiving all credentials, was that on leaving these official audiences the presented paid their respects to Madame Bonaparte, as formerly to the queen.

Thus the ancient usages of royalty insinuated themselves by little and little into the royal abode. Among the rights of the crown, and which the constitution of year VIII. did not grant to the First Consul, was one he greatly desired, and which he arrogated by the most excusable of all usurpations, namely, the right of pardoning. To save men sentenced by the laws, where the imperious demands of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed everything, did not interfere, was to him a source of the greatest pleasure. He even seemed grateful to those who afforded him an opportunity of being merciful. Such was the Consul: I speak not of the Emperor. Of this the following fact, which touched me so nearly, offers an incontestable proof:—

M. Defeu, a French emigrant, had been taken in the Tyrol with arms in his hands. In January, while we were yet at the Luxembourg, the unfortunate youth was ordered to be put on trial at Grenoble. The laws against emigrants in his situation were terrible, and the judges dared not mitigate. Tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day and shot in the evening; such was their usual fate. Informed by my cousin, Mademoiselle Pointrincourt,* of the situation of Defeu, I had left the cabinet for a moment to meet her, she having posted from Sens on purpose. On returning, I found the Consul surprised at being left alone, so contrary to my usual habits. "Where come you from?" asked he.—"I have just been with a relative who entreats a favor of you."—"What is it?" I then related the sad condition of Defeu. His first reply was terrible. "No mercy!" exclaimed he; "no pity for emigrants! He that bears arms against his country is a child who would murder his mother!" This burst of resentment over, I pleaded the youth of the culprit, and the good effect which

* Afterwards, and still, I believe, Madame Defeu.—*Translator.*

clemency would here produce. "Well," said he, "write:—'The First Consul wills that judgment be suspended in the case of M. Defeu.'" He signed, and I dispatched by an extraordinary courier this laconic order. Next morning I had hardly entered the Consul's bed-chamber when he said:—"Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing of your friend Defue; are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Oh, as to that—nonsense! but I like not to do things by halves. Write that I desire M. Defeu be instantly liberated. I make perhaps one more ungrateful—no matter! so much the worse for him; and, Bourrienne, in similar cases always apply to me: when I refuse, it is because it is impossible to comply." My first note arrived just in time to save Defeu, who now lives, the father of three children, in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

Emboldened by this success, and by the kind expressions of the Consul, I ventured to request the pardon of Count de Frotte, a chief of the Vendean league. He had at first refused all offers of pacification; subsequent reverses, however, of the royalist forces, necessitated him to propose advances which he had formerly rejected. But while he was actually treating with the republican general, circumstances occurred and letters were intercepted giving grounds to believe that his intentions were not sincere. He had even designated the consulate as "the criminal enterprise of Bonaparte, which must soon terminate." I had here much more difficulty; but at length prevailed so far as to obtain an order for suspending judgment on the Count. How painful the lesson I then received on the misfortunes which may arise from the loss of time! Not supposing things so far advanced as they actually were, I delayed to dispatch immediately the order of suspension. The minister of police had marked his victim, and his agents never tarried on their errands of destruction. He sent an order to hasten judgment, and my reprieve arrived too late! The Count was tried, condemned the same day and executed on the following, being that before we removed to the Tuileries. I have reason to believe that some secret accusation had, in the interval, reached the Consul; for, on learning what had happened, he appeared quite indifferent, and merely said to me, with unusual bitterness, "You must learn to take your measures more surely.—Say, is it my fault?"

This generous conduct of the First Consul towards a Vendean chief, leads me to speak of the efforts he made during the first period of our abode in the Tuileries for tranquilizing that unhappy country. He collected from all quarters information respecting the true state of things, and these documents we studied carefully. Among others,

was a long and singular letter on the character and examination of the Marquis Charante, who was executed 29th March, 1796. This letter I read twice to Bonaparte, who considered the Marquis to have been a most determined enemy of the republic and one of the firmest supporters of monarchy. The principal leaders in La Vendée also were invited to Paris in order to confer with the First Consul. To him a civil war appeared a fearful thing. The celebrated Georges Cadoudal was admitted to a private conference—an audience attended with circumstances which proved that if Bonaparte did not believe in men's virtue he believed in their honor. General Rapp introduced Georges, leaving him alone with the First Consul in the saloon, and retiring to the cabinet, where I also remained, but without shutting either of the doors of the bed-chamber, which, as described, separated the saloon from the cabinet. We could thus observe the two walking backwards and forwards the whole length of the hall. This continued a long time. Their conversation seemed very animated, and we could hear many things, but without connection. Sometimes there was a good deal of anger in the tones and gestures. The interview came to nothing. The Consul, perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehension of his own safety, reassured him with the utmost nobleness. "You view things in an unfortunate light," was the remark, "and you do wrong in refusing to listen to some accommodation; but, if you persist in desiring to return to your own country, you shall retire as freely as you have come to Paris." Upon re-entering the cabinet, Bonaparte addressed the General in these words:—"Now tell me, Rapp, why did you leave the doors open, and remain with Bourrienne?"—"If you had shut the door, I would have opened it again. Ought I to have left you alone with such a man as that?"—"There was no danger—shame now, Rapp, to think so!" When we were left alone, however, the Consul appeared to me pleased with this mark of attachment, but was much grieved at the refusal of Georges. "He does not estimate properly the state of things," observed he; "but the exaggeration of his sentiments has its origin in noble ideas, which must give him great influence among his countrymen. We must, nevertheless, bring the affair to a right conclusion."

The least slight offered by a foreign power to the rights or dignities of France put the First Consul beside himself. Of all the actions of Louis XIV., that which he, consequently, admired most, was obliging the Genoese deputies to come to Paris in order to apologize for the act of the Doge, their master. Bonaparte showed this ardent desire of causing the French government to be respected in an affair which about

this time made great noise, but terminated amicably, through the most powerful of all pacificators—gold. Two Irishmen, Napper-Tandy and Blackwell, brought up in France and ranking as officers upon the lists of the French army, had retired to Hamburg. The British government having claimed them as traitors, they were delivered up; and, as France also considered them her subjects, this their arrest caused violent complaints against the senate of Hamburg. Blackwell had been a leader of the United Irishmen, but naturalized in France and bore the rank of adjutant. Napper-Tandy had also been an agitator in Ireland. The former had been shipwrecked while on a secret mission to Norway, before reaching Hamburg; the latter, escaping in a French brig, was passing through that city on his way to Sweden. The interposition of the French government saved their lives; Blackwell was imprisoned for life, but released, and Napper-Tandy, after two years' confinement, sent back to France.

At first, the Consul vowed the severest vengeance against Hamburg; but the senate addressed to him a letter, justifying their conduct, and supported this justification by an inclosure for 4,500,000 francs (£187,500). The money softened him greatly. It was, in some sort, a remembrance of Egypt; one of those small *ways and means* to which the General had familiarized the pashas; except that, for this once, not a penny entered the public treasury. As to the *well-composed* justification, he replied, "We have received your letter, gentlemen; it justifies you not."

For the space of eight days I had kept the 4,500,000 of the Hamburgers in a desk, when Bonaparte decided on their application. After paying Josephine's debts, as we shall see immediately, and the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated a list of persons to whom he designed making presents. My name crossed not his lips, consequently I was relieved of the trouble of writing it down. Some time afterwards, however, he said to me with the most affable kindness, "Bourrienne, I gave you none of that Hamburg money, but shall now make you amends." Then taking from a drawer a large and lengthy sheet of printed paper, with the blanks filled up in writing, "Here," said he, "is a bill of exchange for 300,000 francs of Italy (about £12,500), due by the Cisalpine republic, for cannons sold; it is indorsed, Haller and Collot: I make you a present of it."—"But, General," was my replys after having examined the said present, "this has been due long since; why did you not get it cashed? the indorsers are no longer bound to anything."—"France," replied he, "is charged with paying that sort of debts; send the paper to Fermont (the minister); he will

liquidate at three per cent. You will not receive ready money, but 9,000 francs or nearly in stock; for the Italian is somewhat less than the French livre." I made my acknowledgments, and sent the letter as directed. Answer was returned that the claim had fallen into arrear, and could not be discharged, not being included under any of the categories specified by the laws of *aire*, *ose*, *al*, and *or*.* I laid this reply before the Consul. "Ah, bah! he knows nothing about it; he is mistaken. Write"— He then dictated a note urging the liquidation: a new refusal was the only reply. "General, the minister pays as little attention to you as to me."—"Well," said he, with the tone of one who knew what he had to expect from the first, "what the devil would you have me do since the law is against us? Insist—follow the usual method for liquidations, come what may." What came was, that, by a precious decree, the treaty was annulled, erased, and deposited among the archives, as were also of course my £12,000.

Neither from the General of the Army of Italy, nor from the Commander-in-chief in Egypt, nor under the Consul for ten years, nor under the First Consul for life, had I any fixed appointment. I took from his funds whatever was necessary for my own as well as for his expenses. He never asked me for an account. Soon after the scene of the bill of exchange, when the winter was setting in, he said to me, "Bourrienne, the season gets too cold; I shall be but seldom at Malmaison. Go, while I am at the council; bring away my papers and little effects; here is the key of my desk; bring everything that may be in it." At two I set out, and returned at six. He was at dinner. I placed on his writing-table in the cabinet various things I had found in the scrutoire, and 15,000 francs (£625) in bank checks, which were in the corner of a small drawer. Upon entering after dinner, "Here's money," said he; "whence comes it?"—"Upon my word I know nothing of it: I found it in your desk."—"Ah! yes, I had forgotten—for my petty expenses. Take and keep it." I recollect perfectly that he had once given me his key on a beautiful summer evening to bring two checks for a thousand francs (£84) for a *petty expense*, but was not aware of his having drawn no more than the reserve.

I have already said that Josephine's debts were paid from the contribution inflicted upon the Hamburg senate. This concern of the interior appears to merit some observations. The estate of Malmaison had cost 160,000 francs (£6,666, 13s. 4d.), Josephine having concluded

* Terminations of the republican months, consequently when the laws were passed. Fermont was so rigid that he was generally known by the sobriquet of *M. Fermons la Caisse, Mr. Shut-the-box*—a play on his name.

the purchase while we were in Egypt. Many improvements had been made, and the beautiful grounds subsequently added. All these things were not done for nothing; and, besides, a considerable sum of the purchase remained unpaid. But this was not the only debt of Josephine. Creditors began to grumble—a circumstance beginning to be productive of a bad effect in Paris; and, I confess, though aware of the fact, I so much dreaded the Consul's bad temper, an ebullition of which was certainly to be expected on these explanations, that I deferred them indefinitely. With much satisfaction, therefore, I learned that M. Talleyrand, than whom no one could better gild a bitter pill for Bonaparte, had anticipated me. One night, at half-past eleven, the minister broke this delicate matter: on his taking leave, I entered the cabinet where Bonaparte had remained alone. "Talleyrand has just been talking to me of my wife's debts: I have that Hamburg money: ask her the exact amount. Let nothing be concealed; I wish to make an end, and will have no recommencement: but don't pay without showing me the accounts of these rascals; they are out and out robbers."

On the morrow I saw Josephine. She was delighted with these dispositions; for the very idea of the scene she had expected made her tremble; but this did not last long. When I requested an exact account of all engagements, she conjured me not to insist, but to rest satisfied with her admissions. "Madam, I must not dissemble; the First Consul is very angry; he believes you owe a large sum and is now disposed to discharge all. You will have to support bitter reproaches, I have no doubt; but these will be the same for the sum you acknowledge, as for the whole. Complaints, too, will soon break out anew; they will reach the ears of the First Consul, and he will be still more exasperated. Believe me—avow all, the results will be the same; and you will be afflicted but once by hearing the disagreeable things he may say to you: concealment will constantly renew your grievances."—"I cannot tell him all; it is impossible for me! Do me the favor to conceal what I now confess to you. I owe, I believe, about 1,200,000 francs (£50,000); but I can acknowledge only six: I will contract no more debts, and pay the rest by little and little, through economy."—"Here, madam, I can only repeat my former observations; *six* will cause you as painful a scene as *twelve* hundred thousand; and, by going to the full extent, you will be quit of the affair forever."—"I will never do it, Bourrienne; I know *him;* I never can support his violence." After a quarter of an hour's discussion to the same effect, I was obliged to yield to her pressing entreaties, promising to report only 600,000 francs to the Consul.

His displeasure and bad humor may be conceived. He strongly suspected, too, that his wife concealed something; but at last he said, "Well! take the 600,000 francs; but — discharge all debts with that sum; and let me hear no more of them. I authorize you to threaten the people with receiving nothing unless they give up their enormous profits: we must teach them not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte remitted all the accounts to me. The exaggerated charges, arising from the fear of not being paid till after long credit, and then of reduction, is not to be conceived. There appeared also to be overcharges in the number of the articles furnished. In a milliner's account, for instance, were set down *thirty-eight* new hats, and all of high price, for *one* month: there were for the feathers alone 1,800 francs (£75), and for perfumery 800 (£33) more. I asked Josephine if she was in the habit of wearing two hats a-day? This shameful imposition she merely termed a mistake. It was the same knavery throughout. I profited largely by the authority given me by the First Consul, and spared neither reproaches nor threats. I am ashamed to say, that the greater part accepted the half of their demands: one person took 35,000 for an account delivered of 80,000 francs (£1,400 for £3,300), and had the impudence to tell me he had a comfortable profit after all. I had finally the satisfaction, after the most complete squabbling, to settle the whole with the 600,000 francs. But Madame Bonaparte soon fell into similar excesses. Happily, money was becoming more abundant. This incomprehensible rage for expense proved almost the exclusive source of all her uneasiness: her thoughtless profusion rendered disorder permanent in her establishment.

The good Josephine! she had not less ambition in little, than her husband in great, matters: to acquire, not to possess, constituted her pleasure. Who would believe it? she became tired of the beauty of the grounds of Malmaison, and constantly besought me to take her to walk on the public road, in the midst of dust raised by vehicles of all descriptions: the bustle and noise of the highway appeared to her preferable to the silent repose of the beautiful avenues of the park; and Hortense, in this respect, had the same tastes as her mother. This strange predilection astonished Bonaparte, and sometimes put him out of humor. My intercourse with Josephine was charming, for never have I seen any woman carry into *everyday* society so great equability of disposition, so much of that gentle spirit of kindliness, which is the first requisite to perfect amiableness.

Madame Bonaparte was so good as to order to be fitted up at Mal-

maison a very pretty suite of apartments for myself and my wife, earnestly entreating me to accept with all that benevolence for which she was so remarkable. But, almost as much a captive at Paris as a state prisoner, I wished in the country to preserve the only intervals of liberty which were permitted me to enjoy. And yet, what was this liberty? I had purchased a small house at Ruel, and here, when I met my friends, it was at midnight, at five in the morning; and often, during the night, the First Consul sent to call me up on the arrival of couriers. Here, too, I was rarely left alone, not even while dressing; and on leaving my house at six in the morning for Malmaison, I passed through a double file of suitors who had to solicit something of the First Consul. Alas! all is not pleasure in the friendship of a great man! Such was the liberty for whose sake I refused the offer of the amiable Josephine. Bonaparte came only once to see me in my retreat, but the ladies were frequent visitors. To call upon Madame Bourrienne gave an object to their walks.

At Paris, I quitted Bonaparte even more rarely than at Malmaison. Sometimes we took an evening walk together in the gardens of the Tuileries. On these occasions he always waited till the gates were closed; and constantly, in all evening rambles, wore a gray surtout and round hat. It was my duty to answer, "The First Consul," to the challenge of the sentinels. These walks were much the same as in the country, but our strolls in the town were often very piquant. This was only during our early residence in the Tuileries, and then, on seeing Bonaparte enter the cabinet about eight, dressed in his gray coat, I was certain it would be, "Come, Bourrienne, let us take a turn." Sometimes, instead of the arcade, opening into the gardens, we went out by a postern, leading into the court. He would then take my arm, and we strolled along the Rue St. Honoré, making small purchases in the shops. While I affected to be looking at the articles we wanted to purchase, he played the questioner. Nothing could be more laughable than to see him striving to assume the light and bantering tone of the young man of fashion; or his awkward attempts to catch the graces of a genuine exquisite. Adjusting his cravat, he would say something like the following—"Well, madam, what news?—Citizen, what is said of Bonaparte? Yours is a capital affair here; you must see a great many customers.—what say they of this farcical Bonaparte?" How happy he was upon one occasion! It happened that one night we were obliged to make rather a precipitate retreat, in order to avoid the consequences drawn upon us by the irreverent manner in which *Bonaparte* had spoken of the *First Consul!*

I have already mentioned Bonaparte's taste for building. In the commencement of the consulate, during the period of which I now speak, little had yet been done; but already improvements had begun in the Tuileries by sweeping away the mean sheds which encumbered the court of the palace. Designs for the embellishment of Paris, not yet called *my* capital, succeeded. But while he gave much employment to his architects, the First Consul also kept the surveyors of roads and bridges stirring; for his incredible activity had something infectious, which seemed to electrify all in the service of government.

The destruction of men and the construction of edifices were perfectly reconciled in the mind of Bonaparte. It might be asserted, indeed, that his passion for building equaled his passion for war; but, as in all things he held in horror whatever was sordid or little, so he preferred vast erections as he loved great battles. The aspect of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had in no small degree contributed to unfold this natural taste for large edifices: it was not, indeed, the structures themselves he loved, but the associations of history which they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the mighty events they record. But it is equally to be observed that, notwithstanding this species of necessity he felt of doing great things, he attended with no less care to the minutest proposals for improvement. His genius desired grand monuments as memorials of his glory, but, at the same time, in the prudence of his administration, he knew how to appreciate the least contribution to utility. Rarely, in this respect, could he be accused of erring from neglecting to examine a proposal; nor was the examination long: with his habitual tact, he at once saw things in their true light. These dispositions occupied a conspicuous place in the series of his thoughts and in his schemes of greatness: but here I give only a few details, without confining myself to any precise epoch.

If the greater part of the monuments and embellishments of Paris were the result of taste and talent, some have arisen from a happy chance. I remember one instance: One day Bonaparte had just left the cabinet, and I was taking the advantage of his absence to stand up for a moment before the window which looked into the gardens. Having forgotten a paper, he returned almost immediately to ask me about it. "What are you at there, Bourrienne? For a bet, looking at the pretty girls as they pass on the terrace."—"Sometimes I happen to be so engaged, I must confess, General; but at this moment no. I was looking at that villainous left bank of the Seine, with its filth, inundations and unfinished quay, and vowing in my own mind to speak to

you about it." He then approached the window and looked out. "Truly you had reason; how very ugly! It is quite disgusting to see them wash their dirty linen before our windows. Come, write: 'The quay, from the School of Natation, shall be completed in the ensuing season.' Dispatch that to the minister of the interior." He went out, and the order was obeyed; but he was unable to overcome the habit of a name; the quay was inscribed at each extremity "*Quay Bonaparte;*" still the old appellation, "*Quay d'Orsay,*" prevailed. Upon another occasion, while on a journey to Belgium, he found the ferry boat across the Meuse at Gevet out of order. This occasioned a delay of some minutes—a decree was dictated on the spot: "A bridge shall be erected on the Meuse, joining Little Gevet with Great Gevet. It must be completed in the ensuing summer." The bridge was constructed within the appointed time, and France this day possesses one of the finest bridges I have ever seen, because Napoleon was detained some minutes on the right bank of the Meuse. The iron bridge across the Seine, in front of the palace of the Institute (Pont des Arts), was a whim of his own, in opposition to his architects; but no sooner was it finished than he was dissatisfied. "It has no appearance of solidity," was his remark afterwards, "and no effect of grandeur. I can conceive that, in England, where stone is scarce, they may properly employ iron for arches of large dimensions; but in France, where all abounds—!"

At one time it was intended to unite, by magnificent galleries, the palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries; but the idea was renounced when the First Consul found that the *estimate* amounted to 16,000,000, consequently in *practice*, to 24,000,000 (1,000,000 sterling) at least. He consoled himself with the reflection "that, everything considered, no building, however noble, could equal the effect of a vast open area between two palaces." On this subject we may add the following to many examples of the enormous difference generally found between the architect's estimate, and the sums to be paid by the hapless proprietor. The palace of St. Cloud was to be repaired for the Consul; but the Revolution had been there—all was in total disorder; and, though desirous of a possession which he had formerly rejected, he shrunk from loading the budget with the heavy sums he suspected would be required to render the building habitable. Flattery had not then reached the perfection to which I saw it afterwards attain, but a flatterer of those days assured the First Consul that 25,000 francs (little more than £1,000) would suffice. I could not be silent on hearing such an absurdity, but immediately asserted that 1,200,000, or more, would be required. An estimate was taken, and the architect gave in

nearly 3,000,000 (£125,00). This was a large sum, but Bonaparte had resolved to *sleep* at St. Cloud: and to work he went. The whole expense, exclusive of furnishing, finally amounted to 6,000,000 (£250,000). Such were the 3,000,000 of an architect, and the 25,000 of a flatterer!

In Paris, all the new streets were forty feet wide, and one, the projected *Imperial*, was to be 100 feet broad, with arcades, and planted. In a word, Bonaparte esteemed nothing too beautiful, too majestic, for the embellishment of the capital of a country which he desired to render the mistress of the world. This, next to war, was the first wish of his ambition. After returning from conquest, and enriching France by a new peace, with what pleasure did he examine the labors executed during his absence! A conquest, a peace, a triumph, was to him a work not completed while it wanted a fitting monument to transmit the remembrance to posterity. Thus arose the column of the Place Vendome, covered with the bronze of Austrian cannon captured in a campaign of three months. Such were the bridges of Austerlitz and of Jena. The quays on both banks of the Seine confined its captive waters, giving health and beauty to the metropolis; and, like the bridges of St. Cloud, of the Arts, of Severes, belonged to peace. The Dome of the Invalids again hung in air, brilliant with gold, as in the reign of the great king, and the Temple of Glory were tributes paid to the army. The Corn Market burnt down was reconstructed of iron, as if bidding defiance to conflagration. The Exchange, worthy of the commerce of a capital, was destined to reproduce, in its forms and greatness, the Parthenon of Athens. The range of palaces begun even beyond Paris were destined for the proud abodes of the ambassadors of kings; at least, while yet there were in Europe other sovereigns than Napoleon. Even the dead were to have cities; and he had designed to establish on the cardinal points four vast cemeteries such as he had admired and contributed to people at Cairo.

Glory, always glory! Such was his wish for France, and for himself. How many times has he said to me, when speaking of his great designs—"Bourrienne, it is for France I do this! All that I wish, all that I desire, the end of all my toils, is that my name may be inseparably bound to the name of France!"

But Paris is not the only city, nor France the sole country, which to-day bears witness to the passion of Napoleon for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in the kingdom of Italy, he executed great things. His highways leveled the obstacles and barriers by which nature had set bounds to ancient France, in order

more firmly to unite thereto the provinces he successively added to her empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as the alley of a garden, replaced the dangerous steeps of Bramant: thus the passage of Mount Cenis is now no more than a walk in almost all seasons. The Simplon thus was forced to stoop his head to the lever and the mine of French engineers; and with more truth might Bonaparte say, There are no longer Alps, than Louis XIV. boasted, There were no longer Pyrenees!

CHAPTER XXV.

BONAPARTE'S METHOD OF CONDUCTING BUSINESS—DIRECTIONS TO BOURRIENNE—GENERAL MELIORATION OF FRANCE—EDUCATION—ANECDOTES OF A POLISH STUDENT—GENEROSITY—COINCIDENCE—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LOUIS XVIII. AND BONAPARTE—ANECDOTES OF THE LATTER—OPINIONS OF THE BOURBONS.

THE following instructions, dictated for me by the First Consul to General Duroc, and of which I have carefully preserved the original, will show the confidence reposed in my services, and the manner in which Bonaparte entered into the details of his government.

Duties of Bourrienne.

"I. Citizen Bourrienne will take charge of opening *all letters* addressed to the First Consul, and present them to him three times a day, or when they arrive, should there be anything pressing. The letter-basket will be kept in the cabinet, where the letters are also to be opened. He is to analyze all those of secondary importance, writing upon each letter the decision given by the First Consul. The hours shall be—when the First Consul rises, eleven o'clock at night, and a quarter of an hour before dinner.

"II. He is charged with the superintendence of the *Topographical Office*, and *Office of Translation*, in which there shall be a German clerk and an English clerk. Every day he will present to the First Consul, and at the same hours, the journals of these countries, with the translations which may have been made from them: in the Italian journals he is only to mark what the First Consul should read.

"III. He will keep one register for nominations to places in the administration; one for nominations to places in the justiciary; one for nominations in foreign affairs; and another for the places of receivers

and important officers in finance. In these registers he is to inscribe the names of all those individuals which the First Consul may transmit to him. These registers must be written with his own hand, so that no person can have knowledge of them.

"IV. The secret correspondence, and the different reports of police, are to be addressed directly to him, and transmitted from *his own hand into the hand* of the First Consul. He will peruse these, so that no one may have knowledge of them.

"V. There shall be a register for everything connected with the secret expenditure extraordinary, and whatever may have reference to that department. He is to write the whole with his own hand, in such manner that no one may have any knowledge thereof.

"VI. He will take care to expedite all that shall be transmitted to him, whether from the office of Citizen Duroc, or belonging to the private cabinet of the First Consul, taking care to arrange his work and class the whole in such a manner that all may continue to be secret.

(Signed) "The First Consul, BONAPARTE.

"PARIS, 13*th Germinal. Year VIII.*"

The official occupations assigned in these instructions were by no means my only labors; I had to write to the Consul's dictation during a great part of the day, or to decipher what he had written himself—always the most painful of my functions. So unremitted were my avocations, that they scarcely ever allowed me to leave the cabinet during the day, and if by any chance I dined in town, I could arrive only as the company sat down to table, and was obliged to retire with the coffee.* Once a month, at most, I went to the Theater-Français, without Bonaparte, but could remain not later than nine o'clock; at that hour we recommenced work. My medical friend constantly told me he trembled for my health; but zeal carried me on, and if the Consul spared not others, neither did he spare himself; nor can I express how happy I found myself at this period in the unreserved confidence of that man upon whom the eyes of all Europe were turned.

In these early times of the consulate it was wonderful to behold the eagerness with which every one strove to second the activity of the First Consul in his exertions for the social regeneration of France. All seemed animated with new life, and struggled as if competitors in doing

* That is to say, immediately after dinner. Among the very few objections made to the first edition is the phrase, "dined in town;" but *dîner en ville* is not here the proverbial expression *to dine out*. Bourrienne means to say, when he dined in *Paris*, as distinguished from the Tuileries; a distinction, by the way, which gave rise to the idiomatic form.—*Translator.*

good. Already might it be said that France, especially in her moral aspect, no longer resembled the France of the Directory; and yet five months had not elapsed since the expulsion of the directors. The course of events, too, seemed to concur in the benevolent intentions of the Consul. Vaccination, which perhaps has saved as many men as war has mown down, was introduced into France,* and Bonaparte, who knew well how to appreciate, highly approved the discovery. New institutions were organized, and the members of the ancient constitutional assemblies of France invited to return. Management here was doubtless necessary, and the invitations were limited or modified to suit the various parties whom he could not yet set at defiance. The personal sentiments, however, of the First Consul appear from the following fact, which occurred at this time, when none of his actions was without a motive. "Bourrienne," said he to me one day, "I still can venture nothing against the regicides; but I shall show them what I think of them. To-morrow I am to be engaged with Abrial in organizing the tribunal of appeal. Target, who is President of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. Eh, well! do you know whom I shall name instead of him?—Tronchet, who undertook the defense! They may talk as they like; I care not."

At the same period Bonaparte often spoke of his desire to improve public education, to which he conceived a proper direction had not been given. The central schools were not to his satisfaction; but he could not refuse praise to the Polytechnique School, the best establishment for instruction ever founded, and which in the sequel he spoiled, by giving it a military organization. A single college had preserved at Paris the remembrance of ancient studies: this was the college of Louis XIV., to which had been given the appellation of the Pritanée.† This establishment the First Consul visited unexpectedly one day, accompanied by Lebrun and Duroc. He remained upwards of an hour, and, in the evening, mentioned to me his visit with much interest. "Do you know, Bourrienne, that I have been acting the professor to-day?" —"You, General!"—"Yes, indeed, and acquitted myself not so ill. I examined the students of the mathematical class; I still remember my Euclid pretty well, and gave them some demonstrations on the board. I went through the class-rooms, the bed-chambers, the eating-hall. I tasted their soup; it is better, in truth, than ours was at Brienne. I must give serious attention to the state of public instruc-

* By M. de Liancourt, a celebrated physician.

† From the Prytaneum of ancient Athens.—*Translator.*

tion and the regulation of the colleges. There wants a uniform for the scholars: I observed some who were very well, and others poorly dressed. That serves no good purpose; it is at college, above all places, where equality should reign. We must plant for the future."

Of the students who had been examined, seven or eight of the most distinguished, after consultation with the rector, received pensions of 200 francs (£8, 6s. 8d.), and three were placed in the foreign office as students of diplomacy—an excellent method of rearing men of business, the projection of which is due to Talleyrand. This visit to the college recalls the memory of a fact in some measure connected therewith, and which shows all the loftiness of the Polish character. Among the students of the Pritanée was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the republic. This young man was then between sixteen and seventeen years of age. Soon after, having left the college, he enlisted, and, being in one of the corps reviewed by Bonaparte on the plain of Sablons, was pointed out to the Consul, who said to him, "I knew your father; he was a brave man; act like him; in six months you shall be an officer." Six months passed; young Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul reminding him of his promise. Another month; he wrote again, "You desired me to be worthy of my father; I shall be so. You said I should be an officer in six months; since that, seven months have elapsed. When you receive my letter, I shall be no more: I will not serve under a government whose chief fails in his word." The youth was but too faithful to his own. After having thus written to the First Consul, he retired to his room, and with a pistol shot himself through the head. A few days after this tragic event, the nomination of Miackzinski arrived at his regiment; for he had not been forgotten. A delay in the war office occasioned the catastrophe. The Consul seemed greatly affected, and said to me—"These Poles! they are all honor!—My poor Sulkowsky!—he was just such another!"

Much about the same time occurred the evasion of General Mack, who broke his parole and escaped from Paris, when the Consul merely said, "Mack may go where he pleases; I never met such mediocrity in any man. I have not the slightest fear of him; and if he ever be opposed to any of our good generals, there will be good sport. But a thought strikes me—there are other Austrian officers prisoners also. One of these, Count Dietrischstein, belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will set them all at liberty. On the point of commencing the campaign that will look well; they will see I fear them not—and then, who knows? that will perhaps procure us friends there." The

order was expedited for liberating the Austrian prisoners. It was ever thus—his acts of generosity, his choice of agents, his very severities, were the results of premeditated aims. He was always governing. And this aptitude, this continual preparation for measures of government manifested itself in all things. While thus occupied with so many important cares, he was arranging and authorizing the celebration of sacred operas and the promenades at Longchamps discontinued since the Revolution. While the republican calendar was still observed in all public acts, the ancient times and ancient calendar were imperceptibly recalled in the seasons of pleasure. Good Friday was marked by the first ball, and the holy weeks by promenades and concerts. Apropos of these trifles, I must here relate a *coincidence* which greatly diverted the First Consul. A day had been fixed for the *début* of the son of Vestris the opera dancer, and the grandfather, after having accomplished three generations of *artistes*, was to reappear on the occasion. The same day had been appointed for a solemn meeting of the Institute, at which Bonaparte was to preside. One morning I observed in some journal, and could not refrain reading to him, a notice —"The appearance of young Vestris is advanced a day, in order that there might be no competition with the First Consul, whose presence at the Institute ought to draw a great audience." He laughed most heartily at this *delicate* attention on the part of citizen Vestris.

From the commencement of the month Germinal (April, 1800), the First Consul had been exerting himself with fresh activity in reorganizing the Army of Italy. His own presence in Paris, the fine body of consular guards, the desire, so natural to young people, for splendid uniforms, had stimulated the military ardor of the youth of better estate in the capital. This was a disposition of which the First Consul was too wise not to take advantage by thus inviting to his cause many families of consequence, and diffusing more widely the spirit of the army. Of these Parisians he formed a body of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, then concentrating at Dijon. Their uniform was yellow, and, on that account, in certain saloons, where everything was still attempted to be turned into ridicule, the volunteers got the name of *canary birds*. Bonaparte, who did not always understand pleasantry, took this very seriously, and frequently expressed to me his dissatisfaction.* In other respects he viewed with

* Bonaparte may not have understood pleasantry; but in this, as on all occasions, he showed that he understood the character of the French, among whom these very memoirs show that a witticism, a ball, a spectacle produced a more serious sensation than a general battle, won or lost, would create in these islands.—*Translator.*

pleasure in this corps a first essay towards establishing privileged soldiers, an idea he had always entertained and subsequently often put in practice.

But before passing to the active period of the Italian campaign, we must turn to one, certainly now become not the least interesting page in Bonaparte's life, and to which the order of time now leads us. Since the fortunate restoration of the monarchy of the Bourbons, the question of their re-establishment on the throne by Bonaparte has assumed a character more elevated and belongs to history. It becomes necessary, therefore, to expose facts with the most scrupulous exactness.

Napoleon, in his Memoirs from St. Helena, says that he thought not of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This, to a certain extent, is true. He thought not of these princes, in order to restore them to their throne; but, we have seen, in several passages of these Memoirs, that he often thought of them, and that, more than once, their bare name struck him with terror. The Memorial from St. Helena adds, "A letter was remitted to the First Consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé Montesquieu, secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris. This letter, composed with extreme care, ran thus :—

"'You delay long to restore to me my throne. It is to be feared you may allow the favorable moments to pass away. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Haste, then, and do you yourself determine all the places which you would wish to be reserved for your friends.'"

Napoleon says he replied :—

"I have received the letter of your Royal Highness. I have ever felt a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You ought not to think of presenting yourself in France: you cannot enter that country, save over 100,000 dead bodies. As to the rest, I shall ever be anxious to do all in my power to soften your destiny, and cause you to forget your misfortunes."

The sense of these two letters is exactly rendered; there are to be found nearly the same ideas as in the original letters, of which I possess the autographs; and, everything considered, it is not surprising that, after so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should have failed. But, in an affair of this nature, between two men elevated so high, the one by birth and spirit, the other by genius, I deem it not unimportant to

give the text of this correspondence, and to explain certain curious circumstances therewith connected. The following are the words in which Louis XVIII. expressed himself :—

"20*th February*, 1800.—Sir—Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men such as you never inspire distrust. You have accepted an eminent station, and I acknowledge myself, on that account, your debtor. You, better than any one else, know that influence and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own madness, and you will have fulfilled the first wish of my heart; restore to that country her king, and future generations shall bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state that I should deem important appointments sufficient requital of my grandfather's obligation and my own. LOUIS."

The First Consul was strongly moved on the reception of this letter. Though he daily evinced his resolution to have nothing to do with the princes, still was he reflecting whether an answer ought, or ought not, to be given to this overture. The numerous affairs which then engrossed his attention seconded this indecision, and he was in no haste to reply. It is proper to state that Josephine and Hortense conjured him to give the king hopes; that, by so doing, he engaged himself to nothing, and would leave time to examine whether he could not, in the end, play a far nobler part than that of Monck. Their entreaties were so urgent that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Fauxbourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They have got to enacting the tutelary saints of the royalists. But that is nothing to me; I will have no more to do with them." Madame Bonaparte told me she urged him to this step because the very thought of his being king awoke in her mind a presentiment of misfortune she found impossible to banish. Her imagination had been strongly impressed during our absence in Egypt. In the course of that period a famous Pythoness, a Dame Villeneuve, drew the ladies of Paris in crowds to consult her on futurity—among the rest Josephine, as she informed me herself, to whom the prophetess said :—"You are the wife of a great general, who will become yet greater. He will cross the seas that now keep him distant, and you shall one day occupy the first place in France—but only for a short time!"

In numerous conversations with me the First Consul discussed, with admirable tact, the proposition of Louis and its consequences; but observed — "The partisans of the Bourbons are much mistaken if they

imagine that I am the man to play the game of Monck." The affair rested here, and the king's letter lay upon the table. In this interval Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without date, as follows:—

"You must be aware, General, that you have long possessed my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, name your place, fix the fortunes of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman; clement by disposition, I should be so still more from reason.

"No! the victor at Lodi—at Castiglione—at Arcola; the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt, cannot prefer a vain celebrity to glory. But you lose precious time. We have it in our power to secure the glory of France. I say *we*, because, for that end, I require the aid of Bonaparte; while he can accomplish nothing without me.

"General, Europe observes you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore happiness to my people. LOUIS."

This letter, so full of nobleness and dignity, was allowed likewise to lie over for some time without reply. At length he resolved on dictating an answer. I took the liberty of remarking that the king's letters were autographs, and, consequently, that a response, under his own hand would be regarded as more becoming. He then wrote as follows:—

"Sir:—I have received your letter: I thank you for the honorable mention made of me therein.

"You ought not to wish your return to France: Your march must be over 100,000 corpses.

"Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France: History will indemnify you.

"I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family: I shall learn with pleasure, and contribute willingly, to assure the tranquillity of your retreat. BONAPARTE."

He showed me his letter, asking, "How do you like it? Is it not good?" He never gave himself any trouble about my grammatical observations. I answered, "As to the import, since you have made up your mind, there is nothing more to be said; but I must make one remark on the style." I then pointed out to him that "*we do not learn with pleasure to assure.*" He himself, on reading the passage again, thought he had gone too far, and would be too strongly compromised in saying, *would contribute willingly*. He therefore erased the last sen-

tence and wrote above, "*I shall contribute with pleasure to render your retreat agreeable and tranquil.*" The letter, thus interlined and blotted, could not be sent; it remained upon the table with his signature attached.

Some time after he wrote a new letter, identically the same as the former in the three first paragraphs; but the last was changed, and ran thus:—"I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and it will give me pleasure to learn that you are surrounded with all things which can contribute to the tranquillity of your retreat." By these expressions he no longer stood engaged in any way, not even by words. Each day augmenting his power and consolidating his influence, diminished, in his opinion, the chances of the Bourbons; and it is worthy of remark that seven months elapsed between the king's first letter and the definite answer of the First Consul. This last was dated 2d Vendemiaire, year IX. (24th September, 1800), at the moment of opening the Congress of Luneville.

Some days after the arrival of the king's letter we were walking together in the Consul's favorite alley, at Malmaison, separated from his cabinet only by a small bridge. Affairs were going on well and he was in excellent humor. "Has my wife yet spoken to you of the Bourbons?"—"No, General."—"Yet when conversing with her you seem to fall in a little with her views. Tell me, then, why you desire their return. You can have no interest therein; nothing to expect from them. Have you ever seen men rise, through merit alone, near a throne? All in such governments is given to birth, to grand alliances, to fortune, to intrigue. Consider things better. Regard the future with more reflection."—"You speak of the future," answered I; "I wish to believe that you can retain power while you live; but you have no children; and it is almost certain that you never will, by Josephine. What, then, looking to this beautiful France, shall we do? What will become of us after you? You have often said that your brothers——" "Ah!" said he, interrupting me with quickness; "as to that, you are right; if I saw not thirty years for accomplishing my work, you would have after my death long civil wars. My brothers do not suit France. You know what they are. You would then have a violent struggle between the most eminent generals, each believing himself entitled to take my place."—"Well, General; why will you not prevent these evils which you foresee?"—"Think you, then, these things do not occupy my reflections? but weigh well all the difficulties of what you propose. How guarantee all acquired rights, so many important results, against a family returning to power, backed by eighty thousand emigrants, and

the influence of fanaticism? What must become of those who voted the death of the king—of those men who have become deeply implicated in the Revolution? What is to be done with the national property? How arrange the multitude of transactions which have occurred within the space of the last twelve years? Who shall say to what extent reaction will operate?" I replied at some length that he had it in his power to make conditions; that, in fact, these were left to himself; that he was in a position to play a far higher part than Monck, of whom he had spoken. "For," continued I, "you know well the difference between a general who combats an usurper, and him whom victory and peace have elevated on the ruins of a throne actually cast down, and who voluntarily restores the scepter to its ancient possessors. Once, again, what after you?"—"All *that* I know," was the reply; "but whatever you can say—or nothing—it is to me the same thing. Believe me, my good fellow, the Bourbons will consider themselves as having reconquered their inheritance. They will dispose of it at their pleasure. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. You are the veriest simpleton to count upon these things. My part is taken: let us talk no more on the subject. But I am aware how the women teaze you; you must undeceive them as to their folly and absurd presentiments. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to act."

The ladies knitted; I wrote to his dictation; he made himself Emperor. The empire has crumbled into dust; he is dead in St. Helena; and the Bourbons have returned.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN—PASSAGE OF THE ALPS—ANECDOTES—ARRIVAL AT MILAN—THE SPY—A FAMILY SCENE—18TH AND 19TH BRUMAIRE.

If Bonaparte's learning had equaled his practice he would have reversed the well-known adage, *Si vis pacem, para bellum:* for while endeavoring, as we have seen, to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, and engaged in the civil arrangements of France, the First Consul, from the end of February, 1800, had resolved in person to deal a decisive stroke in Italy. "I hope," said he, talking to me of his designs, "to fall upon the rear of Melas before he shall even suspect that I am Italy, provided, indeed, Genoa still hold out: but

Massena defends there." At this period the versatility and vigor of his genius would have wrung praises from the most inveterate enemy. At Dijon, the station appointed for the formation of an army of reserve, he created everything where nothing had previously existed. He entered into all, even the most minute details: for instance, while occupied every moment with these vast cares, he sent 24,000 francs (£1,000) to the monks at St. Bernard, for the purchase of refreshments.

On the 17th March, in a moment of gayety and good humor, desiring Chauchard's large map of Italy to be unrolled on the floor of the cabinet, he stretched himself upon it, making a motion for me to place myself beside him. He then began with grave attention to fix pins here and there, having heads covered with black and read sealing-wax. I looked on in profound silence, waiting the result of this inoffensive campaign. Having finished operations, and stationed the red-headed pins on the points he hoped to occupy with his own troops, he asked, "Where do you think I intend to beat Melas?" "Devil take me if I know anything about it," replied I.—"You are a blockhead. Look here a little. Melas is at Alessandria, his headquarters; he will remain there till Genoa has surrendered. In Alessandria are his magazines, hospitals, artillery, reserves. Passing the Alps here (pointing to the great St. Bernard), I fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and engage him here in the plains of the Scrivia" (placing a red pin at St. Juliano). Perceiving I regarded this maneuvering with pins as pastime, he commenced anew his ordinary little apostrophes, which were but an affectionate kind of raillery, and then proceeded with his lucid demonstrations on the map. We got up after about a quarter of an hour; I folded the chart, and thought no more of the matter. Four months after, on finding myself with the victorious army at St. Juliano, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military combinations. He smiled himself at the justness of his foresight.

The First Consul was dissatisfied with the administration of Berthier as minister at war, and replaced him by Carnot, whose firmness and integrity of character had already been proved. To console Berthier, whom he knew to be better fitted for the field than the cabinet, he dictated to me the following note:—

"*Paris, 2d April,* 1800.—The military talents, of which you have given so many proofs, citizen-general, and the confidence of government, call you to the command of an army. In the course of the winter, you have *reorganized* the war administration; you have provided, as far as circumstances permitted, for the wants of our armies. It remains for

you, during the spring and summer, to lead our soldiers to victory, as the efficient means of obtaining peace and consolidating the republic."

Not without much laughing was this epistle dictated; and, on pronouncing the word in italics, he burst out altogether. Berthier departed for Dijon, where he commenced forming the famous army of reserve, which, in principle, was really nothing; but which, some weeks later, by a single battle, was destined to bring back the whole of Italy under French domination. I remember Berthier sent a courier express for a mold to cast balls. Who would ever have divined Marengo at Dijon?

The constitution of the consular government forbade the First Consul to go beyond France as commander of an army. He therefore desired that his long meditated design of putting himself at the head of the Army of Italy should not be divulged. I remarked, that by the promotion of Berthier to the command of the Grand Army, so named for the first time, no one would be deceived; all would see clearly that he had made the choice in order to command in person. The First Consul smiled at the observation, and explained himself openly to the new minister, in my hearing—"Well, Carnot," said Bonaparte, having sent for him to the private cabinet, "I am going to Italy. A grand stroke is contemplated. The campaign will be short. Italy has echoes to repeat my name. I want you; and will take you with me." Carnot gave the First Consul to understand that he must decline the commissariat with the present commander. "Pillage will be the word," said he; "and it will be impossible to establish good order in the service." —"Ah, bah!" replied the Consul; "it is all for form's sake. Can you suppose I would have confided my army to Berthier, if I were not to be there myself? Berthier knows not how to command; but he executes my orders better than any other; and I am accustomed to his manner. You must absolutely come." Carnot had still the air of being very indifferent about the campaign; but was at length prevailed upon by Bonaparte's entreaties, and even caresses. For this condescension Carnot suffered afterwards, as constantly happened; for in such cases—and it may be remarked as a peculiar trait in his character—Bonaparte showed himself a perfect male coquette.

The 6th of May (16th Floreal) had been fixed for our departure from Paris. The dispositions of the First Consul were settled, his orders given; but even yet he wished it to be believed that he was not to command the army. The evening before, having assembled the two Consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare for to-morrow morning a circular for the prefects—Fouché, do you cause it to be published in the

journals. Say I am gone to Dijon to inspect the army of reserve; you may add that perhaps I shall go as far as Geneva; but give positive assurance of my return within fifteen days. Cambacèrés, you will preside to-morrow at the council of state; in my absence, you are the head of government. Speak you to the same purport to the council; say my absence will be short, without specifying anything; express to the members of council my entire satisfaction; they have already rendered important services; I am content; let them persevere—Ah! I forget. You will announce, at the same time, that I have named Joseph counselor of state. If anything happen, I will return like the thunderbolt! I recommend to you all the grand interests of France. I hope to be soon talked of in Vienna and London."

At two o'clock in the morning we took our departure, following the route through Burgundy so often traversed in circumstances very different. Conversation was of war—of the warriors of antiquity—and I then learned the preference which the first General of modern times gave to Alexander over Cæsar.

"Whom do you prefer," asked I, "Cæsar or Alexander?"—"I place Alexander in the first rank. Still I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Egypt. But my reason for preferring the king of Macedon is the conception, and especially the execution, of his Asiatic campaign. Those who blame that prince for having spent seven months in the siege of Tyre cannot have the least idea of war. Great discussions are held on this subject in the schools; but, for my part, I would have spent seven years before that city, if necessary. I regard the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt and the march to the oasis of Ammon as proofs of the genius of that consummate captain. He wished to give the king of Persia, whose feeble vanguard only, so to speak, he had beaten at the Granicus and at Issus, time to assemble all his forces in order that he might overthrow, by a single stroke, the colossus which he had only shaken. Alexander, by pursuing Darius into his states, would only have thrown a greater distance between himself and his reenforcements, while he encountered but scattered troops which would have drawn him into deserts, whereas his army would have found a tomb. By persevering in the siege of Tyre he secured his communications with Greece, that country which he so dearly loved, for whose sake he had undertaken all, in like manner as I perform all for France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the wealthy province of Egypt, so powerful at this era, he forced Darius to march to its defense or deliverance, and to march half the way in order to meet him. He made a useful impression upon the always excited

imagination of the Orientals in causing himself to be acknowledged the son of Jupiter. It is well known how all this tended to his success. Dying, too, at the age of thirty—what a name has he left!" Though a stranger to the noble profession of arms, I could not but admire the strong sense and profound remarks of my companion, and found it impossible to forbear saying, "General, you are always reproaching me with being no flatterer; now, in truth, you fill me with admiration."

It is not to be dissembled that, though the affairs of the interior, from the 18th Brumaire to the period when Bonaparte entered upon the campaign now about to commence, had experienced innumerable improvements, external relations presented a very different aspect. Italy was lost; and from the frontiers of Provence might be discerned the smoke of the Austrian bivouacs. Bonaparte was not ignorant of the difficulties of his position; and quickly to get rid of these, excited him to the daring enterprise on which he had entered. Here he practiced no delusions on himself or others. Often would he repeat to me at this time, "We must play our all against all."

The army to be attacked was numerous, warlike, victorious; ours, with little exception, composed of new levies, but officered by chiefs of unequaled ardor. The fate of Bonaparte hung upon the gain or the loss of a battle. He saw the danger, but without being daunted, confiding in himself and the devotion of his soldiers. "It is true," he would exclaim, "I have many conscripts in my army; but are not these conscripts Frenchmen? Four years ago, with a feeble army, did I not chase before me the Austrian and Sardinian hordes and sweep Italy? We will do the same. The sun which now shines upon us is the same light that shone at Arcola and at Lodi. I rely on Massena; I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But if he be forced to yield to famine, I will recover Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. Ah! with what pleasure shall I then revisit *my* beautiful France." My beautiful France! this at such a time! At the very moment when a possible, nay, rather probable, chance seemed on the point of wresting from him forever the possession, he ventured for the first time to call it his own!

In this brilliant disposition of mind, the First Consul reached Martigny on the 20th May. This is a convent of Bernardines, situated in a valley into which the rays of the sun scarcely penetrate. The army was now in full march for the great St. Bernard. In this sad solitude, Bonaparte tarried three days, impatiently waiting for the surrender of the fortress of Bard, on the other side of the mountain, which covered the road to Yvrie. The town had been carried on the 21st; but on the 23d he learned that the fort still held out, and that nothing announced

its approaching surrender. Exhaling his resentment in complaints against the commandant of the siege, he said to me, "I am tired of this convent: yonder imbeciles will never capture the fort: I must go and see things with my own eyes: they force me to interfere in so paltry an affair." The order was given for instant departure.

The invasion of Italy, by the pass of the great St. Bernard, was a grand conception, altogether the Consul's own, which has fixed the admiration of the world. A solitary hospital, placed on the summit, between the valleys of Martigny and Aosté, destined for the reception and relief of travelers, attests the danger of these elevations—regions of the tempest. But here the question was not of single travelers, who were to pass Mount St. Bernard, but of a whole army. Cavalry, baggage, ammunition wagons, artillery, were to defile along paths so narrow that the goatherd there picks his steps with caution. On one side overhanging snows might every moment overwhelm our squadrons in their avalanches; on the other, a single false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along these chamois tracks. The artillery was dismounted; the guns, inclosed in hollow trunks of trees, were dragged along with ropes.

I have already mentioned the money dispatched by the First Consul for the purchase of provisions. The good fathers had collected from both valleys, but especially from the Swiss side, store of cheese, bread and wine. Tables were spread in front of the hospital between the house and the road. Each soldier, as he defiled, emptied his glass of wine, took his portion of bread, with a slice of cheese, and gave place to another. The fathers served out and renewed the repast with admirable zeal; and their warrior-guests were thankful for the brief pause from toil.

The First Consul climbed St. Bernard with that steady coolness and air of indifference which never forsook him when he felt the necessity of setting an example or exposing his person. He interrogated his guide concerning the two valleys, entered into all details respecting the means of livelihood and manners of the inhabitants, and inquired whether accidents were so common as reported. To this last question the guide replied that a succession of facts, treasured up in the course of time, enabled the mountaineers to foretell so certainly the approach of warm weather, that they were rarely deceived. Bonaparte was dressed in his gray riding-coat, and marched on foot, with a whip in his hand, ever and anon casting an angry and somewhat anxious look to see if any one approached to announce the surrender of Bard. During the ascent, I never quitted him for an instant; and despite the ex-

cessive difficulty of the route, we incurred no personal hazard, and came off with merely great fatigue.

The First Consul, on arriving at the hospital, was received in a hall upon the ground floor. He visited the chapel, with its three little libraries, and even found time to read a few pages in some antiquated volume whose title I have forgotten. Our repast was very frugal. The small garden was still covered with snow. "You must have very few vegetables here," said I to one of the fathers. "Sir," was his reply, "we draw every resource from the valleys. In the month of August only, in warm seasons, we raise small cabbages." The good monks farther entertained us with relations of the deaths of travelers who, contrary to their remonstrances, had attempted to scale two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high, and not far distant.*

When we had reached the extremity where commences the descent on the Italian side, a great many of us slid down, seating ourselves on the snow. The first who passed rendered a service to those that followed, by smoothing the snow and tracing the course. This rapid mode of conveyance caused us great laughter; and we were only prevented from any occasional flight, after some 3,000 feet, by the termination of the snows.

On the 23d we arrived within sight of Bard. On the left is Mount Albaredo; on the right, the Doria-Baltea, a mountain stream; between lay our route, commanded by the fort. To avoid the fire, our army crossed, or rather escaladed Albaredo; but as the cannon could not thus be carried over an almost inaccessible steep, it was resolved to traverse with our whole train the town of Bard, which is not fortified, and separated from the fort by the inconsiderable torrent already mentioned. Advantage was taken of the approaching night; the wheels of the carriages, and even, in many instances, the feet of the horses were bound round with straw and boughs of trees; the whole thus passed with noiseless rapidity through the little town. Our men were, indeed, under the enemy's fire; but the houses afforded sufficient protection against its worst effects. A great part of the army had thus passed before the surrender of the fortress which so completely commands the narrow valley that, but for the negligence and carelessness of the Austrians, it might have rendered fruitless the passage of the great St. Bernard. When the Commander-in-chief arrived within gunshot, he gave the order to cross at full speed the intervening space,

* The plateau on the summit of the great St. Bernard is 796 feet above the level of the sea, and little more than 160 feet below the altitude of perpetual snow.—*Translator.*

gain a small goat-track on the left, conducting to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and thus turn the town and fort of Bard. We scrambled up this track on foot with much difficulty. Having reached the plateau on the summit, which commands the fort at a small distance, Bonaparte, resting his telescope upon the grass, and concealing himself from the view and shot of the besieged, surveyed the fortifications most carefully. After putting several questions to those who had come to give information respecting the place, he pointed out, with impatient dissatisfaction, the errors into which the besiegers had fallen, and with that glance which so rarely deceived him, indicated the position of a new battery and the point against which its fire was to be directed, guaranteeing the surrender on the first few shots. Scarcely had he issued these orders when, descending the opposite side of the mountain, he left Bard in the rear and slept at Yvrie. On the sixth day after, he learned that the place was in our possession.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, almost without resistance; for the country was completely exposed, with the exception of some weak detachments, incapable of retarding our progress; and, to the affairs with these, we could scarcely give the name of combats, since success was not for a moment doubtful. Our leader had detected and struck through the gap in his opponent's armor—had completely surprised and astonished the Austrian; who now conceived that nothing better could be done than to retrace his steps and renounce the invasion of France. It is in such circumstances that audacity in war becomes the veritable inspiration of genius. But the bold enthusiasm which fired Bonaparte, inspired not Melas; the latter, instead of returning, to place himself in communication with the hereditary states, ought to have imitated the daring of the former, and boldly advanced upon Lyons. He had nothing to fear from Massena; Suchet was incapable of opposing him; Italy was secured, by its strengths being in his own possession; and in France, there were only open towns, and no combatants. Fortunately for us, Melas proved himself to be no Bonaparte. The citadel of Milan was immediately blockaded; Murat, dispatched against Placenza, seized that post without obstacle; and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He little imagined then that by this exploit he had made conquest of a future duchy.

The First Consul passed six days at Milan. On the second, a spy who had been very serviceable to us in the former admirable campaigns in Italy sent in his name; he was remembered, and ordered to be admitted. "What! not yet shot!" was the address of the First Consul. "General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I

entered the service of Austria, because you were far from Europe: I attach myself to the fortunate; I have always found my account in so doing: but I am tired of my profession; I wish to leave off business, make up my little fortune and live in tranquillity. Sent into your lines by General Melas, I have it in my power to render you important service. But I must report to my employer. You are sufficiently strong to communicate to me some real information, which I may impart to him."—"As to that," said the First Consul, "it imports nothing though the enemy, while ignorant of my designs, knew my force and position, provided I am well informed of his force and position. You shall be satisfied; but attempt not to impose upon me. These thousand louis shall be forthcoming—but only after you have done me good service." I then wrote, from the mouth of the spy, the names of the Austrian corps, their force, their position, the names of their generals, etc. The First Consul marked with pins, upon a map, all the disclosures thus made relative to localities. The spy afterwards added that Alessandria was not provisioned, and Melas far from expecting a siege; that there were many wounded in the place, and medicines wanting. Berthier, in return, received authority to give him a note, pretty nearly correct, on our position. The thousand louis were paid after the battle of Marengo; for the information had proved exact and important. The spy afterwards informed me that Melas, enchanted with his manner of serving the Austrians, had also handsomely rewarded him: "I am now," added he, "able to bid adieu to my villainous trade." This little event the First Consul regarded among the favors of his good fortune.

In passing through Geneva, he had an interview with M. Necker, which Madame de Stael has mentioned, acknowledging the agreeable impression made upon her father in a conversation of two hours. I was not present; but anxious to learn Bonaparte's opinion of a man so celebrated in France, contrived one evening to turn the conversation on this subject. "Necker," was the reply, "appeared to me far below his reputation; and in nowise came up to the idea I had formed of him. I talked a great deal in order to bring him out; he said nothing striking. He is an *ideologist*, a banker; it is impossible for such people to have straightforward views: and then, look you, celebrated persons always lose by being seen near."—"General, not *always*."—"Ah! ha!" said he, laughing, "that's not quite so bad, Bourrienne. You improve; we shall make something of you!"

Another day during our short stay at Milan, I had a very interesting conversation with M. Collot, who perhaps, next to myself, best

knew the disposition of Bonaparte. About three days after the arrival from Egypt, he had, it seems, opened his mind to Collot on the subject of Josephine's indiscretions. The former, as I had done, and by exactly the same arguments, labored to bring about a reconciliation. "No!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "it is decided; she shall never put her foot within my door! She shall go to Malmaison; I will remain here."—"So much violence," said Collot, "only proves her empire over you. She will make her appearance and explain matters. You will forgive her and be happy."—"*I* forgive her? Never! You know me well. If I were not sure of myself, I would pluck out this heart and cast it into the fire." At these words, passion almost choked his utterance, and he seemed as if about to tear open his own breast. Collot soon after retired; but not before accepting an invitation to breakfast for next day. In the interval, Madame Bonaparte arrived during the night, having missed her husband, as we have seen, at Lyons. On seeing Collot next morning, Bonaparte appeared much disconcerted, and taking him aside, spoke as follows:—"Well, she is here."—"So much the better," said M. Collot; "you have done an excellent thing both for yourself and friends."—"Do not suppose I have forgiven her—never, while I live! I must ever have my doubts. Yet her frankness!—I ordered her away on her arrival! And that rascal Joseph stood by! But what would you, Collot? As she was descending the stairs, weeping, I saw Eugene and Hortense, who followed, sobbing bitterly. My heart has not been so framed as to enable me to witness tears flow unmoved. Eugene accompanied me to Egypt; I have been accustomed to regard him as my adopted son—he is so brave, and so good a youth! Hortense has just entered the world: everyone who knows, speaks well of her to me. I avow it, Collot, I was deeply moved by all this. I could not bear the sobs of these two poor children. I said to myself, ought they to be the victims of their mother's faults. I brought back Eugene; Hortense returned with her mother. I said nothing. What could I have done in the case? He is not a man who is not weak."—"Be assured, they will repay you."—"They ought to do so, Collot—they ought to do so; for it has cost me much." On that day we both remembered having breakfasted with Bonaparte, Eugene only being present; neither his mother nor sister appeared at table.

Another very interesting conversation which I had some time after with M. Collot, referred to Bonaparte's conduct on arriving from Egypt, and the proceedings of the 18th and 19th Brumaire. The General, it seems—for I did not accompany him, and, still more strange, he did not mention the visit—presented himself so unexpectedly to the

Directory that the members had come to no decision as to the mode of his reception. He was announced by an usher. The embarrassed directors left him waiting for a few minutes in the ante-chamber. He grew impatient; left the room; descended; and was about to get into his carriage, when the Directory, informed, sent after him with all speed. He returned, and, entering the council-room, marched up to the chairs of the five sovereigns, and addressed them more like a man who had come to demand an account of their conduct than to justify his own. He knew their weakness. M. Collot, after their reconciliation—for a coldness had arisen between him and the General, from the former remaining at Malta, instead of accompanying the expedition to Egypt—remained in the secret of all that was carried on between the 5th and 19th Brumaire, both for and against Bonaparte. The prime agitators were Talleyrand and Fouché, who gained Sieyes without difficulty; but Moreau refused all participation, till brought over, as we have seen, by Bonaparte himself.

On the 18th, on leaving his own house, Bonaparte rode to the Tuileries, where he had already been assured of the good disposition of the directoral guard and of the garrison of Paris by Jubé and Sebastiani, their respective commanders. On alighting he perceived Bottot, secretary of Barras, who had been sent by his master to observe what was going forward. To this functionary he advanced straightway and addressed him as if representative of the whole Directory, demanding, "*What have you done with France?*" "You know," said M. Collot to me, "that the Consul is not always eloquent: I am unable to divine what genius inspired him at that moment: but expressions and images the most sublime flowed from him in torrents of eloquence, and with an enunciation so vehement, so imposing and so mournful, that all were filled with indignation against the Directory. Of this speech, though many tried, it was afterwards found impossible to draw up a proper outline for the journals." The reception which the General met with from the Five Hundred by no means prepared him for the scenes of the morrow at St. Cloud. He was received with universal enthusiasm and saluted as the savior of the country. The initiated of the representatives had been sent to occupy the most commanding seats and all was prepared: these raised deafening acclamations, and the rest, astonished or intimidated, remained silent, or, carried away by excitement, joined in the applause.

On the 19th, we have seen what passed in the Council of the Ancients. "On leaving that assembly," continued M. Collot, "while you were absent, Bonaparte proceeded to that of the Five Hundred, with

the grenadiers marching in column of three ranks. The crowd at the door made way for the General, who entered the hall supported only by two or three of his escort; for the others, less favored by the crowd, remained without. In this situation, and hearing outlawry vociferated against him, in amazement he made for the door and regained the court. If a single representative had seized Bonaparte, his party was too weak to have saved him; and if, an instant after, his bleeding head, from one of the balconies, had been shown to the soldiers as that of a traitor, they could neither have obtained, nor would have demanded, vengeance. But the deputies lost a precious half hour in disputation and mutual reproaches, which Lucien had tact sufficient to encourage and prolong. When Murat entered at the head of the grenadiers, in double quick time, taking possession of the hall by assault, the adherents of Bonaparte cried out, 'The troop is preparing to fire: save yourselves!' At these words, the assembly, but a few minutes before so courageous, now found the doors too few for escape, and leaping from the windows, almost on a level with the ground, scampered off into the woods of the park or neighboring fields, seeking wherein to hide their vain and ridiculous boasting.

"You know," continued M. Collot, "what noise—what tumult, accompanied the dispersion of the deputies, and the difficulty of re-organizing the shade of an assembly when the former members, like pigeons frightened by a shot, returned one by one. During this interval, Bonaparte's anxiety was intense, and Talleyrand's presence even could hardly reassure him. The new sitting opened at ten at night. I was present; and never, while I live, will the aspect of that nocturnal assembly be effaced from my memory. How silent and gloomy the scene! how harassed and melancholy appeared the actors! Imagine a long hall filled with benches overturned; a desk placed near the middle, with its back against a bare wall; below, and a little in front of this, a table and two chairs; upon the table two candles, with the like number on the desk; no chandelier, no lamp, no other light beneath the arched ceiling of the vast chamber. Conceive, also, the pale countenance of Lucien in the desk, reading the new constitution, and two deputies at the table reporting. Opposite, in a narrow space cleared of benches, had crowded a number of deputies, indifferent to everything that was passing. The majority reclined upon three benches—one serving as a seat, another for a foot-board and a third supported their head. Confusedly intermixed with them, and in the same attitude, were some private individuals interested in the success of the day. Not far off, behind, might be seen a few lackeys who, seeking shelter

from the cold, had fallen fast asleep while waiting for their masters. Such was the strange Areopagus which gave to France a new government.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PREPARATORY OPERATIONS — BATTLE OF MARENGO — REDUCTION OF ITALY—DEATH OF DESAIX—RETURN TO PARIS—DEATH OF KLEBER.

THE day now approached when all must be lost or won. The First Consul was busied in making his dispositions and directing the different corps of his army upon the points of occupation designed. Murat, at Placenza, had intercepted a courier from Melas, with dispatches to the Aulic Council at Vienna. These reached headquarters on the night of the 8th June. Melas announced the surrender of Genoa on the 4th, and spoke with inconceivable disdain of our pretended army of reserve, and of Bonaparte's presence in Italy as a fable, declaring him to be at Paris. It was scarcely possible to carry hallucination and ignorance farther. It was three in the morning when I received this precious document, written in German, and by four had finished that translation which was afterwards published. On entering the chamber of the First Consul, I was forced to shake him gently by the arm; for, with bad news, as the reader is aware, he desired to be awakened. I read my translation; so greatly did its contents surprise him, that he exclaimed, "Nonsense! Surely you have forgotten your German!" Scarcely, however, had he vented this pleasantry, when he sprung from bed, and, before eight o'clock, the necessary orders for repairing the possible consequences of this unexpected event, the fall of Genoa, and to hasten the march of the troops upon the Scrivia, were expedited. On the same day, the 9th, he left Milan with his personal staff; fixing headquarters at Stradella on the 12th.

By one of those effects of chance, often so singularly coincident, Desaix, who was destined to aid the victory and arrest the retreat at Marengo, reached Toulon the very day we quitted Paris. The capitulation of El Arych, on the 4th January, 1800, had enabled him to leave Egypt. After a tedious voyage on board a Ragusan vessel, he had been taken by the English cruisers and carried to Admiral Keith's station at Leghorn. The French general here demanded his release in terms of the capitulation of El Arych, and in virtue of the English and Turkish passports which he produced. But he was placed in quarantine and treated as a prisoner of war, till advice arrived from England ordering

his release. In the letter addressed to Bonaparte, giving an account of his adventures, the autograph of which is in my possession, towards the conclusion, he says: "Yes, my dear General, I wish most ardently to be engaged; but, by preference, against the English. I have sworn an eternal hatred against them: their insolence and bad treatment are ever present to my memory. Whatever rank you assign me I shall be satisfied; you know I neither wish nor aspire to the first commands; I shall serve, with the same pleasure, as a private volunteer, or a general; only, let me know my destination immediately, that I may not lose an instant: a day not well employed is a day lost." On recovering his liberty, in consequence of communications from England, he was captured a second time by pirates in crossing to the coast of France, but not detained. Arriving at length, he wrote to me, from Toulon, on the 6th May. This letter I received at Martigny, and, showing it to the First Consul, "Ah! would we had heard this at Paris!" said he, and instantly the order was issued for General Desaix to repair with all dispatch to headquarters. He joined us at Stradella on the morning of the 11th, and was received with the most cordial friendship, remaining closeted with the First Consul upwards of three hours. On the morrow, an order of the day published to the army the appointment of Desaix to the command of the division of Boudet, who had been killed in a previous engagement. That general was intimately connected with, and, without doubt, much lamented by the First Consul; yet, on receiving the news of his death, he merely said, "How the devil shall I replace Boudet?" On expressing to General Bonaparte my astonishment at the long conversation he had just held with Desaix, he replied, "Yes, I have been long with him; but you know that I esteem him most highly. Immediately on my return to Paris I make him minister at war: he shall always be second only to myself: I would make him prince if I had the power. I find in him an antique character." In two days, Desaix was no more. He fell at the age of thirty-three.

On the 12th we moved forward from Stradella. On the 13th, in concentrating towards the Scrivia, we passed through Montebello, and beheld the scene of the conflict between Lannes and the Austrians on the 9th. The churches were still full of wounded, and the traces of death, which everywhere presented themselves, testified but too clearly how well this bloody victory had been disputed. The combat had been terrible. In conversing some days after with Collot and me, Lannes uttered these remarkable words, which I might well remember— "Bones crashed in my division like hailstones against windows."

He merited the title (Duke of Montebello) afterwards borne with so much simplicity and so much honor.

On the 13th, the First Consul rested at Torre di Gallifolo. In the course of the evening, an officer of the staff, sent to reconnoiter whether the Austrians had a bridge upon the Bormida, while I was present, reported in the negative. This information tranquilized the Consul, who then retired, well satisfied, for the night. But on the morrow, when the Austrian cannon were heard early in the morning, and learning that the Austrians had debouched, and were engaged on the plain, he expressed the greatest disapprobation, accused the officer, whose name I conceal, of being a coward, and spoke even of bringing him to trial. Mounting on horseback, Bonaparte, in all haste, sped to the scene of contest, and I saw him no more till six o'clock in the evening. According to instructions, I repaired to St. Juliano, the village indicated, as already mentioned, in the consular cabinet at Paris, as the field destined for the decisive battle, and not above two leagues from the spot where the combat actually commenced. About midday I beheld a number of wounded, with their escort, passing through, and soon after, a great many fugitives. These talked of nothing but retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone opposed with firmness. They then advised me to quit St. Juliano, where I had just received a courier for the Commander-in-chief. In retiring I fell in with the division of Desaix, which, in the morning, had been sent off towards Novi, to watch the road towards Genoa, but had been countermanded when the engagement began. With this division I returned to my former station, struck with the numerical weakness of a corps thus in march to succor an army alike weak, and now much broken and even dispersed. All regarded the battle as lost; and it was so, in effect: for the First Consul, having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that honest and brave general replied, without any boasting, "This battle is completely lost: but it is only two o'clock; we have still time to gain one to-day." The First Consul himself reported to me, the same evening, these simple and heroic words. Who would have thought that this little column, and a handful of heavy cavalry under Kellermann, would be able to change, before five o'clock, the fate of the day.

Hardly two hours had elapsed from the moment of the departure from St. Juliano of Desaix's division, when, most agreeably surprised, I beheld that army returning in triumph, which, from morning, had caused me the deepest anxiety. Never, in so brief space, had Fortune shown herself under aspects so very opposite: at two o'clock, all wore the desolation of defeat, and its unhappiest consequences; at five, vic-

tory had returned, faithful to the flag of Arcola: Italy was regained at a single stroke, and the crown of France gleamed in prospective.

While returning to headquarters with the First Consul about seven in the evening, I witnessed his sorrow for Desaix, for whose loss he expressed the most lively regret. Afterwards he said, "Little Kellermann made an excellent charge, and most opportunely: we owe much to him. Observe upon what accidents affairs may depend." From these few words it is evident he could appreciate the service which he refused to acknowledge. He was unwilling that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations framed by his own genius and foresight. That genius, too, had been displayed so fully, so greatly, on so many occasions, that, less informed respecting his insatiable thirst of glory, I should have felt surprised at a kind of half discontent at the cause of success in the midst of the success itself. It must be acknowledged that in this he resembled neither Jourdan, nor Hoche, nor Kleber, nor Moreau, who on all occasions showed themselves eager to render justice to the service of those who had fought under their standards. On the contrary when Kellermann presented himself at table where the First Consul was seated surrounded by a number of generals and officers, the latter merely said, "You made a pretty good charge, Kellermann;" and, as if in opposition to this coldness, turning immediately towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, speaking very loud he said, "Bessières, the guards covered themselves with glory." The real truth, however, was that the guard had taken no part in the charge made by Kellermann, who had not been able to assemble more than five hundred heavy cavalry. This handful of brave fellows cut in two the Austrian column, which was on the point of overwhelming the division of Desaix, and made 6,000 prisoners. The guard did not charge at Marengo till late in the afternoon.

On the morrow, at headquarters it was reported that in the first impulse of feeling, Kellermann, hurt by so dry a reception, replied to Bonaparte—"My pretty good charge has placed the crown on your head!" I did not hear this reply, and therefore am not sure it was made; but this I can affirm, that such a sentiment was written, and the fact known to Bonaparte. The director-general of the post-office, M. Delaforrest, sometimes transacted business with the First Consul. Everybody knows what sort of business would engage the attention of the postmaster-general and the head of government. During one of these *laborious* sittings, the First Consul discovered a letter from Kellermann to Laselle, and read therein—"Would you believe it, my

friend? Bonaparte has not made me general of division—me! who have just placed the crown upon his head!" The letter, neatly re-sealed, was forwarded to the address; but the contents Bonaparte never forgot. Hence the small share of favor enjoyed ever afterwards by Kellermann.

But be this as it may, whether the general did or did not give the crown of France to the First Consul on the day of Marengo, certain it is that at night he gave him a supper; and not him alone, but all his famishing staff. This, be it noted, was no small service, destitute as we were of everything. We enjoyed ourselves most heartily, profiting by the precaution of General Kellermann, who had sent to search for provisions in one of those pious retreats, always well furnished, which one is extremely fortunate in discovering while in campaign. On this occasion it was the convent of Del Bosco which had been put under contribution; and the worthy fathers in just recompense for the ample store of good things and capital wines made forthcoming to the commandant of the heavy cavalry, were presented with a protection against all other claimants on their hospitality.

After supper, the First Consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. The following is an abstract: "After the battle of Montebello, the army moved forwards, in order to pass the Scrivia: the advanced guard, on the 24th Prairial (13th June), defeated the enemy, who defended the approaches of the Bormida, and those near Alessandria. Melas was shut up between the Bormida and the Po. On the 25th (14th June), at daybreak, the enemy passed the Bormida by three bridges; surprised our advanced posts; and commenced with the greatest fury the battle of Marengo. Four times, in the course of the conflict, we were in retreat, and as often in advance. Upwards of sixty pieces of cannon on both sides were taken and retaken during the day. More than twelve charges of cavalry were made, with various success. At three o'clock, 10,000 men and horse, supported by artillery, charged our right flank, in the vast plain of St. Juliano, in which were stationed the guards, as a redoubt of granite. Cavalry, artillery, infantry, were directed against this battalion; but in vain. This obstinate resistance kept in check the enemy's left, and our right carried at the point of the bayonet the village of Castel-Canolo. Our left, already disordered, was forced to retreat by an overwhelming charge of cavalry. The enemy then advanced along his whole line, pouring in a fire of grape from upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon. The roads were covered with fugitives, wounded, and ruin. The battle seemed lost. The enemy advanced within musket shot of the village of St. Juliano, where was

drawn up the division of Desaix, behind whose columns the fugitives rallied. The enemy had now committed faults which presaged the catastrophe: his wings were too much extended. The presence of the First Consul reanimated the confidence of the troops. 'My children,' said he, 'recollect, my custom is to sleep upon the field of battle!' Shouts of 'Live the Republic!' replied. Desaix charged: in an instant the enemy were overthrown. General Kellermann, who, with a brigade of heavy cavalry, had protected the retreat on our left, charged so vigorously, and with so much skill, that 6,000 grenadiers, with General Zack, chief of staff, remained prisoners in his hands. Our whole army followed up this movement. The enemy's right was cut off; consternation spread through their ranks; their cavalry, attempting to protect the retreat, were dispersed by Bessières, with the guard. We have taken fifteen standards, forty pieces of cannon, and from six to eight thousand prisoners. Of the enemy more than 6,000 have been left on the field. We have lost 600 killed; 1,500 wounded, among whom are three generals; and 900 prisoners. But the loss of Desaix, who was struck by a ball as his division commenced the charge, shuts the heart to joy. He died almost immediately, having only time to say to young Lebrun—'Go, tell the First Consul I die with regret, not having achieved enough to live in the remembrance of posterity.' In the course of his life, Desaix had four horses killed under him, and received three wounds. He had joined headquarters only three days before, and, on the evening preceding, had repeatedly said to his aides-de-camp—'It is a long time since we last fought in Europe: the balls no longer know us: something will certainly happen.' When in the hottest of the fire, news arrived of his death, the First Consul allowed only the single expression to escape—'Why is it not permitted me to weep?'"

When the dispatch was finished, and we were left alone, I said to the First Consul, "General, what a noble victory is this of to-day! You remember what you said to me of the pleasure with which you would revisit France after a grand stroke in Italy: you have reason now to be satisfied?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Desaix! —Ah! how glorious had this day been if at evening I could have embraced him on the field of battle!" I observed Bonaparte ready to shed tears, so deep and sincere was the sorrow caused by this sad event. Of all whom he ever knew, Desaix was certainly the best beloved, the most esteemed, and the most regretted.

The manner of Desaix's death has been differently related; and I need hardly say that the words given to him in the fabulous bulletin

just quoted were imaginary. He did not fall into the arms of his aid-de-camp, Lebrun, as stated by the First Consul; nor did he utter the fine sentiment which I wrote to his dictation. The following is the exact, or at least the most correct statement:—The moment of the general's fall was not observed, nor when the ball which terminated his days struck him. He fell without a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre Desnouettes. A sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barois, requested from that officer permission to pick up the general's *capotte*. It was pierced in the back. The circumstance leaves a doubt whether Desaix had been slain while leading on the division, by the awkwardness of his own soldiers, or by the fire of the enemy, while in the act of turning round to encourage his followers. Besides, the struggle in which he met his death was so brief, the disorder so instantaneous, and so sudden the change of fortune, that it is by no means surprising the circumstances of his death were not more positively remarked. Savary and Rapp, his aides-de-camp, were received into the personal service of the First Consul, on the loss of him whom they with truth termed their parent. My intercession, joined to the name of Desaix, overcame any objection; and they served most faithfully their new master, with unchanging zeal and devotedness, to the very last hour of his political existence. Savary, however, was the greater favorite. Rapp had an Alsacian frankness which little calculated to raise him at Court.*

Early on the morning after the battle, Prince Lichtenstein, on the part of General Melas, arrived at the headquarters of the First Consul with proposals of negotiation. The conditions did not suit Bonaparte, who declared his willingness to grant liberty and the honors of war to the army shut up in Alessandria, whither the Austrians had retired after the defeat at Marengo; but on the condition that Italy and its fortresses should be delivered to France. The prince requested to confer with his commander: he returned again in the evening and made numerous observations on the severity of the conditions. "Sir," replied the First Consul, with marked impatience, "carry my last resolves to your general, and return quickly: they are irrevocable. Know that I am perfectly acquainted with your situation: I am not a soldier of yesterday. You are blockaded in Alessandria; you have many wounded and sick; you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy your rear; you have lost, in killed and wounded, your choicest soldiers. I might demand more; my position authorizes me; but I moderate my

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* See Appendix, I.

claims out of respect for the gray hairs of your general, whom I honor." This reply was given with great nobleness and energy. The prince agreed to all. As I conducted him to his escort he complained that "these conditions were very hard, especially the surrendering of Genoa." This latter seemed the more severe, that the Emperor of Austria learned by the same post the capture and restitution of the city.

How few the events, and how brief the period which may sometimes reverse the fate of nations! We quitted Milan on the 13th June; on the 14th had conquered at Marengo; on the 15th were in possession of Italy. A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies proved the immediate result of a single battle; and, in virtue of a convention, we obtained entrance into all the fortified places with the exception of Mantua. As soon as the convention was signed, Bonaparte dictated to me the following note, at Torre di Galifolo:—"The day after the battle of Marengo, Citizen-Consuls, General Melas sent to inquire at the outposts if he might be permitted to send to me, as envoy, General Skal. During the day was signed the convention, of which a copy is here adjoined. It has been signed in the course of the night by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with their army.—BONAPARTE."

We returned to Milan: the appearance of the First Consul was everywhere saluted with almost continual acclamations. From the first, indeed, we had been well received; but now any little clouds formerly overcasting the *sincere* joy and love of a conquered people were dissipated. During this second sojourn at Milan, Bonaparte beheld, for the first time since his return from Egypt, Massena, who having been left behind in the command of Alexandria, had thrown himself into Genoa, upon returning to Europe, in consequence of the convention of El Arych. The First Consul praised him most highly for his admirable defense of Genoa, and appointed him successor in the command of the Army of Italy. Moreau being on the Rhine, there presented, in fact, none other than the conqueror of Zurich worthy of commanding; where, though the grand blow was struck, the state of affairs required the presence of an able and experienced general.

While he himself was thus engaged in reassuring victory and conquest to the arms of France, his brothers, always less occupied with her affairs than with their own, were endeavoring to turn his success to their own account. They loved money as much as Bonaparte loved fame. The family of future kings, not yet aware of their coming dignities, hastened to make hay while the sun shone, not concealing from

each other their slender chance for futurity should he, through whom they were anything, have been stretched, like Desaix, on the plain of Marengo. We find that the philosopher Lucien—and the thing is curious enough—had caused *Te Deums* to be chanted, in order to produce a sensation on the Stock Exchange!

The following is his letter to Joseph, with all its luxuriancy of exclamations and italics :—

"I send you a courier. I earnestly desire that the First Consul advertise me of his arrival twenty-four hours previously, and inform me—*me only*—by what barrier he will enter. The city has decreed the preparation of triumphal arches. He merits them sufficiently not to refuse them.

"The day before yesterday, *by my recommendation*, a *Te Deum* was chanted. There were present 60,000 persons!

"The intrigues of Auteuil have continued. There has been much balancing between C—— and La F——. The latter has caused make offer to me of his daughter in marriage. The intrigue has been carried to the last extremity. I know not as yet whether the high-priest has decided for one or other; I rather think he will bilk both for one of Orleans, and your friend Auteuil is the soul of all. The news of Marengo has filled them with consternation: nevertheless, on the morrow for certainty the high-priest passed three hours with your friend of Auteuil. As to ourselves, if victory had marked the end of the First Consul at Marengo, this hour in which I write to you would have beheld us all proscribed! Your letters tell me of nothing I wished to know. I hope, at least, to be advised of the reply from Vienna—This above all. James is ready. The fête of the 14th July shall be a good one. Here all is tranquil; peace is expected as a thing fixed, and the First Consul in triumph. Your family is well, and at Montfontaine. I embrace as I love. Why do you return with the First Consul? And peace!—and Italy! Think of our last interview!" On the margin is to be read, "Read the letter to the Consul, and give it to him, *after having sealed it with care.*

"Deliver the inclosed. Madame Murat has never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife would do well to correct by not writing to him for a month to come. LUCIEN BONAPARTE."

After some days passed at Milan, engaged in settling the affairs of Italy, the First Consul set out for France, by way of Turin. Here he remained some hours, chiefly to inspect the citadel, just given up to us,

in consequence of the capitulation of Alessandria. Crossing Mount Cenis, we met Madame Kellermann : the Consul stopped his carriage and offered felicitations on the brave conduct of her husband at Marengo. I shall not attempt to describe the manifestations of joy and admiration with which Bonaparte's return was hailed in France. At Lyons, the assembled multitude, with continued acclamations, demanded to see him : he appeared at a balcony, and next day consented to lay the foundation stone of new public buildings designed to efface the very remembrance of the revolutionary scenes.* Before going out to this ceremony, he dictated to me the subsequent note :—

"I arrived at Lyons. Citizen-Consuls, I have stopped there in order to lay the first stone of the façades of the Place Bellcour, which are to be rebuilt. That circumstance alone could have retarded my arrival at Paris. But I have not been able to resist the ambition of hastening the restoration of that square which I formerly had beheld so beautiful, and which is now so hideous. I am given to hope that in two years the whole will be completed. I expect that before then the commerce of this city, of which all Europe is proud, will have resumed its prosperity. I salute you. BONAPARTE."

At Dijon, the rejoicing of the inhabitants really partook of delirium. I have seldom seen a sight more pleasing or more touching than a procession here of young females, of remarkable beauty and elegance, who, crowned with flowers, attended the carriage of Bonaparte, recalling the triumphs of the Grecian and Roman conquerors.

All, however, was not equally agreeable on our route. When at some distance from Sens our carriage broke down and the First Consul sent a courier to inform my mother that he would remain with her till it should be repaired. He dined at my mother's and set off at seven in the evening. But we had not yet done with accidents. The right fore-wheel came off and we were overset while passing rapidly the long bridge which then conducted to Montreau-Faut-Yonne. The First Consul, on whose right I was seated, fell upon me, and received no injury ; something suspended from the roof cut my head ; but nothing so serious occurred as to cause a stoppage, and we reached Paris the same night, 2d–3d July. We have already seen that Bonaparte talked much during his journeys : his conversations were not all of equal in-

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I occupied apartments said to have been those of Bourrienne, at the Hotel des Celestines, and at the window above was the balcony where the First Consul showed himself to the Lyonnais. "He ought to have died then !" said my informant.—*Translator.*

terest. I may here note one remark of his while crossing Burgundy on returning from Marengo. "Come, come, a few more such events as this campaign, and I shall pass to posterity."—"It seems to me," replied I, "that you have already done enough for men to talk long and everywhere of you."—"Ah! well said! Enough, quotha? True, I have in two years reduced Cario, Paris and Milan. Eh! well, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow I should probably, ten ages hence, have half a page in a general history." He was right; in an epitome, a page passes in review the conquests of Alexander or Cæsar. It is scarcely worth while to ravage the world for so petty an affair!

I am here unwilling to disjoin two events, united in time, though, from their distance in place—Italy and Egypt—we necessarily heard of them at different dates. On the very day of Marengo, when a more than uncertain victory was in some measure assured by the death of Desaix, a Mahometan fanatic poniarded Kleber, and by the blow achieved the deliverance of Egypt. Thus were taken from their country on the same day, almost within the same hour, two of the most illustrious generals of the French army.

The house of Elfi Bey, which Bonaparte inhabited at Cairo, and subsequently Kleber, his successor in the command, had a terrace leading from the saloon to a ruinous cistern, whence a flight of steps conducted to the garden on one side, while on the opposite lay the public square. When we were in Egypt, this was the favorite promenade of the Commander-in-chief, to whom I had often represented the propriety of filling up the cistern and making it level with the terrace. My precautions were not adopted, and Soleyman Haleby, the assassin of Kleber, profited by the neglect. Hiding himself in the cistern, he stole behind the general and stabbed him mortally in the groin.

This sad news reached Bonaparte some time after our return to Paris. Long deprived of information from Egypt, he expected dispatches with much anxiety. When a courier from the East at length arrived, it was past two o'clock in the morning. In his eagerness the First Consul would not wait to awake any one in order to call me. He came up himself, and as there were two doors, he knocked twice at my secretary's, who slept in one of the three chambers composing my small suite. The secretary rose and opened. On seeing a man with a taper in his hand, a drab colored greatcoat, and a nightcap on his head, the reader may conceive the secretary's surprise. "Where is Bourrienne?"—"Good God! General, is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne?" The secretary, still in his shirt, then showed my door to the First Consul; who, after expressing his regret for having disturbed

him, came into my room. I dressed in haste, and we descended, having rung several times before we could gain admission; for the housekeeper, though not asleep, was afraid to open, apprehensive of robbers from the comings and goings she had heard. At length we were admitted and the First Consul laid upon the table the voluminous dispatches he had just received. They were labeled, and had been steeped in vinegar. On hearing the death of Kleber announced, Bonaparte displayed in his whole manner the greatest uneasiness; an expression which silently but eloquently spoke his fears, "Egypt is lost!"

I stop not to rebut here the atrocious calumnies which have been published respecting Kleber's death. By that unlooked-for event, Bonaparte was most deeply affected. The knowledge which he had of Kleber's capacity; the command of the army confided to his talents; the succors which by every means he essayed to send him, repel not only the horrible suspicion of the slightest participation in that crime, but even the thought that he viewed with pleasure or even desired the destruction of Kleber. Doubtless there existed between Bonaparte and Kleber an aversion as obvious as the friendship between the former and Desaix was apparent. The fame of Kleber annoyed him; he had the weakness to be somewhat jealous of his reputation; he knew also the manner in which Kleber spoke of his plans—for the latter took no care to conceal his sentiments. During the long and bloody siege of Acre, he would say to me—"Your little scoundrel, Bonaparte, who is not taller than my boot, will enslave France. See what a cursed expedition he has led us into!" I give it not for certain that such remarks, often repeated to others, were reported to Bonaparte, but there were those who sought advancement by informing, and would not spare Kleber. A frank republican, he had divined and feared the projects of Bonaparte against liberty. But with all this—and a fault-finder by disposition—as a soldier, duty was ever paramount. He grumbled, swore, stormed—but marched bravely amid the hottest fire. He was courage personified. One day, while in the trenches at Acre, standing upright, and, by his great height, exposed to every shot, Bonaparte cried out, "Stoop now, can't you, Kleber!"—"Eh!" was the surly reply, "d—— your bit of a ditch, it is not knee deep." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favorable eye, looking upon it as too expensive, and as useless to France. In short, cold, discriminating, and reflecting, Kleber judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm—a rare thing in those days—and consequently pardoned not a single fault. On the other hand, Bonaparte, ever animated by the desire of retaining Egypt, whose preservation alone could justify its conquest, allowed

Kleber to *talk*, for Kleber *acted*. He knew that duty, and the virtues of the soldier, would always prove too powerful for personal prejudice or opposition. Thus, the death of his lieutenant, far from awakening the least feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more that it destroyed almost entirely the hope of preserving to France an acquisition so dearly purchased, and which was his own work.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANECDOTES—RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF MARENGO—ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE BONAPARTE—PUNISHMENT OF THE CONSPIRATORS—SEVERITIES TOWARDS THE JACOBINS.

On his return to Paris from Marengo, Bonaparte was received with greater enthusiasm than ever. Men looked on in astonishment at the rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had brought back victory to the standard of France. Negotiation now engaged all his attention and activity; but both with England and Austria great difficulties arose. Of these hereafter: at present, a few mere private occurrences may be noted.

Among the immense number of letters received at this time, I have preserved some, and among these, one from an emigrant then resident in Jersey, General Beaumanoir. It contains details connected with the Bonapartean family, and appears to me very interesting:—

"*Jersey*, 12*th July*, 1800.—I consider, General, that on your return I may, without impropriety, interrupt your daily occupations to recall to your remembrance one whom I flatter myself you have not entirely forgotten, after a residence of more than eighteen years at Ajaccio. But perhaps you will feel surprised that so insignificant a matter should be the subject of the letter which I have the honor to address to you. You will recollect, General, that when your late father was obliged to go to Autun, in order to remove your brothers from the college there, and whence he went to see you at Brienne, he found himself at a loss for ready money: he asked me for twenty-five louis (£21 6s. 1d.), which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had not found it convenient to repay the sum, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to sell some plate in order to pay me. This I would not

* See Appendix, J.

permit, requesting her to take her own time, and left the acknowledgment of your father with M. Souirez, to be discharged when convenient. I suppose Madame had not found a favorable opportunity of accomplishing her wish in this respect when the Revolution broke out. You will think it singular, General, that for so small an affair I should now intrude upon your engagements; but my situation is so unfortunate that this little sum is an object. Expatriated, exiled from my country, forced to seek refuge in this island, where my abode is odious to me, and so expensive that it will prove a relief if you can let me have the sum, small as it is, and which would formerly have been a matter of indifference. This you may believe, General, when you think of one at the age of eighty, who, after sixty years spent in the service of his country, has been obliged to flee, subsisting on the slender provision granted by government to French emigrants—I say emigrants, for I was obliged to become one; I had not the least idea of such a step, but I had, it seems, committed a great crime—I was the oldest general of the canton, and a Grand Cross of St. Louis. My house at Caen was attacked by a band of ruffians, and I had just time to escape by a back door, with nothing save what was on my person. In this state I came to Paris. I was told there remained no other resource than to leave the country; yet I never had dispute or discussion with a human being, but lived in retirement. Thus, General, my property and movables were abandoned to the mercy of what was called the state. The state has profited to the full, for it has left me without wherein to lay my head. I do not ask, therefore, to return, for I have nowhere to go; besides, I have here a brother still more aged than myself, who, though in bad health, and in second infancy, was banished also, and whom I would not leave for any consideration. I am resigned to my unhappy lot; my only and great grief is, that not only have I myself been ill-treated, but, contrary to law, this has influenced the situation of relatives whom I love and respect. I have a stepmother eighty years of age who has been refused her legal claim upon my property, which indeed I enjoyed only in reversion. All this, if things do not change, will cause me to die a bankrupt: the very thought breaks my heart.—I confess, General, I am little acquainted with the new style, but, according to the old, am your humble servant,

"Durosel Beaumanoir."

I make no remarks upon the irregularity of style in this letter, or its grammatical slips, formerly not considered as derogatory in a loyal gentleman. When I had read it to the First Consul, "Bourrienne,"

said he, with solemnity, "that is sacred; lose not a minute. The good old man! Send ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel that I will take care of him. I will that he be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What evils have been brought by these ruffians of the Convention! I see plainly I never can repair all." In speaking thus, Bonaparte betrayed unwonted emotion, and, in the course of the same evening, inquired if his orders were executed. They had been expedited instantly; the death of M. de Frotte had read me too cruel a lesson ever to be neglected.

The reader has already perceived my inattention to studied transitions: I pass now to a little domestic incident. The First Consul received visits and gave audiences in the grand saloon adjoining the state bed-chamber, which adjoined to our cabinet. When wanting anything, or wishing to speak with any one, he pulled a bell, which was answered by the attendant in waiting attached to this particular station. He was a faithful and intelligent servant, named Landoire, who, on such occasions, had to pass through the cabinet and bed-chamber to receive his orders. To me the First Consul usually applied for any paper, date, name, or information. Impatient, probably, of the delay caused by so many goings and comings, he took it into his head one day, without saying anything on the subject, to order a bell for the cabinet, which should be hung directly above my table. Next morning, on entering the cabinet, I perceived, in room of my own table, a ladder with a workman a-top:—"What are you about there?"—"Hanging a bell, sir."—"Landoire, who gave that order?"—"The First Consul."—"Come down" (to the bell-hanger), "or I shall overturn your ladder." He descended and removed the steps. Immediately after, I went as usual to awake the First Consul, and read the journals to him. "General," said I, having wished him good morning, "I found just now in your cabinet one at work hanging a bell: I am informed you gave the order. Convinced there must have been some misunderstanding, and that your directions had been misinterpreted, I dismissed the workman. It certainly could not be for you that the bell was required; I do not expect it was intended for me; for whom, then?"—"What a blockhead that valet is! Yesterday I was with Cambacèrés: I wanted you: the attendant came not when I rang. Imagining something wrong, I gave orders to have the wire examined, and as it traverses my cabinet, doubtless the workman had to be there: this is the whole affair." I feigned satisfaction with this explanation, of which, however, I was not the dupe; and he persisted no farther in the attempt.

The people rarely feel an actual interest in public events; they be-

hold them pass in review with cold indifference, and take part in the fêtes proclaimed by government as spectacles which it is not even attempted to refer to their causes. Such was not the case on the festival of Marengo; the joy was universal, pervading all ranks, and sincere as general. "Bourrienne," said the First Consul, "hear you these still continued acclamations? the sound is to me sweet as the voice of Josephine: how happy, how proud I am of being beloved by such a people!"

During his last sojourn at Milan, the Consul had organized a new government for Piedmont, in which he took care to include those only who had shown themselves partisans of France. He entertained a strong desire permanently to unite to France a rich and fertile province, of which a portion had been possessed by Louis XIV.—the only monarch whom Bonaparte really admired. "If Louis XIV.," he would say, "had not been a king, he would have been a great man: but he knew not mankind; he could not know them: and then, he was never unfortunate!" He delighted to find, also, in many parts of Piedmont, traces of the times when France had ruled beyond the Alps, and that even the French language was still used. The preamble to the new organization stated that act to be "A new proof to the Piedmontese nation of the affection and generosity of the French people." Over the regency commission appointed by this act, to regulate the affairs of Piedmont, General Dupont was selected to preside, with the title of Minister Extraordinary of the French Government. On this occasion I remarked, and am now very happy in pointing out, a secret movement on the part of Bonaparte towards overturning the republic. Having written a scroll of General Dupont's nomination, I had mechanically put "Minister extraordinary of the *French republic*." "No, no!" said the First Consul, on reading this—"*no republic;* insert *government.*"

At Paris the First Consul took pleasure in declaring his presence by evident proofs of his incredible activity: thus, on the second day after his arrival from Italy, he affected to promulgate a great number of decrees. Subsequently, he decerned military honors: Kellermann he named general of division, which, in all justice, ought to have been done on the field of battle. On the sabers of honor awarded at the same time was engraven this inscription, flattering to himself:—"*Battle of Marengo: First Consul commanding in person;* presented by the government of the republic to General Lannes." Four similar sabers were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat. A great number of swords, inferior in value, were distributed to other officers;

as also fusils and badges of honor to the privates and drummers of such regiments as had distinguished themselves at Marengo and in the Army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte was too politic not to include among those deserving national rewards the officers and soldiers who then fought under the orders of Moreau. A medal was even struck commemorative of the entrance of the same army into Munich. But it is worthy of remark that, amid all the official fables and exaggerations published on the short Italian campaign, a false modesty was thrown over the whole by retaining the name of the Army of *Reserve*. Through means of this artful precaution, the honor of the constitution and of the First Consul was saved in appearance: he had not violated its acts; if he had made war it was only by accident with a body of reserve. Yet had he saluted this said army of reserve as the grand army, and his own bulletins witnessed against him. Truly I never could comprehend how, with ideas so grand, often so noble, Bonaparte could descend to such contemptible and shallow frauds. Strangers, and even his own prisoners, were the objects of his calculating attentions. I recollect his saying one evening about this time—"Bourrienne, write to the minister of war to choose from the manufactory at Versailles a pair of the finest pistols, and send them in my name to General Zach. He dined with me the other day and very much praised our manufactory of arms; I wish him to have a specimen, and besides, this can be productive of nothing but good. People will talk of the circumstance, and perhaps it may find echoes at Vienna. Write."

The 14th July had been appointed as a festival in honor of the republic, and upon this day, Lucien, minister of the interior, had made preparations for solemnizing the victory of Marengo. Certainly, since the establishment of the republic, France had never beheld the future through a vista of brighter hopes.

On that day, in the Temple of Mars, Lucien pronounced a discourse upon the promising situation of France as compared with the horrible Reign of Terror, and the disgraceful period of the Directory. Lannes had the merited honor of presenting to the government the colors taken at Marengo, and accompanied the presentation with words becoming his own frank and generous character. After other speeches and the distribution of five medals to as many veterans, declared by their companions most deserving of this distinction, the First Consul spoke as follows:—"The colors now presented to the government, before the people of this mighty capital, bear witness to the genius of generals-in-chief Moreau, Massena, and Berthier; to the military tal-

ents of the generals, their lieutenants; and to the bravery of the French soldiers. On returning to the camps declare to the armies that, for the epoch of the 1st Vendemiaire, in which we celebrate the anniversary of the republic, the French people expect either peace or—if to this the enemy oppose invincible obstacles—more standards, the fruits of new victories."

After this address of the First Consul, the vaulted roofs of the Temple resounded to the notes of Mehul's military hymn. But, of all the occurrences of the day, the most striking was the arrival of the consular guard, returning from Marengo. I was at a window of the Military College when this body of brave men arrived on the ground; and never shall I forget the electric movement, so to speak, of enthusiastic feeling called forth by their appearance. These soldiers defiled before the First Consul, not in fine uniforms as if on parade. Hurried from the field of battle on the morning after the contest, they had traversed Lombardy, Piedmont, Mount Cenis, Savoy, and France, in the space of twenty-nine days. They presented themselves, worn down with the fatigues of a long march, bronzed by the sun of an Italian June, and with arms battered and accouterments torn in the murderous conflict.—Reader! would you form an idea of this? Look at the grenadier in Gerard's picture of the battle of Austerlitz.

The First Consul, in stating that the French people looked for peace, could not think that the moderate conditions proposed after victory would not be accepted by Austria. In this hope, to which everything seemed to conspire, the deputies of the departments had been convoked for the first time since the commencement of the consular government. This meeting had been fixed for the 1st Vendemiaire, an epoch already designated in the Consul's speech, and at this precise date farther remarkable as ending the old and beginning a new century (23d September, 1800).* To this and similar festivities, however, it appeared as if peace were not destined to add the expected gladness. The armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, at first broken and subsequently renewed, had continued to be observed for some time between the French and imperial armies; but Austria, engaged by a subsidy of two millions sterling, refused to treat definitely unless conjointly with England. She never lost hope of recommencing a more fortunate contest. The court of Vienna refused to ratify the preliminaries signed by M. de St. Julien, at Paris; and Duroc, commissioned to present them for the Emperor's ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian

* The reader will recollect that the republican year began at the autumnal equinox.

advanced posts. This inconsiderate step, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, excited the reasonable indignation of the First Consul. "I have need of peace," said he to me, "in order to organize the interior (he did not say to mature my plans for seizing the supreme power), and the French people cherish the same desire. Austria, a second time beaten, is offered the same terms as she accepted at Campo-Formio. What would she more? My demands might have been higher; but tranquillity is necessary. I will not, however, be trifled with—I must be decided." On this, Moreau received orders to break the armistice and declare hostilities unless the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube—that is, the towns of Philipsburg, Ulm and Ingoldstadt—were delivered up to the French. The Austrian cabinet then acquiesced so far; and on the very day which he had purposely appointed in his ultimatum, 23d September, the First Consul was informed of the occupation of these three places.

Before speaking of a circumstance connected with the date at which we are now arrived—namely, the conspiracy of Ceracchi and others, I deem myself usefully employed in assigning its true value to an expression used by Napoleon at St. Helena, where he is made to say—"The two attempts on my life, which placed me in the greatest peril, were those of the sculptor Ceracchi and of the fanatic at Schœnbrunn." I was not at Schœnbrunn, but believe, as will appear hereafter, in the danger incurred by Napoleon. With regard to the attempt of Ceracchi, the following are the real facts, in their most scrupulous fidelity: The conspiracy was a shadow, but to give it a body served a purpose. There was then upon the town one named Harrel, formerly a colonel in the army. He was in want, and consequently discontented. Harrel united himself to Ceracchi,* Arena, Topino-Lebrun, and Domerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently exasperated against the First Consul; and, concerting together how to take him off, fixed for the day of assassination the 10th October, at the opera. Thus far Bonaparte's life might have been in danger. But what follows? On the 20th September, 1800, Harrel came to inquire for me at the Tuileries. Here he unveiled the whole, engaging to betray his accomplices in the very act, and asked money, as he said, to nourish the plot and bring it to maturity. I could make only general observations to Harrel, but, without assuming too serious responsibility, dared not dismiss him, before informing the First Consul of this singular confes-

* Ceracchi had sculptured the bust of the First Consul at Milan. He was young, but already much distinguished in his art. See "*Life of Canova*," by the Translator of this work.

sion ; and he ordered me to give the money to Harrel, but forbade any intimation to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove his own superiority in police. Harrel came almost every night at eleven to give me an account of the proceedings. But time pressed. The First Consul became impatient. At last Harrel came to state that they only wanted money to purchase arms. It was given. But next night he returned to say that the armorers had refused to sell without an order. Fouché was then informed of the whole, and gave the order, as I had not the power. The day having arrived, the Consuls, after transacting business, entered the cabinet of their chief colleague, who asked in my hearing if they thought he should go to the opera. They advised in the affirmative, as there could be no danger, all precautions being taken, while it would be of advantage to prove the nullity of all such attempts. After dinner Bonaparte threw a great-coat over his little green uniform, and got into his carriage, accompanied by Duroc and myself. He arrived and entered his box without interruption. In about half an hour, keeping Duroc alone with himself, he desired me to go into the corridor and observe what passed. Scarcely had I left the box when, hearing a great noise, I learned that a number of persons had been arrested. I returned to inform the First Consul, and we drove instantly back to the Tuileries. Harrel was replaced on the army list, and named commandant of Vincennes, a circumstance to which I shall have to refer hereafter under details of most melancholy interest.

As to the conspiracy itself, it is evident that the actors therein wished to take the life of the First Consul ; but it is no less clear that their machinations, being every one of them known through an accomplice, could readily have been suppressed. In fact, Carbonneau, one of those condemned, while he made frank confession of the part he had acted in these extravagant conceptions, declared also that they had assumed consistency only through the countenance of the agents of the police, ever eager to evince their zeal by some fresh discovery to their employers.

Although three months elapsed between these watched machinations, which might easily have been prevented altogether, and the horrible plot of the 3d Nivose, it may be proper here to consider these two events in succession. The plots also had no farther resemblance than in their object. The former conspirators belonged to the revolutionary faction, and, as if to establish a similitude between Bonaparte and Cæsar, had prepared those who were willing to act the part of Brutus. The second, I say it with profound grief, were of the royalist party ; and, in order to murder the First Consul, these men felt no restraint from the fear

of hurling to destruction a great number of their fellow-citizens. On this account it is impossible for an author who cherishes sentiments of self-respect, whoever may have been the abettors of such an act, to avoid stigmatizing this as one of the most atrocious crimes committed since there were miscreants in the world. Here more than ever do I feel how much it may sometimes cost to render homage to truth; but when truth commands, who would refuse to obey?

On the 3d Nivose, the Consul had appointed to be present at the first representation of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the Creation. On leaving the cabinet for dinner—for I did not dine with him on that day—he said, "Bourrienne, you know I go to the opera to-night. You may go, too; but I cannot set you down, as I take Lannes, Berthier and Lauriston with me." Much pleased with this arrangement, I set out before, and was in the house when the First Consul arrived. On entering his box, as usual, he took the front seat; and, as all eyes were fixed upon him, he affected the greatest calm. Lauriston, on seeing me, came in all haste to the box and informed me what had happened—"The First Consul has narrowly escaped assassination in the Rue St. Nicaise,* by the exploding of a barrel of gunpowder, which broke the glasses of the carriage. He escaped," added Lauriston, "by not more than ten seconds. When the coachman, on turning Rue St. Honoré, pulled up to receive orders, Bonaparte merely said, 'To the opera.'" On hearing this, I returned immediately to the palace, well assured the First Consul would soon require me. He was not long in retiring; and, as the explosion had been heard over all Paris, the grand saloon was thronged in an instant with a crowd of functionaries, who came to observe the eye of the master, that they might know how to think. Nor did he keep them long in suspense. "This is the work of the Jacobins!" cried he, with a loud voice; "it is by the Jacobins this attempt to assassinate me has been made. Neither nobles, nor priests, nor Chouans are implicated here. Since we cannot chain, we must crush them. France must be purged of such disgusting filth. No pity for such miscreants!" It would require to have beheld the animated countenance of Bonaparte—his gestures, always few, but expressive—to have heard the sound of his voice—before an idea can be formed of the bitterness with which he pronounced these words. In vain some of the counselors of state, and especially Fouché, represented that there ex-

* A narrow street, or rather lane, leading from the Tuileries to the Rue St. Honoré, but which is scarcely now to be traced in Paris, the explosion producing at least this good effect, that the consular government purchased the damaged houses, and thence began the chief improvements in the French capital.—*Translator.*

isted no proof against any one; Bonaparte repeated, with increased vehemence, what he had already said regarding the Jacobins; and if the proverb be true that the wealthy get the reputation of greater store than they actually possess, the First Consul was excusable in attributing to the Jacobins one crime more.

Fouché had many enemies. It was not surprising, then, that several of those at the head of administration sought to widen the difference of opinion between him and the First Consul. The minister of police, like the rose in the fable, bent, but only to elude the tempest. The ablest comedian could not give to the life his attitude of serenity during Bonaparte's bursts of rage—his evasions of direct reply—his patience of accusation—his negative silence—and, above all, his half revelations. I saw clearly he did not believe the Jacobins culpable. I stated the same opinion privately to the Consul; but nothing could undeceive him. "Fouché," was his reply, "has reasons for being silent. He knows how to manage, for he seeks to screen his own partisans, a mass of men practiced in blood and crime! Was he not one of their leaders? Do I not know how he acted at Lyons, and on the Loire? Well, Lyons and the Loire furnish me with the key to Fouché's conduct." This is the exact truth. I oppose it to a thousand fictions of which this event has been the subject. These are mere inventions. The First Consul merely said afterwards to Fouché, "I do not confide in your police. I make my own police, and wake till two in the morning." This was true only in rare instances.

On the morrow it rained felicitations. The prefect of the Seine had assembled the twelve mayors of Paris, and attended the consular audience at their head. To these worthies Bonaparte addressed himself thus—"So long as a handful of brigands attacked me directly, I left the law to punish; but since, by a crime without example, they have endangered the population of the capital, chastisement shall be as prompt as it is exemplary. We must transport some hundred of wretches who have calumniated liberty by committing crimes under that name, and thus take from them the possibility of committing new ones." The council of state several times assembled. The First Consul's opinion being known, every one strove to confirm it. Even Fouché, making his conviction yield to the delicacy of his ministerial position, addressed to the Consul a report which conceded largely to the consular will. The public journals played their part by filling columns with revolutionary remembrances against those who were now to suffer from a retrospective enactment. Upwards of 100 individuals were sentenced to transportation, and the senate took its date from inexhaustible com-

pliance, on this occasion, with the desires of the First Consul. This list was filled up from those whom it pleased their accusers to qualify as Jacobins. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of some, who may, perchance, be among my readers. I name only M. Tissot,* and who, in turn, was not ungrateful when my day of political influence had passed away. In writing this I tremble to think that men were struck at hazard, strangers to the crime with which they were branded, without proof, nay, without inquiry. A simple act of the Consul's, 4th January, 1801, confirmed on the morrow by decree of the senate, sufficed to banish beyond the territory of the republic and to place under especial surveillance 130 individuals, of whom nine were merely designated *Septembrisers!* Such, too, had been the odium excited against these men as actors or contrivers in the plot of the "infernal machine," that they narrowly escaped being massacred by the populace at Nantes on their way for embarkation, and were only saved by the vigorous interference of the armed force. "If," said Bonaparte, at one of the sittings of the council, "there are no proofs, we must take advantage of popular excitement. The event is to me only an opportunity. We can now transport for all that is past." Again, he told me, on leaving one of the sittings, where the question of the *special tribunal* had been agitated, "that he had been a little too warm; that he had declared it necessary to strike like the thunderbolt; to shed blood; to shoot as many of the guilty as the explosion had made victims—from fifteen to twenty; transport 200, and purge the republic of such miscreants." In all this the tyrant was so evident that, in its decree, the senate did not once mention the attempt of the 3d Nivose; but it did not the less declare the act of the Consul's to be a measure for the preservation of the constitution. This by way of blind. If, under the designation of Jacobins, the First Consul included all those whom France could boast as devoted supporters of her liberties, we can hardly reproach him with his hatred of such men. He could not pardon them for having judged with unbending severity the oppressive acts of his magistracy, nor for having opposed the destruction of those national rights which he himself had sworn to maintain and to defend, but which, nevertheless, he labored incessantly to overturn. These were the true motives of his resentment. It was thus his own injustice had, in his eyes, rendered culpable those who refused to wink at that injustice. This was the cause why he showed more suspicion of those whom he termed Jacobins than of the Royalists. But I extenuate, while I point

* Author of an elegant work, entitled "Studies on Virgil."—*Translator.*

out, the errors of Bonaparte. Any other in his situation would have done the same, and perhaps more. Already truth reached him with difficulty. He was surrounded by men who uttered not what they themselves thought, but what they divined were his thoughts.* Only in so far did he admire the wisdom of his counselors; and Fouché, to maintain himself in favor, was forced to give up to him 130 proscribed, chosen from among his own most intimate associates.

But this minister, induced thus to act, though not convinced, was never deceived in the true authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose. With his usual sagacity, therefore, he put in motion the whole machinery of the police. For some time his efforts were fruitless. At last, on Saturday, 31st January, 1801, that is six weeks subsequently, about two hours after our own arrival at Malmaison, we beheld Fouché alight, and found that he brought irrefragable proofs of the soundness of his first opinion. There was no longer room for doubt: Bonaparte saw clear as noon-day that the attempt of the 3d Nivose had been a plot hatched among the partisans of royalty. But as the act of proscription had gone forth against those whom he termed Jacobins in the mass, there was no receding. Thus the final result of this affair was that the innocent and the guilty suffered together; but with this difference, that the latter were at least tried previously. When the former were so precipitately condemned, Fouché had been unable to substantiate their innocence; their arbitrary condemnation is, therefore, not to be imputed to him. Enough of criminal associations attach to his memory; let it be cleared of this crime. I even venture to assure the reader that he opposed courageously the first burst of the Consul's anger, and arrested his arm when uplifted to strike. He never came to the Tuileries without asserting to me the innocence of those first condemned. He did not, indeed, dare to hold this language with the First Consul; but I frequently repeated the presumptions of the minister of police. As proofs, however, were wanting, I was answered with a triumphant air—"Ah, bah! Fouché! He is always harping on that string; he halts on that foot. As to the rest, what signifies it to me?—for the present I have got rid of them. If the guilty be found among the royalists, they shall be seized next." When the real criminals were at length discovered through the exertions of Fouché, St. Regent and Carbon, the only immediate actors who had escaped the eyes of the police, because true to each other, insensible alike to fear and bribery,

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* This can be no excuse, but is rather a heavier condemnation. Who placed him in that situation?—His own passions and his own impatience of truth.—*Translator.*

were executed, paying with their heads the price of an infamous crime. In this manner the First Consul got rid of them too. Thus all his wishes were accomplished. He had his part, and justice had hers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HISTORY OF A PAMPHLET—BOURRIENNE OUTWITTED—JOSEPH A SPY—THE SECRETARY'S REVENGE—TREATY OF LUNEVILLE—JOSEPH'S UNFORTUNATE STOCK-JOBBING—POLITICS AND GOOD EATING—THE DRAMA—DEATH OF THE CZAR PAUL—KING OF ETRURIA—CONCORDAT—RELIGION IN FRANCE, IN THE CONSULAR COURT OF THE FIRST CONSUL—BOURRIENNE A COUNSELOR OF STATE.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the innumerable means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at sole power, and to prepare the public mind for so great a change. He held it as a maxim—of which, indeed, the events of this life prove the truth—that, such preparation accomplished by the people becoming accustomed to a report, all energy is taken from opposition at the moment when any plan comes to be actually executed. The following is a curious history of a pamphlet launched into the world as a tentative upon hereditary power:—In December, 1800, while Fouché was in pursuit of the real contrivers of the plot just described, appeared a pamphlet entitled, "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell and Bonaparte." He was absent when I received and read this production, which openly preached hereditary monarchy. I had no information respecting the publication, but speedily found it had been issued with lavish prodigality from the office of the home department. Scarcely had I laid it on his table when he entered, and, seeming to run it over, asked, "Have you read this?"—"Yes, General."—"Well! what think you of it?"—"That pamphlet, General, is of a nature to do much harm in public opinion; it appears to me ill-timed, for it reveals your designs prematurely." The First Consul seized and threw the tract on the ground, as he had the habit of doing with all the absurdities of the day, after running rapidly through them. I was not the only one who judged thus; for next day arrived copies from the prefects nearest Paris, with complaints of the mischievous effects it was producing. I remember one of these representations stated that such a writing was sufficient to unsheathe against him the daggers of fresh assassins. He glanced over this correspondence—"Bourrienne, send for Fouché; let him come hither with all speed and

render me an account." In half an hour Fouché formed thirds-man in our cabinet. "What about this pamphlet?" said the Consul, beginning and continuing the dialogue with the greatest warmth; "what is said of it in Paris?"—"General," replied the minister, with a coolness imperturbable and slightly sardonic, "all pronounce it to be extremely dangerous."—"Eh, well! why then have you allowed it to appear?—it is an insult."—"General, some delicacy was to be observed in regard to the author."—"Delicacy! what mean you? You ought to have clapped him into the Temple."—"But, General, your brother Lucien has taken this said pamphlet under his especial protection; the printing and publishing were by his order; in short, it came from the ministry of the interior."—"It is all one to me! Then it was your duty, as minister of police, to have arrested Lucien and incarcerated him in the Temple. Blockhead that he is! he contrives always to compromise me." At these words the Consul left the cabinet, pulling the door after him with violence. "Put the author into the Temple!" exclaimed Fouché, who, from the half smile on his lips during Bonaparte's wrath, I clearly perceived had something in reserve; "that would be difficult indeed! Do you know," continued he, turning to me, "that, alarmed at the effect which the 'Parallel' was calculated to produce, on getting notice of it I hastened immediately to Lucien to make him aware of his imprudence. Upon this, in place of answering, he set about rumaging in a drawer, whence he drew forth a manuscript and showed it to me. And what think you I saw there?—Corrections and annotations in the handwriting of the First Consul!"

Lucien, informed of the First Consul's displeasure, came also to the Tuileries, reproaching his brother with having placed him in advance, and afterwards abandoning him. "It is your own fault," said the First Consul; "you have permitted yourself to be entrapped. Well! so much the worse for you! Fouché has been too dexterous—too able for you: you are but an ass in comparison." Lucien gave in his resignation, which was accepted, and set out for Spain. This diplomatic exile turned out a good thing, though but a disguised banishment. The Spanish negotiation became a mine of riches to Lucien and Godoy.—But we anticipate.*

My part was not yet finished in this unfortunate Machiavelism. Some time after the publication of the pamphlet, I received an invitation to dine with Fouché. As the First Consul had requested me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of my engagement, and

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* See Appendix, K.

his consent was very readily granted. Fouché placed Joseph at his right, and me next to the latter. During dinner, Joseph's whole conversation, addressed to me, ran on his brother—his designs—and the bad effects of the pamphlet. In his questions, as also in his replies, there appeared a shade of blame and of disapprobation. I gave him to understand that my sentiments corresponded with his own; but spoke much less openly than I should have done to the Consul himself. He seemed to approve, and his confidence encouraged mine. He talked so candidly, and with so little reserve, that, in spite of my acquired experience, I was far from supposing that I held conference with a spy of the first order. But who has never been deceived? On the morrow, the First Consul said to me, drily—"*Leave my letters in the basket; I will open them myself.*" This unexpected sally surprised me; but, unconscious of offense, I resolved to amuse myself with the distrust thus shown without reason assigned. I placed at the bottom of the basket all letters recognized as coming from the ministers, all reports which were dispatched for the First Consul to my address, covering them with communications of no importance, or, at least, such as practice, and the appearance of the address, led me to judge were insignificant; requests for numbers in the lottery, in order to profit by his good luck; entreaties that he would stand god-father to a child; solicitations for places; announcements of marriages and births; ridiculous eulogies; disgusting anonymous trash, etc. The examining of all these letters, to which he was not accustomed, soon tired him; and he opened very few. Often the same day, but always on the morrow, arrived a fresh letter from a minister, requesting an answer to that of the preceding night, with complaints of not having received a reply. These I placed also under the others, for their mark and form enabled me to divine their contents; and, as usual, the First Consul, after opening some twenty letters, left the rest without examination. Not wishing to push this trickery too far, nor to remain in the suspicious situation in which the gossiping of Joseph had placed me, I determined to end the affair. On the fourth day, after the business of the evening had been sulkily got over, interrupted by slight outbreakings, I allowed Bonaparte to descend and go to bed. Half an hour after I entered his bed-room, which I could do at all hours. I had a light in my hand; took a chair; drew it close to his bed; placed the taper on the night-table. Both he and Josephine were roused. "How now—what news?" said he, with surprise.—"General, I come to explain, that I cannot longer remain in your service. Without confidence my place is untenable. You are aware how devoted I am to you. If you have wherewithal to reproach

me, let me at least know the cause: but the situation in which I have been during the last three days is insupportable." Josephine anxiously inquired—"Now, what has he done, Bonaparte?"—"That is no concern of thine." Then, turning to me, "Well, to be sure, I have reason to complain of you. I know you have talked about affairs of importance, in a manner that displeases me."—"I can assure you, I have spoken to no one save your brother; and, unquestionably, he knows far too much for me to divulge any secret to him. I alluded to an affair familiar alike to both. Besides, ought I to have suspected an inquisitor in your brother."—"Yes; I avow it. After what Joseph reported to me, I conceived it right to put my confidence in quarantine; it has lasted three days—long enough in all justice. Come, Bourrienne, all is over; let us say no more about it. Open my letters; you will find them miserably in arrear. I found it too tedious; and besides, somehow I constantly lighted upon fooleries."

I seem still to hear and see the kind Josephine raising herself in bed, and saying to him, with the most amiable sweetness—"Now, Bonaparte, how could you possibly suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to thee—who is thine only friend? How couldst thou permit them to spread such a snare for him? A dinner arranged on purpose! My God! how I detest all thy polices!" Bonaparte then fell a-laughing, and said to her, jokingly—"Come, come, go to sleep!—mind thy frippery! Women know nothing about affairs of government." When I retired, it was two o'clock in the morning. After some hours' sleep everything seemed forgotten; the First Consul was kinder than ever; and, *for the moment*, I saw that all clouds were dissipated. But what shall we think of Joseph's conduct? His part will doubtless be esteemed very worthy of a future king.

At this time M. Otto was in London, negotiating both for an exchange of prisoners and on the Austrian affairs. But matters proceeded very slowly. The English cabinet would not listen to an armistice by sea, in like manner as France had concluded one by land with Austria. For this it was alleged, that in the case of a rupture, France would derive from the cessation of maritime hostilities greater advantages than Austria from the truce concluded with her.

With regard to the latter power, if, after the victory of Marengo, the First Consul had shown himself punctilious, the manner in which Genoa was delivered up would have furnished grounds of complaint. There was here, in fact, some hesitation. When Massena presented himself before the place, in order to receive possession of it, Prince Hohenzollern, whom Melas had left as governor, with a considerable

force, refused to give it up, not conceiving how he ought so speedily to leave, as one defeated, a city into which his commander had so recently made his triumphal entry. But the nobleness of the aged general, tried in so many difficult contingencies, did not desert him on this occasion: he ordered the place instantly to be ceded, or the refusal to be maintained at the prince's own peril. Obedience was the word; and the First Consul winked at the transaction. Far, however, from taking it in good part, his enemies seemed only to derive new audacity from this forbearance. Thenceforward orders were given to assume the offensive in Germany and Italy. The chances of war were for some time doubtful. Upon a reverse, Austria promised; after an advantage she eluded her promises. At length Fortune declared for France; her armies passed both the Danube and the Mincio, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden carried the French advanced posts within thirty miles of Vienna.

During these tergiversations of Austria and the deep policy of England, the lively inquietudes of the First Consul may easily be conceived. He knew full well the intrigues set on foot for the restoration of the Bourbons. In these circumstances, still so fluctuating and doubtful in their issue, Moreau, on the 3d December, 1800, gained the memorable victory which threw a preponderating influence into the vacillating scale. On the 6th, the First Consul received the news. His joy may be imagined. It was on Saturday: he had just entered from the theater when I laid the dispatch before him. So extravagant was his satisfaction that he jumped up and fell back upon me, being only thus prevented from tumbling on the floor. I ought to say that he did not expect so great results from the movements of the Army of the Rhine.

On the evening previous to the battle, Moreau, being at supper with his aides-de-camp and several general officers, received a dispatch which he read beside his guests. Although no boaster, he could not help saying on this occasion, "I am informed of the movements of Baron de Kray (the Austrian commander); they are all I could desire. To-morrow we shall take from him 10,000 men." The Marshal was better than his word: he took 40,000, with many standards.

On the news reaching Paris, Madame Moreau hastened to the Tuileries to visit the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. She returned several times without being admitted to an interview. The last time she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. After waiting long in vain she retired; and, on leaving the saloon,

her mother, unable to restrain her resentment, said quite aloud before me and several others—"The wife of the conqueror of Hohenlinden was not made for dancing attendance in that sort of way." This remarked reached its address. Madame Moreau soon after joined her husband in Germany. Some days later, Madame Hulot came to Malmaison, soliciting advancement for her eldest son, since dead, and who was then in the navy. Josephine received her very graciously, and requested her, together with M. Carbonnet, a relative by whom she was accompanied, to remain to dinner. The invitation was accepted. The First Consul, who saw these new guests only at dinner, behaved very rudely to Madame Hulot, scarcely addressed her, and after dinner left the room. This conduct was so shocking that Josephine, always excellent, endeavored to excuse the First Consul, saying that "He was very anxious about the arrival of a courier, whose delay caused him much uneasiness." Bonaparte entertained no hostility against Moreau since he did not fear him. After the victory in question he spoke of him in the highest terms; nor did he conceal the obligations due to him in that important juncture; but he could not suffer his wife's family, whom he termed "a pack of intriguers."

The day after this fortunate intelligence from the Rhine, M. Maret, the secretary-general, came, as usual, about four o'clock, to get some decrees of the Council signed. While in the act of signing, and without raising his head, the First Consul asked, "Maret, are you rich?" —"No, General," replied the secretary, who was standing at his right hand, holding some papers.—"So much the worse. You ought to be independent."—"General, I wish never to be dependent except upon you." The First Consul then fixed his eye upon Maret, saying, "Hem! not so bad that!" And when he had withdrawn, turning to me, "Maret is a sharp fellow; he does not want sense; he answered adroitly."

The victory of Hohenlinden gave a new turn to the negotiations for peace, and decided the opening of the Congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following. Instructed by the past, the First Consul would hear no more of a suspension of hostilities till Austria should consent to treat separately, to which she was obliged to consent, and abandon her dependence upon England. This power demanded to be admitted as a third party at Luneville, which was acceded to, on condition that war should cease between France and England, as between France and Austria. All this adjourned the preliminaries till 1801, and the peace between the two former powers till 1802.

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the Congress at Luneville, peace was signed between France and Austria. This alliance, termed, as usual, in the treaty, *perpetual*, lasted *four years*. This was a long while too! The plenipotentiaries were Joseph Bonaparte and Count Louis de Cobentzel. Joseph met the latter on the way to Paris, he having passed Luneville for the purpose of sounding the dispositions of the French government. On this, both returned to the capital, and, having held an interview with the First Consul, set out on the morrow for the seat of Congress.

Joseph, while thus representing at Luneville the majesty of France, continued nevertheless a dabbler in the stocks and made large purchases on the rise which, as he calculated, the peace would produce. Speculators more able, who were also in the secret, sold out the moment peace became certain, and Joseph bought up in order to sell again on the signature of the treaty. But the news got air and stocks fell. Joseph's loss was considerable: he was obliged to *waddle*, being unable to make good the engagements into which his avaricious and absurd speculations had led him. In this emergency he addressed himself to his brother, who neither would nor could give him the necessary sum. The First Consul, however, was not the less distressed to see his eldest brother in this predicament, and asked me what was to be done. I could advise nothing, but proposed consulting Talleyrand. "How!" said the latter, with his well-known coolness, "is that all?—is it nothing more?—it is not worth mentioning; you can have no difficulty here—you require only to raise the funds."—"But the money!"—"It is no great matter to get money; take out from the savings' bank, or the sinking fund, and you will have money to cause a rise; stocks will get up; Joseph will sell and gain—not the shadow of a doubt." All succeeded as Talleyrand had predicted. I may just add here, once for all, that to have a competent idea of these conversations with Talleyrand, it would be necessary to be acquainted with his manner of expressing himself, his ease, perfect *sang-froid*, a countenance unmoved and inaccessible to all emotion, and his prodigious talent. The recital, and still less the mere impression of a recital, cannot render these shades.

During the sitting of Congress the First Consul being informed that the carriers of the mails conveyed, besides letters and dispatches, a variety of other articles, especially delicacies for certain privileged persons, forbade the post-conveyances, in future, to carry anything but letters. The very same evening Cambacérés entered the saloon, where I was sitting alone with the First Consul, who, in fact, had been laugh-

ing in his sleeve at the embarrassment he should thus occasion to his colleague. "Well! what is it now at this hour, Cambacèrés?"—"I come to request an exception to the order you have given respecting the post. How do you suppose one can make friends if no longer able to treat them to rarities? You know yourself how large a share the table occupies in the art of governing." His colleague laughed heartily, called him a gourmand, and finished by slapping him on the shoulder, saying—"Be comforted, my poor Cambacèrés, and don't alarm yourself; the courier shall continue to bring your turkeys in truffle sauce, your Strasbourg pâtés, your hams of Mayence, and your red partridges." But, in sooth, a good dinner does exercise a potent influence in politics. Talent and sentiment—are these, then, dependent on the stomach? Cambacèrés seemed to think so; he believed it impossible to have a tolerable government without an excellent table; and his glory—for every man has his ambition—was to know that throughout all Paris, nay Europe, men talked of the Second Consul's kitchen. A feast agreeable to all palates, praised by all tongues, was to him a Marengo or a Friedland.*

Bonaparte now began to tamper with the very amusements of the people, when these tended to excite popular ideas of liberty or government. New pieces were interdicted at the theater, and their authors prosecuted. It was thus with the author of "Edward in Scotland." The piece had escaped the licenser, and been represented during Bonaparte's absence at St. Quentin, whither he had gone to inspect the canal, and, if possible, to rescue that undertaking from its everlasting uselessness. The play had great success; royalist and emigrant crowded to the representation; numerous applications were made to the Bourbons. But the spirit of liberty breathed by the Scottish patriots seemed too animating to the First Consul, who, on his return, attended the second exhibition. "It is too palpable," said he; "I will that it be not played. What a blockhead to license such a piece! Why permit political dramas to be acted at all, without first consulting me?" The author, M. Duval, was obliged to leave France. One poor playwright narrowly escaped banishment because accused of aping the manners of the First Consul and his colleagues, in a piece called the "Ante-Chamber;" wherein two lackeys addressed each other thus: "I am in service."—"And I also."—"We

* A common saying was at this time current in Paris, descriptive of the hospitality of the three Consuls. "Bonaparte gives *hasty* dinners, Cambacèrés *good* dinners, and Lebrun *no* dinners at all." Bonaparte plied his jaws *au pas de charge;* Lebrun was a miser.—*Translator.*

are colleagues." The dress of these valets, too, was considered as a burlesque on the consular costume. "This," said the First Consul to me, "forms a pendant to Edward; things cannot be suffered thus. If the imitation be as is said, the dresses shall be stripped off in the Place de Grève, and torn by the hands of the hangman." M. Dupaty, the author, narrowly escaped being treated to the same toilet. It came out, on investigation, that the piece had been written years *before* the consulate! These successive triumphs engaged flatterers to get interdicted many of our ancient and long-admired masterpieces, from the applications that *might* be made. The piece most agreeable to the First Consul, was "Cinna:" this on account of the long and admirable invective against popular power. These, however, were but tentatives against liberty. The same year, 1801, beheld the fatal creation of Special Tribunals, justified neither by the urgency nor gravity of the circumstances to which their erection was referred. These courts were both the foundation and cornerstone of succeeding despotism; they judged without appeal, in secret, and on evidence upon which they sat, at once as judge, jury, and executioner.

About the commencement of the same year, Fulton presented his memorial on steamboats. I endeavored to bring the First Consul to give it a serious examination. "Bah!" said he, "all these projectors, and these inventors of schemes, are either intriguers or visionaries. Say no more about it." I pointed out to him that the person he designated as an intriguer did nothing more than renew an invention already known; since Franklin, in 1788, had written to one of his friends, "There is nothing new at present in physical science, except a boat propelled by a steam-engine, which of itself ascends against the stream. It is thought the construction of the machine may be simplified and perfected so as to become generally useful." He would listen to nothing on the subject. Fulton afterwards went to America, where, availing himself of the knowledge he had acquired in France and England, he constructed at New York, five years later, the first steamboat which was tried successfully. We might have enjoyed the priority of this powerful agent in navigation and commerce. Distrust of projectors may easily be carried too far: nothing obliges to admit their propositions; but neither can a refusal be justified, without examination.

In the month of March, of the same year, Paul I., by a domestic revolution, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. On this news the First Consul, yielding only to a painful sentiment awakened by a stroke so unexpected and which influenced so powerfully his political connections, ordered me instantly to send to the *Moniteur* the following note:—

"Paul I. died on the night between the 23d and 24th March. The English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will instruct us in the relation existing between these two events."

Thus were associated in his mind the crime of the 26th, and the mark, justly discerned, I believe, of its authors. The amicable correspondence between Paul and Bonaparte had begun daily to assume greater consistency. "I was certain," said the latter to me, "in concert with the Czar, of giving a mortal blow to the English power in India. A revolution of the palace overturns all my designs." This resolution and the admiration entertained by the autocrat for the ruler and republic of France must unquestionably be reckoned among the causes of his death. Of this crime those were at the time chiefly accused who had been threatened with so much ardor and perseverance, and who had the greatest interest in the change of an emperor. I have read a letter of a northern potentate which leaves me without doubt on this head. The letter of this august personage even exhibited the wages of the crime and the part of each actor. But it must also be confessed that the character and conduct of Paul, his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, the frequent excess of his despotism, had kindled strong hatred against him; for patience has its limit. These motives probably did not *create* the conspiracy, but they greatly *facilitated* the execution of the plot which deprived the Czar of his life and throne.*

On the death of Paul the Consul's system in respect to Russia underwent a change. Already, in Egypt, had he expressed to Sulkowsky

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*I have given the above exactly as in the original. The reader will not fail to remark the first instance of bad faith in the author on a subject of importance. A departure from honesty, too, has, as usual, led to a default of judgment. The insinuation regarding the participation of England in an atrocious domestic plot is too absurd for refutation. The passage of the British fleet into the Baltic at such a crisis was an event to be expected. Our naval superiority and the ordinary precautions of a prudent policy both enabled and required us to take such a step. In fact, if I mistake not, the English admiral, on learning the circumstances of Paul's death, properly deemed it his duty, without waiting special orders, to sail for the Gulf of Finland. The notion that the man in France, with all Europe between, who, in Syria, with only one country to traverse and that, according to his own statements, friendly, had been discomfited and disgraced by a handful of British sailors aiding the Turks, could be an object of terror to our Indian empire, is ludicrous. M. de Bourrienne is not ignorant that the odium of the murder of Paul is not seldom cast upon France; and, at the time of the occurrence this accusation was very generally believed. Certainly it could be made with greater probability and rested upon infinitely more sufficient causes than his own scandalous insinuation. Of the three powerful parties into which France was then divided, two—the Royalists and the Republicans, but from different motives—viewed with equal dread the growing intimacy of the French and Russian despot. Events at home show that these parties were capable of any attempt to forward their respective views. Why are the name and title of the "northern potentate" concealed?—*Translator.*

his great desire of seeing Poland re-established. Now he often dictated to me, for the *Moniteur*, notes in which the object of various reasonings was to prove that Europe could never enjoy repose till these national spoliations had been avenged and repaired: but frequently these notes were torn instead of being sent to press. The idea of a war against the empire unceasingly agitated him; and, for a certainty, the conception of the fatal campaign, which dates eleven years later, was now first formed. The subsequent motives, indeed, were very different; for the restoration of Poland was a mere pretense. Nevertheless, Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg to offer felicitations to the Emperor Alexander on his ascending the throne.

Soon after a new royal acquaintance supplied for a little the loss thus sustained; and, before investing his own brow with two crowns, Bonaparte judged it politically useful to place one on the head of a prince--and that prince a Bourbon. He rejoiced in an opportunity to accustom the Parisians to the sight of a king. The Infant Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid, in 1798, for the purpose of contracting a marriage with Maria Amelia, sister to Maria Louisa. The prince fell in love with the latter; Godoy favored this inclination, and, using all his influence, succeeded in bringing about the match. To a son, born six years subsequently, was given the name of Charles Louis, after the King of Spain. France occupied Parma, which, according to the treaty signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to revert to that power on the death of the reigning Duke. On the other hand, France was to cede to Prince Louis of Parma the grand duchy of Tuscany. Spain paid a considerable sum, according to agreement. On going to take possession, Don Louis and his spouse passed through France, under the name of Count and Countess of Leghorn. At Paris they were received as King and Queen of Etruria. The circumstances were yet in futurity which brought from the same hand that now gave a king to Tuscany, the temporary overthrow of the house of Spain. The literature of the day is filled with descriptions of fêtes given to the youthful pair. The one given by Talleyrand was especially remarkable for elegant splendor. The King and Queen of Etruria came also several times to dine at Malmaison. Upon one of these occasions, the king fainted. This indisposition he himself attributed to a weakness of stomach, but his people let out that it proceeded from some more serious malady. On their first visit, Bonaparte left the cabinet for a moment to see whether the saloon was properly arranged for their reception. He returned almost immediately, quite flurried—"Bourrienne, can you suppose such stupidity—they had exposed in full view a picture repre-

senting me pointing out Italy from the summit of the Alps, and commanding its conquest; a fine compliment to an Italian king!" During these visits to Malmaison, the prince amused himself in the most childish and ridiculous sports. In these the Consul never joined, and indeed saw very little of his royal visitor, being always engaged with business. "What a pity," said I, "that the people of Tuscany must be governed by such a ruler."—"Politics will have it so," replied he; "besides, there is no harm in showing our men, who have seen no kings, what they are made of." The arrival of the youthful sovereigns in the capital, however, threw a kind of splendor over the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, who was everywhere hailed in the words of Voltaire—

I create monarchs, but would not be one;

a verse which was applauded to the echo. This applause he regarded as the oblivion of his unfortunate pamphlet. Moreover, the reception given by the public to a king of his creation was by no means a consideration of indifference: it began the habitude of admitting what he decreed. As to the new-made king himself, he was, in the language of the First Consul, *a poor man*. "I am tired of them," said he to me one day, after spending several hours alone with the two. "He is a perfect automaton. I asked a variety of questions; he could not reply to one. He seemed to consult his wife, who, poor thing, did her best instructing him what to say. This poor prince sets out for a kingdom without knowing what he is to do. He will not pass the Rubicon."

These occurrences recall the mission of Lucien into Spain, of which we see they were in some measure the fruit. Among other instructions, Lucien had received orders to employ every possible means to determine Spain to declare war against Portugal, with intention of constraining the latter power to separate from England, of which the First Consul had always looked upon that portion of the Peninsula as a colony. Charles IV. was thus prevailed upon, through Godoy aiding these views, to commence a war which was but of short continuance, terminating almost without bloodshed by the capture of Olivenza. On the 6th June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajos, engaging to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and other places of less importance, to Spain, and to shut her ports against Britain. In reference to this peace, which Bonaparte at first refused to guarantee, until some new conditions of small moment had been added, it behooves me to relate an important fact. In order to obtain the recovery of Olivenza and its territory, Portugal made a secret offer to Bonaparte, through commu-

nications with me, of the sum of eight millions (£333,350) as the price of his concurrence. This offer he repelled with indignation, declaring that never would he consent to sell honor for money. Those who have accused him of similar transactions must have indeed known little of his inflexible principles.

At this epoch a considerable party urged Bonaparte to throw off the yoke of Popery and to establish a Gallican church whose head should be in France. They imagined his ambition would be captivated by this new power, bearing some resemblance to that of the first emperors of the Romans. But his sentiments did not coincide with the project. "I am convinced," observed he to me, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I seemed to countenance such a disposition; but I am also as certain that the great majority would remain Catholic; nay, that this majority would struggle with the greatest zeal and fervor against the schism of one portion of their fellow-citizens. I dread religious contests—dissensions in families—inevitable evils. In re-establishing the religion which has always reigned in the land, and which yet keeps its hold on the heart, and in leaving the minorities freely to exercise their worship, I am in harmony with the whole nation, and give satisfaction to everybody."

The First Consul judging, like a man of superior mind, that the re-establishment of religion would be of great assistance to his government, had, in fact, been occupied from the beginning of the year 1801 in arranging a concordat with Pope Pius VII. Cardinal Gonsalvi arrived in Paris in June, and the concordat, signed in July, 1801, passed into a law of the state in April, 1802. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the metropolitan cathedral of Nôtre Dame, on Sunday the 11th April. The crowd was immense, the greater part being obliged to stand. The ceremony was imposing; but who will venture to say that the general demeanor harmonized with the devotional act? Had the season not yet arrived for this innovation? Was it too rude a transition from the twelve preceding years? Be the cause what it might, certain it is that a vast proportion of those present exhibited in their countenance and gestures more of impatience and hostility than satisfaction or reverence. On all sides were heard murmurs indicative of discontent; whisperings, which I might rather call conversations, sometimes interrupted divine service; the expressions employed were even far from being measured; finally, I know not through what fatality hunger had seized upon so many of the auditory, but sure it is, every moment might be seen those who turned round their head to crunch with their teeth a piece of chocolate. I affirm even to have seen people

taking lunch without putting themselves to any trouble or even seeming to give attention to what was going forward.

The consular court, generally speaking, was very irreligious; nor could it be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had most powerfully contributed to the overthrow of religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their life in camps, had more frequently entered the churches of Italy to carry off pictures than to hear mass.* Those who, without being alive to any religious impression, had received that education which leads us to respect the faith of others, though we ourselves have no belief therein, attached no blame to the First Consul, and comported themselves with decency. But on the way from the Tuileries to Nôtre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wished to get out of the carriage on finding they were to be carried to mass; and would have done so, had not an order from Bonaparte prevented them. They went then to church; but on the morrow, when the Consul asked Augereau how he liked the ceremony, he replied—"Oh, all was very fine; there only wanted the million of men who devoted themselves to death in order to destroy what we are now establishing." Bonaparte was much irritated at this observation.

While negotiations were carrying on with the Holy See, he one day remarked—"In all countries religion is useful to the government: we must employ it to work upon men. I was a Mahometan in Egypt; I am a Catholic in France. It is fitting as far as policy is concerned that the religion of a state should be entirely in the hands of the ruler. A great many urge me to found a Gallican church and to make myself head of it; but these people know not France. If they knew her, they would understand that she is—speaking of the majority—far from desiring this rupture with Rome. The Pope must push me very hard before I resolve upon it; but I do not believe he will force me so far." —"You have reason to think so. You recollect, General, what Cardinal Gonsalvi said—*The Pope will do everything which the First Consul may desire.*"—"He will do well: let him not suppose he has to do with an idiot. Guess what they place in front—the good of my soul! But as for me—this immortality—why, it is the remembrance left in the memory of men. That idea elevates to great deeds. Better never to have lived than to leave no traces of one's existence."

At that time all resources were put in action to engage the First Consul to fulfill in public the duties imposed by religion: the necessity of a great example was insisted upon. He told me, on leaving one of

* If credit be due to the numerous stories still current in Italy, the French officers were in the habit of coveting other things besides pictures.—*Translator.*

these discussions, that he had settled all by this declaration—"Things are now well enough: ask me not to do more: you will not obtain your request: you shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are."

Bonaparte finished, however, by hearing mass. At St. Cloud this usage of former days was renewed for the first time. He took care to have it said sooner than the hour announced in order that those who were disposed to make wry faces on the occasion, might not arrive till after the service had been concluded. When the First Consul went publicly to mass in the palace chapel, a little altar was arranged in the closet adjoining to the cabinet wherein we wrought. The former apartment, as I have already mentioned, had been the oratory of Anne of Austria: a small portable altar and a platform of one step restored it to its original destination. This closet, during the week, served for a bathing room: on Sunday the door communicating with the cabinet was opened, and thus in our usual place of labor we assembled to hear mass. We were never more than three or four. I observed that the First Consul almost always continued to read, write, or examine papers during the service, which never exceeded twelve minutes. Yet the journals repeated, as if in emulation, "The First Consul heard mass in his apartments." Louis XVIII. likewise often heard mass in his apartments.

On the 19th July, 1801, a papal brief released M. de Talleyrand from his canonical vows and restored him to a secular life. He then married Madame Grandt. All this took place without noise or publicity. This alone sufficiently proves how much the simple fact has been misrepresented. It has been said that Bonaparte, on becoming Emperor, desiring to restore the regularity of morals which the Revolution had destroyed, resolved to silence the voice of scandal as concerned his prime minister, and proposed marriage in the tone of a master, which Talleyrand, though much inclined, dared not gainsay. This resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The brief was not registered by the Council of State before the 19th August, 1802.

I shall close this chapter with the recital of an occurrence unconnected with the preceding subjects, but which concerns myself personally. On the 20th July, 1801, the First Consul, without solicitation and of his own accord, *ex proprio motu*, appointed me Counselor of State extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte had the condescension to make me a beautiful costume for the occasion, and which really displayed fancy and taste. The First Consul was taken with it, and requested such another

to be prepared for himself. He wore it sometimes, and left it off afterwards. Never since his elevation had he shown himself so amiable or engaging as in this little matter.

CHAPTER XXX.

LAST RETROSPECT TO EGYPT—PEACE OF AMIENS—EXPEDITION TO ST. DOMINGO—LOUIS BONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE—DISAPPOINTED LOVE—ANECDOTES—BONAPARTE PRESIDENT OF THE CISALPINE REPUBLIC—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—PELLETIER—BONAPARTE'S GALLANTRY.

For the last time I revert to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode in the life of Bonaparte which occupied so brief a portion, yet holds therein so conspicuous a place. Of all his conquests, he attached most importance to this, because it had spread the fame of his name in the East. All was tried, all was done, for the preservation of this colony, but in vain.

One evening in April, 1801, arrived at Malmaison the English *Gazette*, announcing the successful disembarkation in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercromby, the battle which the British had fought, and the death of that general. The importance of the intelligence raised doubts of its veracity; at least, the principal personage affected disbelief, and in unison arose the chorus of officers and aides-de-camp present in the saloon when I laid my translation before them. All went into his views, particularly Lannes, Bessières and Duroc. They probably imagined that, by acting thus, they paid agreeable court to the First Consul, who said in a bantering tone—"Pshaw! Bourrienne, you don't understand English and then you are such a strange mortal, always disposed to believe bad rather than good news." These words, and the approving simper of the bystanders, put me out of humor: I answered accordingly—"How, General, can you allow yourself to believe that the English government would publish officially, unless true, so great an event, yet so little beyond expectancy, that you yourself have entertained apprehensions of its occurrence? Have you ever found news of this importance false when published in the British *Gazette*?* However these gentlemen may talk, I believe it but too true,

* This acknowledgment, forced from him by circumstances, of the veracity of British official papers, is singularly and honorably contrasted with Bourrienne's own admissions on the continual and systematic falsehood of his master's bulletins.—*Translator.*

and, unfortunately, their laughter will not gainsay the information." Other and bitter retorts of the optimists and flatterers were probably cut short by the First Consul saying, in his usual way, "Come, Bourrienne! come, let us to work." In our short passage from the saloon to the library, he added—"Now, what a strange fellow are you! why trouble yourself about so trivial an affair? Eh! my God! I but too surely believe the intelligence; but they consider themselves doing me a pleasure by calling its truth in question. Let them alone; you know them."—"Is it even so? I entreat your pardon, but I do think my attachment is better proved by telling you my real mind. You desire me never to delay an instant informing you of bad news: to dissemble would be much worse."

That Bonaparte entertained a high opinion of the value of Egypt, there can be no doubt. In a letter to Kleber, he wrote—"You can appreciate as well as I, how important the possession of Egypt is to France. The Turkish power, which threatens ruin on every side, now begins to fall in pieces, and the evacuation of Egypt would be a misfortune the more grievous that we should behold that fine province pass into other European hands—in our own days too." But the choice of Gantheaume to carry out the requisite succors, was unfortunate. He had, indeed, participated in the dangers of the homeward passage, and naturally enjoyed the consequent confidence yielded to one under similar circumstances. This predilection for mediocrity, awakened by an honorable feeling, failed in its recompense. Gantheaume made a poor return. The First Consul seeing him still at Brest, notwithstanding he had received his orders, could not refrain exclaiming, from time to time—"What the devil is Gantheaume about now?" In one of the daily reports was sent the following quatrain, which set Bonaparte a-laughing most heartily:—

No ballast in head, no freight in the hold,
Such is the trim Admiral Gantheaume;
From Brest he sets out, to go to Bertheaume—
From Bertheaume to Brest returns he full bold.

This conduct of the admiral, his tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure thence on the 19th February, 1801, only ten days before Admiral Keith had appeared before Alexandria with Sir Ralph Abercromby, completely blasted all the prospects of those succors and re-enforcements which the First Consul zealously labored to send to the colony. At the same time, it is no less true that his own retreat in 1799 had paved the way for the loss of that country. The death of Kleber, and the choice of Menou as successor, decided its fate.

One of the surest means of paying useful court to Bonaparte was unreservedly to applaud his views with respect to the consolidation of the Eastern colony, or to contribute thereto. It was by the former means that Menou gained his confidence. From the first year of the occupation he began to expose to the General his dreams about Africa; spoke to him in a long letter of the negroes of Senegal; of opening a communication with Mozambique; of recommencing the culture of sugar, which he maintained to have first come from Egypt to Europe and America; of cochineal being easily cultivated; and thus of ruining the commerce of England. The remembrance of this adulation procured for Menou the governorship of Piedmont, on his return from Egypt, which he had betrayed to the English, by absurd measures of defense, and by sending against Abercromby isolated detachments, instead of falling upon him with all his disposable force, and thus certainly annihilating the invading army. When he named Menou governor in Italy, the First Consul, at my request, had likewise the goodness to appoint my elder brother commissary-general of police in Piedmont. I am obliged to confess that this mark of favor was subsequently withdrawn; for my brother abused the confidence thus reposed in his integrity.

In like manner, by flattering this oriental mania, Davoust, on returning from Egypt in 1800, in consequence of the convention of El Arych, also insinuated himself into his good graces, and, if he did not merit, at least obtained, favor. At this period, Davoust possessed absolutely no claim to the sudden fortune which he made. He obtained, without previous rank or services, the command of the grenadiers of the consular guard. From that day dates the enmity which Davoust bore me. Astonished at the length of the interview with which Bonaparte honored him, I asked, immediately after it terminated, "How could you endure to remain so long with a man whom I have always heard you term a confounded blockhead?"—"But really then I did not know him well: he is better than his reputation bears: you will find so likewise."—"I ask nothing better," was my answer. The First Consul, imprudent as he ever was, made no scruple to report to Davoust this my opinion of his merits. His hatred died only with himself. I shall have to speak repeatedly, and under remarkable circumstances, hitherto little known, of this man, who, without reputation, without merit, attained all at once to the highest favor.

The First Consul did not forget his cherished conquest; it was the constant object of his thoughts. Towards the end of 1800, at length sailed from Brest six ships of war and four frigates, selected from those

in the best condition for sea, and forming but a small portion of the number that ought to have been ready. Every circumstance attending the sailing of the expedition seemed to announce the bad success of the enterprise. A fearful tempest fell upon it on leaving harbor. The squadron, thus dispersed, rallied at Cape Finistere, passed the Straits, and had reached, without encountering any new danger, the neighborhood of Cape Bon. Here, by a strange maneuver, and for which no cause was ever assigned, we learned that the fleet had tacked and entered Toulon, instead of making directly for Alexandria. The most frivolous pretexts were alleged in justification of this inconceivable conduct. Thus, whether he would or no, the Consul was forced to attempt other expedients for the relief of Egypt. A second enterprise was accordingly set on foot, which alone shows his clear-sightedness and eager desire to save the colony. On board four ships of the line, and as many frigates, under the orders of Admiral Brueys, at Rochefort, which, with others at L'Orient, were to join Gantheaume at Toulon, he embarked troops and necessaries of all kinds, so that each carried a portion of every sort. This precaution had in view that a little of everything might reach Egypt, should only one, two or three vessels arrive at their destination. Where there is nothing, a little is of great moment. Had this junction been effected there would have assembled at Toulon eighteen ships of war, with 7,500 troops in every department of the service, with a great variety of stores which Bonaparte had noted as useful or necessary to the colony. But all things were adverse to the sailing of this armament—season, wind, and activity in the commanders. The adjournment of its departure rendered it inutile: Egypt was in the meantime evacuated.

I am far, however, from admitting, with so many who have repeated the assertion, that Egypt was lost at the moment when everything most concurred to its preservation. Let any one figure to himself a small army, daily consuming its force by combat, by disease, by climate—without succors—without re-enforcements—almost cut off from the possibility of receiving them—spread over a vast country—surrounded by an insubordinate population whose religious hatred augmented their political aversion—and he will be convinced that nothing conduced to the preservation—that nothing even authorized the hope of preserving this costly acquisition. Neither has it been feared to publish that the unfortunate army of Egypt "in losing the hope of returning to Europe lost also the desire." This is one of the grossest falsehoods which ever found its way into history. Let those who still survive this expedition be questioned: the universal answer will be—"You talk of this matter

very much at your ease." But what, then, were the results of this memorable expedition?—The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of the flower of our generals; the annihilation of our marine; Malta and the empire of the Mediterranean acquired by England. And, what remains of it at this day?—A book of science. The fables and mystifications of Herodotus and the reveries of the good man Rollin were less expensive and are about equally valuable.

For some time the First Consul had been under apprehension that the evacuation of Egypt would speedily take place. The last intelligence seemed to forebode such a catastrophe. He published the contrary; but the truth was not, therefore, less true. He rightly considered it of great importance to prevent the news of this evacuation arriving in England before the preliminaries, conducted by M. Otto, with equal activity and talent, should be signed. We pretended to make a great sacrifice by giving up this conquest: but such plea would no longer avail in that case. The signature took place accordingly on the 1st of October. The First Consul replied himself to M. Otto's last dispatch, which contained a copy of the preliminaries, as accepted by the English minister. Neither that dispatch nor the reply was communicated to Talleyrand, the minister for foreign affairs. Convinced of his great ability, the First Consul never brought to a conclusion any diplomatic measure without consulting him; and in this did right. But I observed to him that M. de Talleyrand having gone to take the waters at Archambault, four days must elapse before his answer could be received; and that this delay might entirely change the posture of affairs. I warmly pressed the probable fall of Egypt. He yielded to my advice: and well he did so; for the news of the forced evacuation arrived in London on the morrow after the signature of the preliminaries! Our plenipotentiary wrote to the First Consul that Lord Hawkesbury (formerly Mr. Jenkinson) had said to him, upon announcing the evacuation of Egypt, that he was very glad all things were settled: for it would have become his duty to declare the impossibility of treating upon the same basis after the arrival of this intelligence. In truth, we, *at Paris*, consented to a voluntary evacuation of Egypt—and that was not without value to England; while Egypt had already been evacuated by a convention made *on the spot*, August 30, 1801.

This brings us to the most brilliant period of the consulate and of France—the epoch of the Peace of Amiens. I except neither the era of the conquests of Louis XIV., nor the most brilliant years of the empire. The consular glory was then unsullied, and held in prospect the most flattering hopes; while those accustomed to examine the real

situation of affairs could readily discern great disasters under the laurels of the empire.

The proposals made by the First Consul to induce a pacification proved that he really wished peace. He perceived that to unite his name and first acts of administration with a transaction so desirable was to gain the love and gratitude of the French. His offers were—to give up Egypt to the Grand Seignior; to restore all the ports in the Gulf of Venice and the Mediterranean to the respective powers; to cede Malta to the Order; and even to raze the fortifications, should England judge such proceeding needful for her interests. In India, Ceylon remained in our possession; and we made a demand of the Cape of Good Hope and all that England had taken in the West Indies. Britain—who had resolved on retaining Malta, her second Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, her caravansera of the Indies—relaxed in favor of the former isle by proposing an arrangement rendering it independent both of Great Britain and France. But we had no pledge that this was not a feint; since, whatever might be the determinations, it seemed not likely that a maritime power would resign a station which commands the Mediterranean. In fact, we shall see that war broke out anew on this very point. I speak not of the discussions about the American islands. These, in my opinion, ought to have but small attraction for us: they cost more than they bring us. Our colonial system is absurd, obliging us to pay for colonial produce almost double what our neighbors give. This, both in date and circumstance, leads to the St. Domingo expedition, which left the shores of France on the 14th December, 1801. The fatal issue is well known: shall we never be cured of such absurd enterprises?

After the First Consul had dictated to me, during the course of nearly a whole night, the instructions for this expedition, he sent for General Leclerc, and, in my presence, addressed him to the following effect—"Here are your instructions. Now is your time: go, get rich, and trouble me no more with your everlasting importunities for money." The regard entertained by Bonaparte for his sister Pauline entered not a little into the motives for this wholesale method of enriching her husband.

Leclerc's instructions provided for everything; but it was painful to remark that the appointment of one of the youngest and most inefficient generals left no hope of a successful result. The belief, too, is forced upon us, that no other motive determined the First Consul's choice save the desire of getting rid of, by enriching, a brother-in-law, who possessed, at least, the talent of being utterly displeasing to him.

The inconceivable empire held over him by the members of his own family constantly maintained its influence. The St. Domingo expedition is one of the grand faults committed by Bonaparte: everyone consulted dissuaded him from it. Hence, he has deemed justification necessary through his organs at St. Helena: but has he succeeded, by asserting to his historians there "that he was obliged to yield to the advice of his council of state?" Was he the man to submit to a council the discussion, far less the dictation, of a warlike enterprise?

Bonaparte dictated to me, for Toussaint, a letter containing the most honorable expressions and flattering promises. He sent back, also, his two sons, who had completed their education at Paris; with an offer of the vice-governorship, provided Toussaint would lend his aid to bring back the colony to the mother country. This chief, either dreading deception or entertaining more ambitious views, resolved on war, after for a moment having shown some inclination towards an arrangement. He was easily reduced by an army yet vigorous, well found, and warlike. He capitulated and retired to a plantation, whence he was not to remove without permission from Leclerc. A pretended conspiracy furnished the pretext for sending him a captive to France. Placed, at first provisionally, in the Temple, on arriving in Paris, he was afterwards incarcerated in the Château de Joux, under rigorous confinement. This, so different from his former habits, the change of climate, and his recollections of the past, were sufficient to shorten his days without recourse to poison—a report unworthy of credence. Toussaint, I ought to say, did write to the First Consul; but I never saw the expressions attributed to him—"Toussaint, first man of the blacks, to the first man of the whites." Bonaparte acknowledged him to be possessed of energy, courage, and great talent. I am certain he would have rejoiced in a different conclusion of relations with St. Domingo than this kidnapping and sudden deportation. Probably, too, another than Leclerc would have brought Toussaint to reconcile the interests of the colony, and the rights of humanity, with the claims of the mother country, moderated as these had become through time and events. The yellow fever, which carried off Leclerc, spread its ravages among the army: desertion became general. Rochambeau succeeded Leclerc, and, by his severity, completed the loss of the colony. He abandoned the island to Dessalines, and gave himself up to an English squadron in 1803. Thus terminated this unfortunate expedition, which cost us a fine army, and of which the original expense was furnished by the plunder of the navy chest for the support of invalids. This sacrilegious spoliation boded no good. Unable to tear liberty from the

colony by force we have sold it. Will the colony pay? I answer beforehand — No.

Bonaparte often suffered from extreme pain; and I have now no doubt from the nature of his sufferings that these already originated in the commencement of the complaint of which he died at St. Helena. The pains, of which he almost constantly complained, affected him with more than usual severity during the night, while dictating to me the instructions for General Leclerc. I led him to his apartment at a very late hour. We had just taken a cup of chocolate, as usual at all times when our labors extended to one o'clock in the morning. He always ascended to his chamber without light, being well acquainted with the passage through his very neat library. He was leaning on my arm. Scarcely had we left the small staircase leading into the corridor, when an individual, making at full speed for the stair, ran violently against the First Consul, who was supported from falling by clinging to me. On reaching his chamber, we found Josephine, who had heard the noise, awake and greatly alarmed. Inquiries, immediately set on foot, proved the aggressor to be simply one who, having like a fool exceeded the proper time for such maneuver, was retreating from an amorous appointment. The meeting, as may well be supposed, did not take place—at least at Malmaison. It was thought unnecessary to take any precautions beyond having the corridor better lighted; and the unlucky issue of this assignation only spoiled others of the same kind.

It was on the 7th January, 1802, the evening previous to the departure for the convocation at Lyons, that the marriage of Mademoiselle Hortense with Louis Bonaparte took place. At this period, as the practice had not yet been resumed, of joining to the civil act the nuptial benediction, the religious rite was performed in the private domicile, Rue Victoire, where a priest attended for this purpose. At the same time, Bonaparte caused the marriage of Caroline, performed by the magistrate two years before, to be also religiously solemnized. He did not follow this example; from what motive does not appear. Did he already entertain ideas of a divorce, which the sanction of religion would have rendered more difficult? or was his conduct the result of an indifference not experienced in the case of the others? It could not proceed from fear of being accused of weakness, since he thus revived the ancient usage where both his sister and daughter-in-law were concerned? The few words I heard from him on the subject evinced perfect indifference.

Napoleon has said, at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense,

"Their union arose from attachment: each was respectively the other's choice. As to the rest, this marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her advantage therein." I shall clear up these facts, here somewhat misrepresented. Louis and Hortense were by no means attached: this is certain. The First Consul knew it; as he was also well aware of Hortense's decided predilection for Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal warmth. The First Consul consented to their union, but Josephine looked forward to the marriage with much pain; she exerted all her efforts to prevent its conclusion; and often spoke to me of it, though, unfortunately, somewhat late. "My two brothers-in-law," she would say, "are my most determined enemies; you see all their intrigues, and know how much uneasiness they have caused me; this projected marriage will leave me without any support; besides Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing; he has neither fortune, rank, nor even reputation; he cannot be a safeguard to me against the declared enmity of the brothers: I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much; if I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my other brothers-in-law." I replied, that she had too long concealed her intentions from me; that I had promised my services to the young people the more willingly knowing the favorable sentiments of the First Consul, who had often said to me, "My wife labors in vain; they suit each other; they shall be married. I love Duroc; he is well born. I have properly given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Leclerc; I can as well give Hortense to Duroc, who is a brave fellow. He is as good as the others—he is general of division—there can be no objection to their union. Besides, I have other views for Louis." I added, in my conversation with Madame Bonaparte, that her daughter burst into tears when a marriage with Louis was even mentioned.

The First Consul, indeed, had caused to be expedited, by an extraordinary courier, the brevet of general of division to Duroc, in order to meet him as he returned through Holland from Petersburg, whither he had been sent, as already stated, to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession. This piece of politeness had its probable origin in the persuasion of the marriage taking place. During this absence, the correspondence of the youthful lovers had passed through my hands, at their own request. Almost every evening I made one in a party at billiards with Mademoiselle Hortense, who played extremely well. When I whispered to her "*I have a letter*," the game quickly ceased; she ran to her chamber, where I followed, and delivered the billet.

Her eyes filled with tears, and she did not descend again to the saloon till long after I had returned thither. All was without result for her: Josephine required *in* the family a support *against* the family. Seeing her so firmly bent on this resolution, I engaged no longer to oppose her views, of which I could not disapprove; but pointed out to her that it was no longer possible for me to preserve silence and neutrality in these domestic debates. She appeared satisfied. During our stay at Malmaison intriguing continued. I suppress details; it was always the same scenes—the same irresolutions. On our return to the Tuileries, things were in similar condition; but probabilities favored Duroc. I even offered him my congratulations, which he received with wonderful coolness. In a few days, Madame Bonaparte, absolutely resolved on the marriage of her daughter with Louis, contrived to change the whole face of affairs, and to bring over the First Consul to her opinion. On the 4th of January, after dinner, he entered our cabinet where I was at work. "Where is Duroc?"—"Gone out—I believe to the opera."—"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised him Hortense: he shall marry her. But I will that this take place at latest in two days. I give him 500,000 francs (£20,833, 6s. 8d.). I name him commandant of the eighth military division. He must set out for Toulon, with his wife, the day after his marriage, and we shall live separate. I will have no son-in-law in the same house with me. As I wish the affair settled, send me word, this same evening, if this suits him."—"I don't think it will."—"Very well; she shall marry Louis."—"Will she have him?"—"She must have him."

This overture was proposed in a tone so hasty as led me to believe there had been a discussion in the interior, and that, tired of bickering, he had stated at once his final decision, not again to recur to the subject. About half-past ten Duroc returned. I repeated to him, word for word, the proposition of the First Consul. "Since it is even so, my good friend, he may keep his daughter for me; I am going to visit the ——." So saying, with an air of indifference beyond my comprehension, Duroc took his hat and went off. The First Consul was informed, before going to bed, of Duroc's refusal, and Josephine received the assurance of her daughter's marriage with Louis; which accordingly took place a few days after. Such is exactly as things fell out, much to the sorrow of Mademoiselle Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis suffered the infliction of a wife. She, on the other hand, had till then shunned him as much as possible; and always expressed for him a repugnance at least equal to the indifference he had manifested for her. These sentiments still remain unchanged.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, speaks of having designed to unite Louis to a niece of M. Talleyrand. I cannot deny having heard him say that he had other views for Louis; but neither from himself, Madame Bonaparte, nor her daughter, did I ever hear of this niece: I have good reason, indeed, for believing that the First Consul already contemplated royal alliances. Often did he express regret when speaking of the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It is also to be recollected that we were then in the year which beheld the consulship for life—consequently the presage of empire; and appetite grows by indulgence. Napoleon has truly said to the companions of his exile that this match was the fruit of Josephine's intrigues; but I cannot comprehend for what reason he concealed his acquaintance with the purposed marriage of Hortense with Duroc, their attachment, and his own approbation. It is erroneous also, as published, that the First Consul wished to reconcile the happiness of his daughter with political views. Hortense never loved Louis and dreaded this marriage. She had then no happiness to hope for, as the event has proved; nor is it easy to imagine how the politics of the First Consul could be concerned with his brother's marrying Hortense. In every point this grand policy, which would train so high its pretensions of freedom from female influences, was but humble minister to the designs of Josephine. Then, as had frequently before happened at the Tuileries, the *boudoir* was stronger than the *cabinet*.

Here I consider myself fortunate in being able to give the lie most formal and most positive to certain infamous assertions. In the *parlance* of our ancient cavaliers, *they lie in their throats*, who pretend that Bonaparte entertained for Hortense other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for his daughter. We shall see hereafter what he said to me on this subject; but one can never be too speedy in destroying so base a scandal. Authors devoid of credit have affirmed without proof not only the criminal attachment which they imagined, but have gone so far as to say that Bonaparte was the father of Hortense's eldest son. Lie, execrable lie! Yet has the report been spread generally in France and throughout Europe. Alas! can it be true that calumny hath such powerful charms, that having once yielded to their influence, it becomes no longer possible to withdraw men from their thraldom?

Prepared to ascend the throne of France, Bonaparte wished to pave the way for becoming one day king of Italy; thus imitating Charlemagne, of whom he prospectively regarded himself as successor. Desirous of harmonizing the Cisalpine government with that of France, chief of one he judged it requisite to have a suitable president for the

other; and who so fit for that office as Bonaparte? Thus these two presidencies, united in one person, served as a transition in the progress to two thrones. Unwilling to be long absent from Paris, and wishing to avoid the trouble of a journey to Milan, he arranged that those named for the convocation should meet him half way at Lyons; and for this purpose we left Paris on the 8th January, 1802. Some days prior to our departure I asked, "Would it not have been agreeable to you again to visit Italy, that great theater of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you have been followed with so much homage?"—"Yes," replied the First Consul; "but the journey to Milan would have wasted precious time. I have also reasons for preferring France to Italy for this meeting: my influence over the deputies will be more absolute and certain in Lyons. Besides, I am very happy in the prospect of again beholding the noble wreck of the Army of Egypt there reassembled." On the 26th, the title of president was conferred without difficulty. The journey and the conferences were only forms; but opinion was to be captivated by lofty words and solemn proceedings.

The attempts recently directed against the life of the First Consul, then caused to be spread, and have since given plausibility to, reports of extraordinary precautions for his safety having been employed in the course of this journey. I saw none of these: they were repugnant to his disposition. He knew very well, and often repeated, that "whoever chose to risk his own life might always be master of his." The statement is not correct that guards escorted the carriage and lined the roads: as respected precautions, he traveled as a private individual. I rarely observed, at any time, even arms in his carriage.

On the 25th March, 1802, England signed a suspension of hostilities for fourteen months: this men have called the Peace of Amiens. The clauses of this treaty were not of a nature to induce the hope of long peace, as we have already seen; and even in England it was regarded as a truce which could be only of short duration. But this peace, truce, or treaty, served to consolidate the power of the Consul. England had treated with him as "Chief of France." As he perceived I appreciated these advantages, he did not dissemble his satisfaction in this particular.

It was at this era, when he beheld his glory and his power increased by peace, that he said to me, in a momentary elevation of spirits, slapping me on the shoulder while we were walking in one of the avenues of Malmaison, "Eh! well, Bourrienne, shall you not also be immortal?"—"And why, General?"—"Are you not my secret-

tary?"—"Tell me the name of Alexander's secretary?" He turned towards me, saying with a smile, "Hem! not so bad that!" He believed I spoke the truth. There was here a little flattery, I confess; but flattery never proved displeasing to him; and, for one day at least, I merited not the reproach, often brought against me, of "not being sufficiently a courtier—not enough a flatterer." *

Here I may state the grounds of quarrel between the First Consul and the English journals, which exhibits a new proof of his love for liberty! At all times a declared enemy to the freedom of the press, the First Consul held the journals under a hand of iron. Often have I heard him say, "Should I give them the rein, my power would not continue three months." Unfortunately, too, the same sentiment guided his conduct with respect to all prerogatives of public liberty; the silence thus forced upon France he wished, but was unable, to impose in England. He was enraged at the insults heaped upon him by the English newspapers and libels, especially by the journal *L'Ambigu* (the Medley), edited by one Pelletier, who, at Paris, had formerly been editor of "The Acts of the Apostles." This newspaper was constantly filled with the most violent attacks against the First Consul and the French nation—doubtless a circumstance very honorable to its author, a Frenchman. Bonaparte had never been accustomed, like the English, to despise newspaper satire; he avenged himself by violent articles in the *Moniteur*. M. Otto even received orders to present an official note on the subject of these systematic calumnies, which the Consul believed were authorized by the English government. Besides this official measure, he personally addressed Mr. Addington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting him to support the representation, and urging him to institute legislative proceedings against those publications complained of. In order to lose no time in satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, he seized, for this purpose, the moment of signing the preliminaries.

Mr. Addington replied, in a long letter, written with his own hand, and which I translated. The English minister forcibly refuted the arguments of the First Consul; admitting, indeed, that the abuse of the press might occasionally become an evil; but that the constitution left everyone free to use his pen at his own risk and peril. "One is punished for a delinquency in writing as for any other crime. Such delinquencies," Mr. Addington acknowledged, "sometimes escaped the

* Bonaparte knew not the name of Alexander's secretary, and at the moment it had escaped me that he was called Callisthenes. He wrote memoirs of Alexander, as I now write of Napoleon; but, in this resemblance, I am as far from foreseeing, as from desiring, the immortality of my name.

severity of the laws. But there is no remedy," continued he; "and it is difficult to discover one; for the liberty of the press which forms a constituent of the national system, cannot be infringed. The people owe much to this liberty, and no minister would be found sufficiently bold to hazard the question in Parliament—so dear is this freedom to the English." Mr. Addington afterwards observed to the First Consul that, "though a foreigner, he was entitled to bring his complaint before the national tribunals; but that he must then be prepared to see reprinted, as portions of process, all the libelous pieces of which he complained." He entreated him, "by profound contempt, to suffer these nuisances to remain in their obscurity and to act like many others who attached to such calumnies not the slightest importance." I was happy also, in contributing to prevent this scandalous prosecution.

In this state things remained for the moment; but after the Peace of Amiens, the First Consul caused Pelletier to be cited before the Courts. The defense was conducted by the celebrated Mackintosh (Sir James), who, according to the accounts of the time, displayed the greatest eloquence in his pleadings. Pelletier, however, was found guilty. This condemnation, which was regarded by public opinion as a triumph, was not carried into execution, because the rupture between the two countries speedily ensued. It is melancholy to think that this excessive susceptibility to libelous articles in the English journals certainly contributed as much, perhaps more, than grand political interests, to the renewal of hostilities. One would be astonished at many things, were it possible always to see under the cards.*

On the occasion of the peace, Madame Murat, who lived at Neuilly, gave a splendid entertainment to Bonaparte. There was a grand dinner, with a ball in the evening. At the principal table were seated only ladies: the gentlemen dined in a room adjoining. Madame Murat, who did the honors of the fête with much grace, placed the First Consul opposite to herself. Bonaparte dined in haste, and said little. At length, during the dessert, he addressed a question to the ladies in turn: this question consisted in asking each how old she was! Coming to Madame de Bourrienne, he said to her, "As for you, I know your age." His gallantry went no farther: the ladies were far from being satisfied therewith.

* There are not wanting writers of the present day who seem desirous, by libelous tirades, to embroil the two nations. The aggressors, however, are now to be found chiefly on the other side of the Channel. Witness the rhymes—I cannot call them poetry—of Messieurs Mery and Barthèlémy. Witness also numerous accounts of the latter campaigns of the English and French armies and some of them by French officers.—*Translator.*

On the morrow after this entertainment there was brought to Bonaparte, while walking with me in his favorite alley at Malmaison, one of those numerous police reports which were always so silly and so tedious. This particular dispatch told of certain remarks, made in Paris, on a new green livery which the Consul had adopted—a color he was said to have chosen because used by the house of Artois. I think I still see the fierce sneer on his countenance when he exclaimed—"What are these animals thinking of now? Are they serious? Am I then no better than M. d'Artois? If they know not the difference, on my honor they shall feel it!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

RECALL OF THE EMIGRANTS—RESTORATION OF PROPERTY—MISSION OF SEBASTIANI TO THE EAST—ILLNESS OF BONAPARTE—ITS CONSEQUENCES—ANECDOTES OF HIS FAMILY—RAPACITY—BULLETINS—LEGION OFH ONOR—PREPARATION FOR THE CONSULATE FOR LIFE—LA FAYETTE.

Till towards the middle of 1801, those emigrants proposed for removal from the list had always been named by the minister of police. The First Consul having obtained proof that such erasures were often granted only in consequence of powerful solicitations—to favor, to intrigue, and even purchased by money, decided on concentrating this department of business in his own cabinet. Other affairs, however, suffered from this tedious labor, which, in spite of all my exertions, produced not above ten or twelve erasures weekly. I brought this repeatedly under his notice. At first he paid no attention to my remarks. Soon after the *Te Deum* had been celebrated for the concordat and the peace, I profited by a moment of gaiety and benevolence, in which he seemed to be at Malmaison, to hazard anew the proposal of a general return of emigrants. "You have," said I laughing, "reconciled the French to God: reconcile them to each other. There never have been true lists of emigrants; there have been only lists of absentees: as a proof of this, we have been going on constantly erasing, and may continue the same occupation to the end of time." He embraced the idea. "Good!" said he, "we shall consider; but I must except one thousand individuals of the principal families, especially those who have held offices in the establishments of the kings or princes, or at the

ancient court." The number of exceptions was afterwards reduced to half.

I said in the Chamber of Deputies, and I have pleasure in repeating it here—"In the draught of the *Senatus Consultum*, which the First Consul dictated to me in the course of a part of one night, he excepted from restitution only such properties as were actually occupied by public establishments. Of these, neither the capital, nor even the rent, was to be refunded. But with this almost sole exception, he restored all that the state possessed, and all that had not been alienated to third parties. In this mighty question, he never once thought of interfering with acquired rights: of this he foresaw all the danger. He made restitution of the remaining thirds even of the confiscated stock, except the bygone interest. This was consistent with the most perfect equity of which the case would admit: for the state had taken this stock, and enjoyed the interest which it did not repay. That infamous confiscation has since been concealed under the quibbling and barbarous name of *confusion*. Even now is the term in use—a word invented to cover craft, fraud, spoliation, robbery, bankruptcy, and all the financial infamies with which governments have been but too often defiled—a word which ought to be found only in the vocabularies of uncivilized nations. What would be thought of one who, having stolen a bag of a thousand francs, should put it among a hundred similar bags, and make answer to the legal claimant, 'Yes, it is true I have your bag, but I cannot distinguish it: there is *confusion!*' 'We cannot,' was the reply made to those who demanded this restitution, without being interested therein, save by the sole feeling of right—'we cannot distinguish this species of property.'" But during the same frightful period, confiscation of English stock also took place in our funds. It was probably no less difficult to distinguish this description of property; and yet to the English have been restored both principal and interest, from the time of confiscation. What the English bayonets easily obtained has been refused to eternal justice, that daughter of Heaven, without which all constitutions never have and never will be anything but black upon white.

Having completed the schedule of his decree, the First Consul convoked, for the following day, a grand council, composed of the ministers, the two consuls, and five others of the chief public functionaries. I remained in the cabinet attached to the library, and which communicated with the circular saloon, in which the council assembled. The discussion was long and warm. I heard the whole, for they spoke very loud; sometimes, in fact, shouted. The First Consul combated, forcibly, the numerous objections urged against his proposal. He was

answered with equal warmth. In the sequel, the Revolution rejected all restitutions. She consented, indeed, to recall her victims, but determined to retain their spoils.

On returning to our cabinet, the First Consul was completely engrossed with the bad effect produced upon the council by the proposal of a decree, such as the one just deliberated upon. I took the liberty of saying to him, "You have too much good sense, General, not to perceive that your scheme has failed. The refusal to restore to the emigrants what may still remain in possession of the state, destroys, with this concession, all that is noble, or grand, or generous, in their recall. I cannot conceive how you yielded to an opposition so unreasonable and so grasping."—"How is this," said he, still in anger, "you must have overheard all. The Revolution had the majority in the council; what would you have had me do? Am I strong enough to overcome all these obstacles?"—"General, calm yourself, I wish not to pain you; but you are quite able to return to the attack, and to oppose these people."—"That will be difficult," replied he, softening a little; "I repeat, they have still the upper hand in these affairs; time is necessary for all that. Besides, nothing is definitely fixed: we shall see." Fifteen days after this conversation was decreed the *Senatus Consultum* of the 6th Floreal, year X. (April 26, 1802). That act, as is well known, granted the recall but refused the restitution of property. We have just seen what were the intentions of the Chief of the State; but once more he was constrained to yield to the Revolution: Bonaparte would otherwise have adhered to his original design. As it happened, no party felt satisfied.

In the spring of 1802, and before receiving the intelligence of the unfortunate evacuation of Egypt, the First Consul had sent General Sebastiani on a private mission to the East. Peace with Constantinople facilitated the execution of this plan, important, doubtless, but of less consequence than attributed to it by Bonaparte. Sebastiani acquitted himself with great dexterity. He visited the states of Barbary, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Islands; contracting new friendships; strengthening old alliances; everywhere depreciating the power of Britain and exalting the influence of France. The extract of Sebastiani's report, as published in the *Moniteur*, contained many things most offensive to England, as —on the means of successfully attacking her Indian possessions; that with 6,000 men, Egypt might be conquered; and that the Ionian Isles were ready to shake off her yoke. For these aggressions, as they were termed, the English cabinet demanded satisfaction; and the discussions relative to Malta were broken

off. Upon these occasions, Bonaparte, disregarding customary forms, desired to have a personal conference with Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador; hoping thus to seduce his lordship by those blandishments which he knew so well how to employ when requisite; but in vain. When he signed the treaty of Amiens, the English plenipotentiary was well aware that England would be the first to break through its stipulations.

From the commencement of the same year, 1802, Napoleon, as already mentioned, began to feel violent pain in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, in the evening, while at work, and when midnight approached, recline on the right arm of the sofa, unbutton his coat and vest, and give vent to a sob of anguish. If I spoke to him, he generally replied, "How I suffer!" A few minutes after I would conduct him to his bedroom. I have several times been obliged to support him on the small stair which led from the inner cabinet to the corridor leading from his apartments. It was at this period that he used to say, "I have an apprehension that, on attaining forty years, I shall become a great eater; I feel the presentiment of an excessive corpulence." This fear caused him much disquiet, in which, as I told him, it was impossible to participate. I was mistaken. Some six months before he had inquired who was my physician; I replied, "M. Corvisart."—"How did you get acquainted with him?"—"Your brother, Louis, recommended him to me: to him he is indebted for the cure of the complaint with which, you know, he was afflicted. He places great confidence in him." A few days after he took Corvisart for his medical attendant; and, three years after, appointed him first physician to the Emperor. The Consul speedily became accustomed to this gentleman, and, in my time, always saw him with pleasure come to chat a little: his open and good-humored manner pleased him much. Corvisart frankly acknowledged that medicine could do little for him, and that the little which it could effect would arise more from regimen than from drugs.

The pain experienced by the First Consul increased his irritability. Perhaps to this cause may be attributed many acts of this period of his life: his ideas, then, were no longer the same in the evening as they had been in the forenoon; and very often he tore up in the morning, even without the smallest remark, notes which he had dictated to me during the night, and considered excellent. Sometimes even I took upon me not to send to the *Moniteur*, as he desired, remarks which, dictated at night under irascibility and suffering, might have produced a bad effect throughout Europe. When he did not see the article on

the morrow, I alleged, as excuse, the lateness of the hour, or the delay of the courier: "But there is nothing lost," I used to say, "to-morrow will do as well." He did not reply directly, but remarked, probably a quarter of an hour afterwards, "Don't send my note to the *Moniteur* before showing it to me;" and was sometimes astonished at what he had dictated, saying in a good-humored way, "Pshaw! you must surely have misunderstood me;"—or, "This is not *too* good, is it?"—"By my faith, I can't say *too*."—"Oh! no, it is good for nothing; what say you?" Then, with a slight shake of the head, he would tear the paper. He sent me once, at two o'clock in the morning (we were then at the Tuileries), a note in his own hand, running thus:—"For Bourrienne.—Write to Maret to erase from the note which Fleurieu read at the Tribunate, the phrase (*frase*) relative to Costaz. Soften, as much as possible, what has reference to the report of the proceedings." Such changes were often made in consequence of suggestions of mine, which, at the time, he had rejected with impatience.

After the peace of Amiens, the First Consul was considering the nomination of an ambassador to the court of London: and had, somehow or other, cast his eyes upon General Andreossi. I ventured some observations on a choice which seemed to me incongruous with the high importance of the mission. "It is not determined yet," said he; "I shall have some talk about the matter with Talleyrand." The same evening (we were then at Malmaison), the latter arrived on business. The question of the English embassy was discussed. The First Consul mentioned several persons, afterwards adding—"I have a mind to nominate Andreossi." Talleyrand, who had no good will to this choice, replied, with a knowing and satirical air—"You wish to nominate Andrew also! (*Andre aussi*)—Who, then, is this Andrew?"—"I made no mention of one Andrew; I speak to you of Andreossi. Do you not know him? *Pardieu!* Andreossi, general of artillery?"—"Andreossi!" replied the minister. "Ah! yes, yes; that's true. Andreossi! I was not thinking of him: I was running over the *diplomacy*, and could not find him there. Quite right; yes, yes, quite right; he is in the *artillery*." The First Consul answered, speaking in a way to show M. de Talleyrand that he designed the said general of artillery for the London embassy. Thither, in fact, he went, after the treaty of Amiens, and returned in a few months, having scarcely had time to establish himself. There was no great matter to do: that suited him: he did nothing.

In 1802, Jerome had arrived at the rank of *Enseigne de Vaisseau* and, finding himself at Brest, indulged in expenses far above his fortune, and

the appointments of his place—expenses which he could liquidate only at the charge of the state. He often drew upon me, by letters of exchange, which the First Consul accepted with a deal of angry remark. One of these letters, in which Jerome described his pleasures, and the entertainments given him, and then announced that he had drawn upon me for 17,000 francs (£708, 6s. 8d.) excited the choler of the First Consul, who wrote to him—"I have your letter, M. Enseigne de Vaisseau. I am impatient to find you on board your corvette, studying a profession which ought to be the theater of your glory. Die young, I shall be consoled: not, if you live sixty years without glory—without being useful to the country—without having left traces of your existence. Better would it be never to have existed.—Paris, 6 Messidor, year X. (27th June, 1802).—For Jerome, Enseigne de Vaisseau."

The above letter contradicts positively what has been published in the biographies—that Jerome Bonaparte served, in 1801, as lieutenant in the expedition against St. Domingo. He sailed on board *L'Epervier*, after reception of his brother's letter, only as lieutenant. On the 23d November he wrote to me as follows—"This is to inform you, my dear Bourrienne, that I have drawn upon you, by bill of exchange, for *twenty thousand francs* (£833, 6s. 8d.). I have written to the Consul by the last ship, and without doubt he has spoken to you about it. At St. Pierre I met with an old friend of yours, General Castella, who commands there, and with whom I remained till the 18th Brumaire, having passed only seven days at *Fort de France*. Adieu, my dear B. I embrace you.

"J. Bonaparte."

"P.S.—All the Europeans, my dear Bourrienne, die in this country. Here I have already twenty-three men less in my corvette, which is a very bad vessel: judge, after this, whether I can be at ease on board *L'Epervier*. To-night I prepare for a trip to the English islands: that voyage will keep me from twenty to thirty days at sea. Adieu, my dear B. I embrace you."

Jerome never answered either the hopes or the wishes of his brother, who seldom gave him another name than *a dirty little rascal*. We have just seen his conduct as inferior officer of a ship. From the earliest years of his life he had been the cause of sorrow to his brother and the whole family. Westphalia will never forget that he was her king; nor without reason did *his people* call him a *miniature of Heliogabalus*.

Speaking generally, the First Consul was harassed by the continual craving of his brothers for money. To finish with Joseph, he made M. Collot commissary of provisions for the navy, under condition of remitting yearly to Joseph, from the income of his situation, 1,500,000 francs

(£62,500). Lucien had feathered his nest in Spain. I believe this commissariat, which continued only for a short time, turned out very well for Joseph, but proved a bad speculation for M. Collot, who was very irregularly and very ill paid; while the stipulation of the Consul left him not the means of repaying himself. He demanded an audience, which, through the interference of Junot, was granted. As usual, where a thirdsman was required as witness, the *vous resterez*—"you will remain," was addressed to me on this occasion. M. Collot came to Malmaison: it was in the evening. He spoke to the First Consul with noble firmness; exposed his wrongs; and complained of the condition in which he was left, and of the enormous encumbrance with which he had been burdened. He explained that already several millions were owing on a service of from 20,000,000 to 24,000,000 (from £833,500 to £1,000,000), and gave it clearly to be understood that the articles furnished were necessarily overcharged on Joseph's account. The First Consul replied, with intemperate violence—"Eh!—for what do you take me? Think you I am a Capuchin? It was necessary to give 100,000 crowns to Decrès; 100,000 to Duroc; 100,000 to Bourrienne; you ought to take measures to pay yourself and not come troubling me with such stuff. I have ministers: it is for them to render me an account. I will see Decrès: enough at present. Leave me and dun me no more with your complaints: I have nothing to do with such affairs." I learned afterwards that M. Collot escaped from the concern, not till after many refusals, much shuffling, pain and uneasiness. I think I remember his saying to me—"If he desire to take so much of my fortune, in God's name let him ask me for a frigate; I will give him one. Let him but pay me, and take his own bargain off my hands." Throughout this villainous discussion, reason had unquestionably been on Collot's side; the chicanery on the other.

It is to be wished that the historian of the period in particular of which we now treat distrust bulletins, dispatches, notes, proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or which have passed through his hands; and that these may be considered only in the mass. For my own part, I esteem the proverb, "lying as a bulletin," and the axiom, "two and two make four," as impressed with the same evidence. The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte desired might pass for truth; and official documents were almost in every case altered. History would be a romance composed from such materials.

Another circumstance, which has ever appeared to me unaccountable, is that with his unquestioned superiority, Bonaparte affected to depreciate all great military reputations. He often spoke of acknowl-

edged faults, only to attribute them to his ministers and generals and to screen his own. It is notorious that continual complaints—representations no less energetic than well founded, were addressed to General Bonaparte on the subject of partial bulletins. Reclamations have more than once been sent in against reports, which assigned the success of an engagement to some one, almost an entire stranger to the combat, and which did not even name him who commanded. Thus, I remember his own soldiers forced General Lanusse, at Damietta, to protest against the account of an engagement with the Arabs, which a bulletin had reduced to almost nothing, while the affair had been very serious and the loss most severe. The general's representation was equally noble and energetic.

Bonaparte, as every one knows, captured Malta in twice twenty-four hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, which the battle of Aboukir confirmed to the English, afforded them the means of cutting off all supplies, till famine obliged General Vaubois, commandant of the island, to capitulate. That general, completely abandoned, and without connection with the mother country, surrendered on the 4th September, 1801, after an able defense of nearly two years. These facts I recall here, as analogous to what follows, and illustrative of the preceding remarks.

On the 22d February, 1802, a M. Doublet, who had been commissary of the French government at Malta, while in our possession, came to me, complaining bitterly of an alteration in a letter of his, inserted in the *Moniteur*, 9th February, 1800, and addressed to the First Consul. "I explained to him," said the commissary, "the alarming situation of the island. The very contrary was printed in the *Moniteur*. This circumstance has been to me the source of a thousand serious inconveniences, since it presented ostensible grounds for accusing me of having imposed upon government in a matter of the highest importance, on which my official situation gave weight to my words." I asked to see his letter. He sent me a copy of the original, entreating me to search out and explain the mistake. The obnoxious passage, as originally written, ran thus, after complimenting the First Consul on having saved the republic :—"*Haste to save Malta likewise—men and provisions—there is no time to be lost.* This acquisition was your work: your own glory is concerned in its remaining to the republic; and that suffices to reassure us." In place of the passage marked, there appeared in the *Moniteur*—"*The name of the republic inspires the brave defenders of Malta with new courage. We have men and provisions.*" Ignorant of the motives for this strange alteration, I showed the letter to the First Consul. He

shrugged his shoulders, giving a kind of laugh: "Don't answer him. He is an ass. Meddle no farther in the affair." Bonaparte had assured General Desaix that the island had been provisioned for two years! What could be the object in this falsehood? Malta was reduced by famine.

After the prorogation of Bonaparte's consulate for ten years, was created the order of the Legion of Honor, an institution which has wrought prodigies. The Bourbons, in restoring other extinct orders, had the wisdom to preserve this new one. The idea had been cherished by the Consul from the time he had seen stars and orders glitter on the breast, or dangle from the button-hole, of foreign ministers. He used frequently to repeat—"That does well. Such things are necessary for the people." But his own precipitation had nearly ruined all. On the 4th May, 1801, in the council of state, was first officially proposed the question of establishing the Legion of Honor; and, on the 19th, the decree was legally promulgated. The opposition was very strong; and all the power of the First Consul, the force of his reasonings, the influence of his situation, could obtain in the council only fourteen out of twenty-four voices. The same sentiments manifested themselves in the tribunate, where the measure passed only by a majority of fifty-six to thirty-eight. Nearly the same proportion obtained in the legislative body, where 110 noes voted against 166 ayes. Thus, in all the three bodies, consisting of 394 voters, the measure was carried by only seventy-eight voices. Struck with this feeble majority, the First Consul said to me in the evening—"Ah! I see clearly, prejudices are still too strong. You were right—I ought to have waited. The matter was not very urgent; and, it must be confessed, the speakers in favor of the motion made but a poor defense. The strong minority, too, misapprehended me."—"Be satisfied," said I; "doubtless it would have been better to have deferred; but the thing is done. You will see the result: it must be grand."

In April, 1802, the First Consul bent all his efforts towards getting himself declared Consul for life. We shall revert to the actual proceedings hereafter. This, perhaps, was the epoch in his career during which were most completely developed those principles of falsehood and dissimulation, commonly called maxims of Machiavel. Never have stratagem untruth, craft, seeming moderation been practiced with more talent or success. Lucien was the most violent propagator of the doctrines of hereditary power and the stability of a dynasty—phrases which, since the month of March, had engrossed all conversation. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas *could not be* anything save monarchical, held

the cabinets of Europe in train. Bonaparte branded as ideologists and terrorists the real friends of constitutional liberty. Rœderer, Regnault d'Angely and Fontanes followed with zeal and constancy the same apostleship as Lucien. Madame Bonaparte courageously opposed the influence of those counsels which she regarded as fatal to her husband. The latter very seldom spoke confidentially with her about politics or public affairs. "Let her mind her spinning and knitting," was his usual observation.

While the First Consul thus aspired to the throne of France, his brothers, and especially Lucien, affected a superciliousness and pretensions perfectly ridiculous. The following is an instance, almost incredible, but which I witnessed:—On Sunday, the 9th May, Lucien paid a visit to Madame Bonaparte, who asked, "Why did you not come to dinner last Monday?"—"Because there was no place appointed for me: the brothers of Bonaparte ought to have the chief seats after him."—"What do I hear!" replied Josephine; "but if you *are* Bonaparte's brother, recollect what you *were*. In my presence, all places are equal. Eugene would never have made so ill-mannered a proposal."*

During the negotiations at Campo-Formio we have seen that Bonaparte was occupied in another, and, by his own account, even more difficult mission—obtaining the liberation of the prisoners at Olmütz. Since that period M. de la Fayette had remained in a neutral country, refusing to participate in those measures adopted in France after the 18th Fructidor. He had, indeed, been received by the First Consul after the battle of Marengo. On that occasion Bonaparte discoursed above two hours with him in private; and, when he was gone, I remember the latter said to me—"There is nothing to be done with him; I am vexed at it; he will listen to nothing. He is a man whose principles are estimable; but they are mixed up with some obstinacy and much exaggeration." A short time thereafter, on the occasion of the fête given to the Americans, La Fayette accepted Joseph's invitation to be present. Though an offer of a place in the senate was subsequently declined, he continued, notwithstanding, to visit the First Consul and to maintain an intercourse of reciprocal esteem. The epoch of the consulate for life put an end to these amicable relations. On this question La Fayette refused his vote; and, in justification, addressed to Bonaparte the following letter:—

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* This anecdote has been set down to Jerome's account; he was then in America.

"*La Grange, 1st Prairial, Year X.*
(*20th May*, 1802.)

"GENERAL,—When a man, deeply sensible of the gratitude he owes you, and too feelingly alive to glory not to love yours, places restrictions on his suffrage, these are so much the less liable to suspicion, that none will more rejoice to see you First Magistrate for life of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France; and I at this moment enjoy the blessings of home through the liberal professions to which you have pledged your honor. Since then we have beheld the consular power, that healing dictatorship which, under the auspices of your genius, has accomplished so great things; less great, however, than will be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, General, the foremost in that order of men, whom to compare and to place we must pass in review of all ages, can desire that such a revolution—so many victories and so much blood—numberless sorrows and exertions—should leave for the world, and for you, no other result save arbitrary rule. The French people were too well acquainted with their rights to have forgotten them beyond recall; but they are to-day, perhaps, in a better condition than during their excitement to retrieve them usefully; and you, by the influence of your character and the public confidence—by the superiority of your talents, of your station, of your fortune—are able, in re-establishing liberty, to provide against all dangers, and to dispel all inquietudes. I can, then, have only patriotic and personal motives for desiring that, in this consummation, you may establish, to your own glory, a permanent magistracy. But it comports with my principles, with my engagements, with the actions of my whole life, to pause before giving my voice to such a measure, until it be founded on a basis worthy of the nation and of you. General, I hope you will herein discover, as you must have already perceived, that with the integrity of my political principles are united sincere attachment to your person, and a profound sense of my obligations to you.—Health and respect. LA FAYETTE."

To this letter was submitted the following note :—"Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be Consul for life? I cannot vote for such a magistracy until political liberty be sufficiently guaranteed: then I give my voice for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The First Consul, as may be imagined, was not at all pleased with the scruples of M. de La Fayette. He read his letter with impatience, and afterwards remarked to me—"I have often told you M. de La Fayette

is a political monomatist—an obstinate person. He does not comprehend me: I am very sorry for it; for he is an honorable man. I wished to make him a senator; he has refused; truly so much the worse for him. I can very well afford to do without his vote." In discoursing on the consular government of the United States, on their triennial consulate, as well as the new liberty of consular France, Bonaparte and La Fayette, as may well be supposed, differed in opinion. Even the manner in which the latter had re-entered France grievously displeased the former. "I left my country when liberty fled, and I return with her," said La Fayette; "for she has returned, since Napoleon is her high-priest." And, sooth to say, Napoleon found it very bad in the apostle of American liberty to return to his *diocese* without a passport!

But not only on these topics did La Fayette oppose the ideas of the First Consul; he found fault with the concordat also. He would have wished that Bonaparte, permitting equal liberty to all religions, had kept them all, as in the United States, entirely without the support of government: the followers of each sect maintaining their own church, and paying their own clergy. I recollect, on this occasion, Bonaparte said to me—"La Fayette is perhaps right in theory; but what is it beyond mere theory—a folly when applied to masses of men! And then he is constantly harping upon America! as if the French were Americans! The French he does not understand. Among them the Catholic religion is paramount: and, besides, I need the Pope, who will do anything I desire. Do you know," continued the Consul, smiling, "La Fayette made use of a strange expression: he said, 'You seem to have a desire *of getting the little fiddle broken over your head.*' We shall see—we shall see." And, in effect, we have seen.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RETROSPECT—BERNADOTTE—ST. CLOUD—MR. FOX—MOREAU—PLEASURE TOUR—UNMANLY BARBARITY OF LUCIEN—HIS INDECENT THEATRICALS—CONSUL'S PRIVATE THEATER—LOST WATCH—CANOVA—DISGRACE OF FOUCHÉ—JOSEPHINE'S DISTRESSES AND FEARS—INJUSTICE DONE TO HER MEMORY AT ST. HELENA—PROSPERITY OF FRANCE.

I SHALL now revert to some facts which had either escaped my recollection, or which I reserved in order to class them with analogous events. My first retrospections concern a man, called by the inex-

plicable combination of events, to a throne, and who still governs for the happiness of his people. Bernadotte, we have seen, necessarily fell into disgrace, by refusing to second the designs of Bonaparte for the overthrow of the Directory. This disgrace long, I might almost say forever, survived the occurrences out of which it arose. Neither were there wanting tale-bearers and their tales to maintain or to heighten the animosity which this opposition had inspired. This enmity the First Consul could not venture at first to display openly; but he watched every occasion of removing Bernadotte to a distance, placing him in difficult positions, and giving him missions without any precise instructions, in hopes that by the commission of faults he would draw upon himself all the responsibility. In the first period of the consulate, the deplorable war of La Vendée raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and the inquietude caused to Bonaparte by this civil war exceeded that from the side of the Rhine or of Italy, because by its success his internal government and ulterior views would be more affected. The mission, then, of putting an end to the struggle was a difficult one; but, for that very reason, Bonaparte resolved on consigning it to Bernadotte. The conciliatory measures of that general, however; his chivalrous manners; and a happy mixture of prudence and address, enabled him to succeed where others had failed: He finally established good order, and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendée, an insurrectional movement manifested itself at Tours, where the fifty-second regiment refused to march till the men had received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the West, without showing any surprise at such insubordination, merely gave orders that the regiment should draw up in the square at Tours: then at the head even of the corps, he caused the ringleaders to be arrested, without one daring to offer resistance. This bold measure Bonaparte first blamed in a note added to the report; but was subsequently obliged to give it tardy and indirect praise.

Time augmented more and more Bonaparte's resentment against Bernadotte; and the go-betweens and flatterers were not idle in their insinuations concerning the latter. One day, on which a grand public reception was to take place, I saw the First Consul in such a state of impatient ill humor as induced me to ask the cause. "I can no longer endure it," replied he with violence: "I am resolved on an explanation this day with Bernadotte. He will probably be here. I will break the ice, come what may. He may do his worst; but

we shall see. It is time that this were ended." Never had I seen him so angry, and dreaded the meeting accordingly. When he retired, before descending to the grand saloon of audience, I took advantage of a moment to descend before him, which was easily accomplished, since the saloon was not twenty paces from the cabinet. By good luck, the very first person I saw was Bernadotte alone in the embrasure of a window looking into the Carrousel.* Rapidly to cross the hall and to approach was the work of an instant. "General, believe me, you had better retire; I have strong reasons for advising you thus." Bernadotte, seeing my extreme anxiety and knowing the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which attached me to him, consented to retire. This I regarded as a triumph; for, certainly, from the frankness of Bernadotte's character and his quick sense of honor, he would not have borne the cutting remarks which Bonaparte appeared in the humor to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could have hoped. Nothing was suspected. One thing only attracted notice—the victim had escaped. After the audience, the First Consul on entering exclaimed, "Can you conceive it, Bourrienne? Bernadotte did not come."—"So much the better for him, General," I merely said. Nothing ensued; for, on reascending, after a momentary absence in Josephine's apartments, he found me in the cabinet as if I had never left it, five minutes sufficing for my little negotiation. Bernadotte always showed himself sincerely grateful for this proof of friendship; and, in truth, from a feeling I cannot well explain to myself, the more I beheld Bonaparte's unjust hatred increase, the greater became my interest in the noble character which was its object.

The scene just mentioned occurred in the spring of 1802. At this date the First Consul had established himself at St. Cloud—a residence to which he was very partial, as there enjoying more freedom than at the Tuileries, where it is impossible for the sovereign even to breathe the air at a window without immediately becoming the object of public curiosity and attracting the gaze of multitudes. At St. Cloud he could leave his cabinet when he chose, and prolong his walk without fear of importunate solicitations. One of his first cares was to order the repair of a cross-road conducting to Malmaison—a distance which he usually traversed in a quarter of an hour. This proximity to his favorite country house rendered St. Cloud still more agreeable. Here, too, so to speak, he made the first rehearsals of the grand drama of empire; here he commenced with introducing, in external forms, the customs and

* The square in front of the Tuileries is so called.

etiquette which pertain to the usages of royalty. He quickly observed what influence may be exercised over the mass of mankind by the pomp of ceremonies, the splendor of audiences and richness of costume. "How deserving," he would say, "are men of the contempt they inspire! All my virtuous republicans, forsooth!—I have only to gild their livery, and they are my humble servitors."

I remember one day, after some such tirade, so frequently repeated, against the worthlessness of the human species, having remarked to him that, if trappings captivated vulgar admiration, there were still some distinguished men who despised all gewgaws, and cited the instance of the celebrated Fox, who, anticipating the peace of Amiens, was then in Paris, where he had rendered himself conspicuous only by an extreme simplicity. "As for him—yes, you are right," said the First Consul; "Mr. Fox is truly a superior man, and one who suits me excellently." In reality, Bonaparte always beheld Mr. Fox arrive with unmixed satisfaction, and after each of the conversations they held together he never failed to speak to me of the pleasure he enjoyed in this intercourse with one man truly worthy of his great reputation. He looked upon him as a man altogether superior, and ardently desired to have treated with him in his ulterior relations with England. We may believe, too, that on his side Mr. Fox never forgot the intimacy, I may call it, which he cultivated with the First Consul. Afterwards, indeed, even in time of war, he several times advertised him of plots formed against his life. Nothing less was to be expected from a character so noble. I can at the same time assert, because I had more than one proof of the fact, that the English government constantly repelled with indignation, not proposals for overturning the consular or imperial government, but every project of assassination, or of clandestine attempt upon the person of the First Consul and of the Emperor. Positive proofs of this will successively find a place in the sequel of these Memoirs. Politics are chargeable with a sufficiency of actions and of means which morality disavows; let us not gratuitously augment the number of criminal instances.

I must here throw myself upon the reader's indulgence, while I relate a fact anterior by a year to the visit of Mr. Fox; but as it concerns Moreau, I take it for granted a transposition will be more readily forgiven than an omission. During the summer of 1801, the First Consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner in a restaurateur's. He made choice of Veri's, whose establishment on the Terrace des Feuillans could also be entered from the gardens of the Tuileries. Bonaparte sent round his invitations, but omitted Moreau, whom, by chance, I

met that day in the following manner :—The occasion of the dinner at Veri's permitting me the disposal of my time, I embraced the opportunity to dine also at a restaurateur's, namely Rose's, who then was in great repute among the notable gastronomes of Paris. I went in company with M. Carbonnet, a relation of the Moreau family, and two or three others. While seated at table, we learned from the waiter that General Moreau and his lady were in an adjoining apartment : he had with him also Lacuée, and two other officers ; Suchet, too, who had been at the dinner in Veri's, which, he said, had been a terrible bore, came to join them on rising from table. These details we obtained from Carbonnet, who had left us for a few minutes to pay his respects to General and Madame Moreau. Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau, at the moment when the latter returned victorious from the Army of the Rhine ; and likewise Moreau's affectation in going publicly, on the same day, to dine at another restaurateur's, led to the belief that their coldness would soon degenerate into hatred ; and it was the feeling at Paris that, in these circumstances, the victor of Marengo, without descending, might very well have placed at his table the conqueror of Hohenlinden.

From the first months of the year 1802, the republic had been but a name—an historical reminiscence. There remained, indeed, a lying inscription over the gates of the palace, but both the trees of liberty erected in the court Bonaparte had caused to be cast down, even before his instalment in the Tuileries—proceeding thus against vain symbols before attacking realities. After the *Senatus Consulta*, however, of the 2d and 4th of August, it was apparent to the least clear-sighted that there no longer wanted anything to complete the sovereign power of the First Consul, save a designation. On the passing of the decrees, indeed, Bonaparte readily came to regard the different bodies of the legislature merely as so many instruments necessary to the exercise of power. Still he found the pear not yet ripe for the full development of his ulterior projects of sovereignty, with its forms and privileges. "All that will come," said he one day: "but look you, Bourrienne, it is requisite, in the first place, that I myself assume a title, whence will naturally flow all other honors, which I shall confer on these people about us. The greatest difficulty is surmounted ; there is no longer anybody to be deceived ; all the world sees as clear as day that there is but one step from the consulship for life to the throne. Some management is yet necessary ; there are still refractory spirits in the Tribunate—but they shall pay for it."

While these grave questions agitated the minds of men, the greater

part of the inmates of Malmaison had set out on a tour to the Springs of Plombières. The travelers were Josephine, Madame Bonaparte, senior,* Madame Beauharnais, La Valette, Hortense, and Rapp. The members of this joyous band took it into their heads to write me a bulletin descriptive of the pleasures and mischances of the tour. I give it here as an evidence of their friendship, and just as I have preserved it, with the exception of the *pâtés*.

"*Bulletin of the Journey to Plombières.—To the Inhabitants of Malmaison, these:—*

"On departing from Malmaison, the eyes of every one of the company were filled with tears. This occasioned them so severe a headache that the event was really an overwhelming one for those amiable personages. Madame Bonaparte, senior, supported this memorable day with the greatest courage; Madame Bonaparte, consuless, displayed no share of that quality; the two young ladies, Mademoiselle Hortense and Madame La Valette, contended for the bottle of *Eau de Cologne*, and the amiable M. Rapp must needs stop the carriage every minute to comfort his poor little heart, which was surcharged with bile; so he had to be put to bed on our arrival at Epernay, while the amiable party sought to forget their sorrows in champagne. The second day was more propitious in regard to health, but provender fell scarce, and the stomach got into poor condition. The hope of finding a good supper at Toul cheered on the travelers; but despair reached its acmé when, arriving at Toul, they found a wretched inn and nothing to eat. There were, however, certain comical visages to be seen, affording some slight compensation for spinage dressed with lamp oil, and red cabbages fried in sour milk. It was something worth seeing, to witness the gourmands of Malmaison, seated at table, and served in this melancholy fashion.

"Never in history has been recorded a day passed amid such horrible straits as that in which we arrived at Plombières. Having set out from Toul, we purposed breakfasting at Nanci, for all interiors had been void for the space of two whole days; but the civil and military authorities, taking it into their heads that their presence must be truly desirable, prevented us from realizing our design. We were thus constrained to continue our journey, visibly growing thinner. To put the finishing stroke to these calamities, the Dormouse, alias Mademoiselle

* Bonaparte's mother, always termed Madame Bonaparte Mère or, simply, Madame Mère.

Hortense, narrowly escaped drowning, by tumbling into the river—conceiving a fancy for thus embarking on the Moselle, by way of going to Metz. We were well rewarded for so perilous a journey on reaching Plombières; for, since our arrival, we have been received with all sorts of rejoicings. The city illuminated, cannon fired, and the smiling faces we see at all the windows inspire us with the hope of being able to support, with less regret, our absence from Malmaison.

"The above is an exact relation of our adventures, with the exception of some anecdotes, held in reserve, for recital on our return; which narrative we, the subscribed, certify to be true.

"Josephine Bonaparte,
"Beauharnais La Valette,
"Hortense Beauharnais,
"Rapp,
"Bonaparte Mere.

"The party ask pardon for the *pâtés*.

"This 21 Messidor.

"We request the person who receives this dispatch to communicate the contents to all those interested in the fair travelers."

This journey was preceded by a scene which I should abstain from describing had I not pledged myself to declare the truth concerning the consular family. Two or three days before her departure, Madame Bonaparte desired to see me. I found her in tears. "What a man that Lucien is!" she exclaimed in her despair. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he has dared to make to me!—'You are going to the waters, are you?' said he. 'You ought to get a child by another, since you cannot have one by your husband.' Judge with what indignation I received such counsel. 'Eh! very well,' resumed he, 'if you will not, or if you cannot, Bonaparte must get one by another woman and you may adopt it; for the succession must be secured: it is your own interest; you are aware of that.'—'How, sir!' said I to him, 'do you suppose the nation will suffer a bastard to govern?—Lucien! Lucien! you will be the ruin of your brother. This is fearful! I should, indeed, be unfortunate if even you could suspect me capable of hearing without horror your infamous proposal! Your thoughts are pollution—your words horrible!'—'Eh! well, madam,' was his answer, 'what would you have me say to that unless it be that I think you somewhat dainty?'" The good Josephine wept bitterly while describing this scene, and I bear witness to her indignation.

Lucien possessed a beautiful seat near Neuilly. Some days after the

shameful interview just related, he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates of Malmaison to a play. "Alzire" was represented. Eliza acted *Alzire*, and Lucien *Zamore*. The warmth of their declamation, the meaning expression of their action and the too *naked* truth of their costumes, were revolting to the greater part of the spectators, and to Napoleon more than any. On leaving the place he said to me with indignation, "This is infamous! I cannot and will not suffer such indecencies. I shall let them know my mind instantly." He was as good as his word, in the drawing-room, on Lucien's return from disrobing, or rather from *dressing*. The same evening, on our return to Malmaison, he again introduced the subject:—"What!" exclaimed he, with the liveliest displeasure, "when my first care is to re-establish purity of morals, must my brother, my sister even, exhibit themselves almost naked upon the stage? It is a disgrace." Lucien was enthusiastically attached to theatricals, and, in truth, declaimed with a skill which would not have suffered in competition with the best professional actors.

At Malmaison we had also our company and our dramatic entertainments; but here, at least, everything was conducted with the greatest decorum: and since we are on the subject, I may as well introduce the reader behind the scenes. The First Consul had given orders to construct for our use a very pretty theater. Our ordinary troop consisted of Eugene Beauharnais, his sister Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, Didelot, prefect of the palace, and myself. Forgetting the cares of government, which we left as much as possible behind at the Tuileries, we were often very happy in our colony at Malmaison. At that time, too, we were young; and what does not youth embellish?

The pieces which the First Consul liked best to see us perform were "The Barber of Seville" and "Defiance and Malice." Our list contained also "Proposals of Marriage," "The Wager," "Lovers' Quarrels," where I was the *Valet*, and "Rural Wit," in which I played the *Baron*, having for *Baroness* the young and beautiful Caroline Murat. Hortense played exceedingly well, Caroline tolerably, Eugene very well, Lauriston was a little heavy, Didelot so, so; and, be it said without vanity, I was not the worst of the company. If we were not proficients, it was not through fault of good lessons and good advice; Talma and Michot came to hear us declaim, sometimes together, sometimes separately. How often have I received instructions from Michot while we walked in the beautiful park at Malmaison! And, will the reader excuse the confession? how much pleasure do I now experience in returning to trifles light as air, which yet, in youth, were matters of serious

import, and then contrasted so strangely with the grand theater upon which we represented no fictitious personages !

We possessed, in theatrical phrase, an establishment, in point of scenery and decorations, admirably arranged. Bonaparte had presented to each a collection of pieces, beautifully bound ; and, as natural patron of our troop, had caused to be procured rich and elegant dresses. He took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by those with whom he was intimate. Sometimes he even complimented us on our exhibition. Although the thing amused me quite as much as the others, I was more than once obliged to observe to him that my occupations left me no time to study my parts. On this he would assume one of his most coaxing moods and say, " Come, now, that's a good fellow : you have such a memory ! you know it amuses me : you see very well these assemblies render Malmaison quite gay : Josephine is very partial to them. Rise earlier in the morning. Really, I sleep a great deal—now is it not so ?—Come, come, Bourrienne, do oblige me in this ; you all make me laugh so heartily ! Don't deprive me of this pleasure : you know very well I have not too much amusement. Ah ! upon my word, it is not me alone that you will deprive of enjoyment." —" I am charmed to have the power of contributing to your amusement," I would feel constrained to reply ; and to set to work to learn my parts.

On the days we played, the company at Malmaison was always very numerous. After the play, the apartments on the ground were crowded. The most animated and varied conversations took place, and gaiety and ease formed the soul and charm of the whole. Refreshments of all kinds were in profusion, and Josephine did the honors with so much kindness that no one felt himself overlooked. After these delightful parties, which usually broke up about midnight, the company returned to Paris, where the cares of business awaited us.

At this time, I had half the Sunday to myself. I was often obliged to devote this rare leisure to gratify Bonaparte by the agreeable surprise of a new part, which I thus studied. Sometimes also I went to Ruel to enjoy my holiday. Once, while returning in great haste to Malmaison, I dropped a fine watch by Breguet. It was four o'clock, and the road thronged with people. I lost no time in publishing the circumstance by the town drum of Ruel ; and, in an hour after, while sitting down to dinner, a lad from the village brought me my watch, which he had found on the highway, in the dust of a wheel-track. Pleased with the honesty of the youth, I rewarded both him and his father ; and having mentioned, in the evening, the occurrence to the

First Consul, he was so struck with the recital, that he gave me instructions to inquire about this honest family. Three of the sons he put into situations, and, what was most difficult to obtain, exempted from the Conscription the fourth, who had returned my watch. In general, when a trait of this nature reached the First Consul, he rarely failed to give to the actor concerned proofs of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his disposition—benevolence and impatience. When the latter took possession, it gained completely the upper hand; he was no longer master of himself. Of the former, I have just given an instance: nearly at the same time time occurred a remarkable example of the latter.

Canova, having arrived at Paris, came to St. Cloud, in order to model the figure of the First Consul, of whom he was to execute a colossal statue. This great artist often repeated his visits, in the hope of getting his model to sit; but this caused so much listlessness, disgust and impatience to Bonaparte, that he would very seldom agree to to do so, and then only for a very short time. For Canova, however, he entertained the greatest regard; and whenever the sculptor was announced, sent me to keep him company till the moment he could go himself. At the same time, drawing up his shoulders, he would exclaim, "Another sitting!—good heavens, how tiresome!" Canova often expressed to me his disappointment in not being able to study his model as he wished; and the little interest displayed by the First Consul chilled the imagination of the artist. All agree that he has not succeeded in the work: and such is the real cause of the failure.*

It is a maxim especially applicable to absolute governments, that a prince ought as seldom as possible to change his ministers and never save for weighty reasons. In the business of administration, experience goes a great way. The First Consul acted upon these principles, which were also those of the Emperor; often he yielded to unjust causes, but never dismissed a minister without cause. Sometimes even he carried these views too far and retained for a space those whom he ought to have superseded.

In his agents, and in men generally, Bonaparte beheld only means and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire, Fouché had been a means; it was now feared he might become an obstacle: it was necessary, therefore, to think of getting rid of him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had from the commencement opposed this man's admission into the government; but their own disgrace had been the only result of their

* For a description of, and anecdotes concerning this statue, see the Translator's "Memoirs of Canova."

disinterested counsels, so influential a personage had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché had retained power under the Republic by the death of the king for which he voted—under the Reign of Terror, by his bloody atrocities at Lyons and Nevers—under the Consulate, by his real services, although these were a little exaggerated—with Bonaparte by the charm, so to speak, by which he had fascinated him—and with Josephine through the enmity of the First Consul's brothers. In all Paris—throughout all France there prevailed a belief in Fouché's extraordinary ability; and the opinion was so far well grounded that no one has ever shown himself so skillful in persuading the world to regard him as a man of talent. His secret in this particular is the secret of the greater part of those who are termed statesmen.

Be it as it may, the First Cousul regarded with no favorable eye the peculiar influence which Fouché had contrived to acquire. To the repugnance always lurking at bottom against the minister were now joined other causes of discontent, and his dismissal was resolved. Yet even thus, Bonaparte, still under the spell, dared not proceed, except with circumspection: when he spoke of him it was with violent bitterness; Fouché present, the tone became lowered. Adopting the suppression of the office as preparatory to the removal of the functionary, who had been minister of police since the 18th Brumaire, the First Consul proposed to Fouché this suppression, which he represented still distant, merely as a proof to the people of the security and tranquillity of the government. Unable to allege any reasonable objection, Fouché stipulated for two years longer as necessary to establish completely the political security of the government, hoping in that time to add *enough* to his already enormous wealth—for he was no less greedy of gold than his master of glory; equally ambitious of increasing the limits of the estate of Pont Carré, as the latter of extending the boundaries of France.

The determination thus formed to suppress the administration of police, Bonaparte would not wait the delay which he had feigned as conceding to be necessary. On Saturday, the 12th September, we set out for Mortfontaine, and there, on the Monday, pressed by the united instances of Lucien and Joseph, he signed the decree of suppression. On our return to Paris on the morrow, Fouché came to Malmaison as usual, to transact business; the First Consul could not summon resolution to inform him of his disgrace, and afterwards deputed Cambacérés to announce the suppression. Endeavoring still farther to soften the blow, he wrote to the Senate, of which he had appointed the

ex-minister a member :—"In difficult circumstances, Citizen Fouché, by his talents, activity and attachment to the government, has shown himself equal to all contingencies. Placed in the bosom of the Senate, should circumstances again require a minister of police, the government will not find one more worthy of confidence." This letter the subject of the eulogium even regarded as a promise, and thenceforward all his subterranean batteries had but one aim—that of forcing Bonaparte to realize it. We shall see in the sequel with what success these efforts were attended. The aversion, too, of Bonaparte, had strangely blinded him in the means selected for replacing this dangerous engine. For, the administrations of justice and police being united, two departments, most discordant, were placed in the hands of Regnier. The minister of the former, Abrial, so honorably preferred, as already mentioned, was in equal honor dismissed to the Senate, with these words :—"The police being joined to the administration of justice, I cannot longer retain you in office ; you are too honest a man for the police." A compliment this, by the way, not overflattering to Regnier, the actual minister.

I have already spoken of the distresses of Josephine, who was much affected at the disgrace of Fouché, whom she looked upon as an adherent ; and may here introduce some occurrences of which, about this period, Malmaison was the scene. Madame Louis Bonaparte was advanced in her first pregnancy, and Josephine, who tenderly loved her children, looked forward with that solicitude so natural to a mother's heart. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports respecting Hortense and the First Consul, which base accusation caused her many tears. Poor Josephine ! how very dearly did she purchase that grandeur in which she moved ! Meanwhile Bonaparte, dazzled by the attachment then everywhere manifested towards him, aggravated this grief through a foolish infatuation. He endeavored to persuade her that these reports owed their publicity only to the wish formed by the French to see him a father. In this manner these intended consolations, addressed by self-love to maternal sorrow, rendered more acute the terrors of the wife by awakening anew the dread of a divorce.

Josephine's inquiries on this subject, at first timid, became more decided when the consulship for life had placed Bonaparte on the steps of the throne. I remember one day, about the period of the unseasonable publication of the famous "Parallel," that, having entered the cabinet without being announced—a step she sometimes ventured upon when the good humor of the breakfast hour induced the hope of a

continuance of sunshine—Josephine approached the First Consul very gently, seated herself on his knee, passed her fingers lightly through his hair and over his face, and, judging the moment favorable, exclaimed in a burst of tenderness:—"Bonaparte, I beseech thee, do not make thyself king! It is that Lucien who urges thee to it: do not listen to him." Bonaparte answered, without unkindness, and even smiling—"Thou art foolish, my poor Josephine! It is thine old dowagers of the Fauxbourg St. Germain—thy Rochefoucaulds who tell thee all these tales. You interrupt me; leave me alone." I now remember, like an almost forgotten dream, that the being sometimes constrained to witness certain small conjugal explanations such as the above was by no means the most agreeable function of the confidential secretary of the First Consul. What he then said in a tone of kindly feeling, I had, in truth, heard him state in sober earnestness, and had been five or six times present during such altercations. Misunderstanding, too, on this question, undoubtedly reigned between the families of Beauharnais and Bonaparte. Fouché was, at this season, for Josephine, and Lucien one of her bitterest foes. One day, Rœderer broke out with such violence against Fouché, in presence of Madame Bonaparte, that she replied to him, with extreme bitterness—"The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who give him ideas of hereditary empire—of a dynasty—of divorce and marriage." The good Josephine could not contain herself, knowing Rœderer to be of that party, and a propagator of such opinions, under the training of Lucien.

Feeling the deepest interest in the sorrows and presentiments of Josephine, I revealed to her all I knew, certain that she was incapable of betraying the confidence which she inspired. One day, I recollect she had come on a visit to our small domicile at Ruel. While conducting her to the carriage, which she had sent forward, I opened my mind fully to her, on the apprehensions caused by the ambition of Bonaparte —whom I still loved sincerely—and by the perfidious counsels of his brothers. "Madam," said I, "if we cannot persuade the General against assuming regal power, the future makes me tremble for him. Should he ever re-establish royalty, he will have labored for the Bourbons, who one day will ascend the throne which he has thus prepared for them. It is impossible, indeed, to say by what series of events these things may be brought about; but it needs only common sense to perceive that, the ancient order restored, the question becomes one merely of family—no longer one of government, between liberty and absolute power. What possible reason then, since she must cease to be free, should induce France to prefer any other to her ancient race of

kings? Bonaparte, doubtless, has done much for her: since the 18th Brumaire she is no longer to be recognized as the distracted country of the Revolution. But he has also brought opinion, though by degrees, towards royalism. I am sorry for it, madam; but I believe, on my honor, that, spite of yourself, you will be either queen or empress." Madame Bonaparte had permitted me to go on without interruption: on hearing these last words, "Good God! Bourrienne," said she; "far, indeed, am I from such ambition; let me ever remain the wife of the First Consul; that bounds my utmost wish. Tell him, then, all you have now told me; strive to turn him from his intention of being king."—"Madam," I replied, "times are changed: the wisest men, the strongest spirits, have already courageously and with constancy, but hitherto vainly, struggled against his tendency to hereditary empire. Me he hears no longer: he is inflexible; and, when the opposition becomes serious, his words are harsh and few; his tone imperious; and authority ends the discussion."—"Nevertheless, Bourrienne, he has so great confidence in you, that, were you to make trial once more—" —"Madam, I repeat it; he would not hear me. Besides, what can I add to my observations on the correspondence with Louis XVIII.? when I represented that, being without children, he had none to whom to bequeath that throne which, from his opinion of his brothers, doubtless he rears not for them." Here Josephine again interrupted me: "My good friend, tell me, I entreat, when you have spoken to him of children, has he ever said anything—has he ever spoken of divorce?" —"Not one syllable, madam, I give you my word."—"If he is not urged to it," was her reply, "I think he will not determine upon it. You know how much he loves Eugene; and Eugene is so good with him! What a difference with Lucien!—that villain Lucien, to whom Bonaparte listens too easily, and yet of whom he always speaks ill to me."—"I know not, madam, what Lucien may say to his brother, except when the latter tells me—for Lucien always avoids having a witness to the intercourse with your husband; but I can assure you that, for two years, I have not heard the word divorce pass his lips."—"I depend always upon you, my good Bourrienne: dissuade him from it, as you did upon that occasion."—"I believe him to have no such intention; but if the purpose were again to be entertained, consider, madam, how different would be the motives: entirely given up to the interests of his politics and of his ambition, which already dominate over every other sentiment, it would no longer be a question of scandal—a process before the tribunals—but a stretch of an authority which the complacent laws would justify, and which, probably, the church would sanc-

tion."—"It is but too true; you are right. My God! how wretched is my situation!"

Such is one of many conversations with Madame Bonaparte, on a subject often introduced by herself; and it may not prove uninteresting to contrast these presentiments with what Napoleon has stated at St. Helena, in reference to his first wife. According to the Memorial, Napoleon should have said that "when Josephine had resigned all hope of having children, she often hinted at some grand piece of *political fraud*, and finally proposed it to her husband openly." I believe that Napoleon may have said this; but I do not believe that what he thus said is true. No! Josephine never made such a proposition: I dare to assert this as a fact. Besides, did I not witness her unfeigned distress and indignation in repelling a similar proposal which Lucien had the audacious villainy to make! Why reject aid so important if she herself favored the scheme of palming an heir on the nation? I certainly knew that Josephine had recourse to the aid of medicine in order to restore the signs of maternity; I recollect very well, too, that one day, Bonaparte, entering our cabinet, exclaimed, with a joy impossible to paint, "Well! Bourrienne, my wife is at length enceinte." I offered my sincere congratulations, more indeed from courtesy than in the hope of seeing him a father by Josephine. I knew Corvisart's opinion. Medicine was the sole *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and, in her situation, what woman would not have done as much? Here, then, the husband and wife are at variance—no very rare occurrence, certainly; but on whose side is truth? I do not hesitate to range it on Josephine's. There exists a vast difference between the evidence of a woman who confesses her fears and her hopes to one sole confidant of the family secrets, and the tardy declarations of a man who, having seen the mighty structure of his ambition fall to pieces, thinks only, in his involuntary retreat, of preserving untouched and spotless the fabric of his renown. But Napoleon ought to have remembered that Cæsar's wife was not even to be suspected.

In his dazzling march the Consul neglected none of those means which were adapted at once for the gaze of the multitude, and to conciliate the approbation of men of sense. Thus, he displayed sufficient attachment to the arts, and rightly judged that industry demanded the protection of the head of the state; but it must be acknowledged, at the same time, that he himself rendered sterile the very seeds he had sown, by denying them the free air of liberty, the only invigorating atmosphere. Yet had he reason to be proud of the exhibition made during this autumn of the productions of national industry, which was

held at the Louvre, under the direction of M. Chaptal. In particular, he enjoyed the admiration thus excited among foreigners, who, since the peace, had flocked in crowds to Paris. In fact, during the year 1802, the capital offered to the eye a new spectacle for a new generation; and never, since the assembly of the States General, had Paris presented a more gratifying aspect. The funds, too, that great thermometer of opinion, as he termed them, were equally satisfactory. If, after the 18th Brumaire, they had doubled in value—from seven to sixteen—they were now tripled even from that rise, having attained, on the passing of the consulate for life, to fifty-two.

While Paris appeared thus flourishing, all was tranquil in the interior of France and foreign affairs promised only security. The re-establishment of external worship was doubtless one great and principal cause of all this mutual confidence among the French themselves, as between them and other nations. The First Consul, accordingly, felicitated himself on having overcome, at least in appearance, the repugnance of his supporters to that measure. But political were not the only advantages thence derived. Monsieur Fesch, who, on our return from Egypt and during our forced sojourn at Ajaccio, had discounted at rather an exorbitant exchange the Egyptian sequins of the Commander-in-chief, had become the Abbé Fesch so soon as Bonaparte, Consul, had re-edified the prostrated altars of France. On the 19th August, 1802, he was consecrated Bishop; in the following year received a Cardinal's hat; and, subsequently, the Archbishopric of Lyons, of which the cardinal is still titular. Thus Bonaparte profited, by one of his relations being in orders, to elevate him to the highest dignities of the church.

With regard to our foreign relations, peace everywhere prevailed. The court of Rome, which since the concordat had been, so to speak, at the devotion of the First Consul, exhibited under all circumstances proofs of adherence to the interests of France and compliance with the desires of her ruler. She had been the first to recognize the erection of Tuscany into the new kingdom of Etruria, as also the Helvetic, Cisalpine and Batavian republics. Prussia speedily followed this example, and the other powers of Europe in succession. All these new states, whether kingdoms or republics, were under the immediate influence of France. Piedmont, divided into six departments, was united to that country; and the news of a *Te Deum*, chanted at Turin as a thanksgiving for this union, left Bonaparte in no doubt on the facility with which Italy would bend beneath his yoke. The island of Elba, which his own banishment was subsequently to render so famous, also formed part of

the shade of the French republic. Thus all seemed to concur in the assurance of absolute power to the First Consul—the only government of which he was able to form any idea. Although I had not been privy to his most secret thoughts, I should never, on this subject, have been mistaken as to his ulterior designs. One characteristic distinction of his government, even under the denomination of consular, gave no doubtful evidence of his intention. Had he designed to found a free constitution, it is quite evident he would have assigned to his ministers a personal responsibility, while, on the contrary, they were responsible to himself alone; he beheld in them only instruments, to be thrown aside at pleasure. This one circumstance sufficed to unveil his future intentions; and, better to conceal these, all government acts were signed only by M. Maret, the secretary of state. Thus the consulate for life was but a disguised empire, the usufruct of which did not long satisfy the First Consul's ambition. His brothers urged him on, and a new dynasty was resolved upon. But circumstances demanded caution and delay.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MILITARY GOVERNMENT—BONAPARTE'S QUARREL WITH LANNES—DISGRACE OF BOURRIENNE—SINGULAR SCENE—CONSULAR GOVERNMENT—CONSULATE FOR LIFE—APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE—ACT PASSED—STATE OF PARTIES.

It was not only an absolute, but, much worse still, a military government also, which Bonaparte labored to establish in France. He conceived a decree, signed by his hand, to be endowed with some magic power, capable of at once transforming generals into able diplomatists; so they were appointed to embassies, as if to forewarn the different sovereigns that he would one day take their several crowns by storm. Among these military envoys appears Lannes, whose nomination to the court of Lisbon arose out of circumstances an account of which will not be read without interest, as displaying the character of Bonaparte and exhibiting the methods he disdained not to employ when desirous of removing even his most faithful friends as soon as their presence became inconvenient.

Bonaparte never *thee* and *thou*ed Lannes, but Lannes continued the practice, and it is impossible to describe how this persisting in kindly familiarity by one of his most valiant companions in arms became

insupportable. The increasing grandeur of the First Consul, every day demanding fresh sacrifices on the part of friends, made no change in the blunt frankness of Lannes, the last, in fact, who still dared to treat Bonaparte as an equal, or tell him the truth without disguise. There wanted nothing more to decide his banishment. But under what pretext remove the conqueror of Montebello?—that must be contrived; and in this truly diabolical machination we shall see Bonaparte put in play that superabundance of craft with which he was so amply provided.

Lannes, careless of to-morrow, prodigal of his gold as of his blood, gave away a great deal to poor officers and to his soldiers, whom he loved as children: his whole fortune thus consisted in the debts which he owed. When he wanted money, which often happened, he came quite simply to the Tuileries, and asked for so much of the First Consul, who, I must own, never refused him. Knowing his situation, Bonaparte said to him one day—"My good fellow, you must get settled in a manner befitting your rank. Let us see—rent the Hôtel de Noailles: order it to be furnished with becoming magnificence." Lannes, whose very openness prevented him from suspecting a thought in reserve, followed the advice of the First Consul. The hotel was engaged and splendidly fitted up. After having thus conformed to Bonaparte's instructions, the General came to ask him for 400,000 francs (£16,600), being the amount of expenses incurred in some sort by his orders. "But," said the First Consul, "I have not the money."—"How, thou hast not the money! what the devil am I to do?"—"Is there none in the chest of the guard? Take what you want—we will arrange that." Ever without distrust, Lannes went to the treasurer of the guard, who at first made some difficulty, but yielded when he understood the consent of the First Consul to have been given. Not twenty-four hours afterwards, the treasurer was called upon for his cash account, and Lannes' acknowledgment for the 400,000 francs refused, as not representing that sum. It was in vain that the treasurer alleged the authority of the First Consul: he had on a sudden lost all recollection of the matter—never gave such an order—where is it? It was quite clear Lannes must restore the money—and, as I said before, poor Lannes! he was rich only in debts. On this he went to Lefebvre, who loved him as a pupil and related all that had passed. "Awkward this," said Lefebvre to him: "why didst thou not apply to me? Why hadst thou anything to do with that —— at the Tuileries? 'Sblood! there's the money: carry him his francs, and bid him be ——."

Lannes arrived in a fury at the apartments of the Consul. "How,"

cried he, "couldst thou condescend to such an unworthy act!—play me such a trick!—lay so disgraceful a trap for me, after all I have done for thee—after all the blood I have lavished to serve thine ambition! Is this all the recompense which thou reservest for me?—thou forgettest, then, the 13th Vendemiaire, when I did more than thou! Dost remember Millesimo? I was a colonel before thee. To serve thee, I again became a soldier—better I had remained a grenadier. For whom did I fight at Bassano? Thou sawest me at Lodi, at Governolo, where I was wounded—and yet playest me such a scurvy trick? But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire: without me, thou wouldst not have gained the battle of Marengo. By myself alone—yes, alone—I passed the Po at Montebello, with my whole division, though you wished to give the honor to Berthier, who was not present. I—I have paid in my person to see myself disgraced! That cannot—shall not be. I must ——" Bonaparte heard all this, motionless, and pale with rage: Lannes was on the point of challenging him, when Junot, attracted by the noise, rushed in with precipitation. His unexpected presence somewhat reassured the First Consul, and at the same time calmed the general's fury. "Well, then," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon; you will make money there, and when you return will need no one to pay your debts." Thus was attained the object proposed. Lannes set off for Lisbon, tormented him no longer with familiarities, and, on returning, never used the obnoxious *thee* and *thou*.

It is not, I confess, unintentionally that I place here this scene: it conducts me naturally to the explanation of the true causes which led to my own separation from the First Consul. Always faithful to the law self-imposed, I shall dissemble nothing. Nine months previously I had offered my resignation; for the labor had become too severe, and the confinement too unremitting for my health. The physician had, doubtless, spoken to the same effect with the First Consul; for the latter said to me one day, in a tone little soothing, "Why, Bourrienne, Corvisart tells me you have not a year to live." The compliment was not overkind on the part of an early friend; especially as the doctor's prediction seemed not unlikely to be fulfilled. I had formed the resolution of retiring, which was urged also by my family; but various considerations retained me in a state of uncertainty: of these, affection for the First Consul—a friend from seven years of age, and this friendship only interrupted once by Joseph's machinations—was not the least. An unforeseen occurrence terminated my indecision. On the 27th of February, at ten in the evening, Bonaparte dictated to me a diplomatic dispatch of great importance and very urgent for M. de Talleyrand, who

was, at the same time, directed to repair to the Tuileries at an hour mentioned. According to established usage, I remitted this letter to the officer on duty, to be forwarded to the minister. This was on a Saturday. On the morrow, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand arrived, as if for audience, about midday. The First Consul having immediately addressed him on the subject of the dispatch was extremely surprised to find it had been received only that morning. He rang instantly for the attendant to call me. As he was in very bad humor, he pulled the bell-rope with so much precipitation that he struck his knuckles violently against the corner of the chimney-piece. I entered in all haste. "Why," cried he, addressing me abruptly, "why was my letter not delivered last night?"—"I know not; I gave it instantly to the functionary appointed to transmit all letters."—"Go, inquire about the delay, and return quickly." Having rapidly informed myself how matters stood, I returned to the cabinet: "Well?" said the First Consul, whose ill temper had rather increased than otherwise.—"Well, General, no one is in fault; M. de Talleyrand was to be found neither at the office, nor at home, nor in any of the circles he usually frequents." Not knowing on whom to vent himself, restrained by the impassibility of Talleyrand, but choking with rage, Bonaparte started up, hurried from the cabinet, and went to interrogate the officer in waiting, which he did in an abrupt manner, putting the latter quite out, who stammered and replied incoherently; thus exciting more and more the irritation of the inquirer. Seeing the Consul thus beside himself, I had followed; and, on his returning towards the cabinet, endeavored to pacify him, entreating him not to make so much noise about an affair which, after all, was not of such moment. I know not if his violence arose from seeing the blood streaming from his fingers, at which he looked every instant, taking, as the reader knows, great pride in his hands; but a most outrageous fury, such as I had never before witnessed, seized upon him; and, as I was about to enter the cabinet at the same time, he flung the door from him with such violence that most infallibly, had I been two or three inches nearer, I should have had my face broken. This almost convulsive action he accompanied by an address quite unbearable, calling out to me in presence of M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone!—you are a —— beast." At these unheard-of words, I confess the rage which filled the First Consul on a sudden fired me also, and that, transported by a resolution, quick as lightning, I opened not less rudely than he had shut the door, and cried, being really no longer in my senses, "You are a hundred times a greater beast than I!" This said, I shut the door, and ascended to my own apartments in the floor above.

Such a separation was as far from my wishes as from my expectation; but what was done could not be undone. I seized the occasion, however, without leaving time for reflection; and still trembling with excitement, traced, in these terms, the offer of my resignation:—"General—The state of my health permits me no longer to continue my service near your person. I beg you to accept my resignation.—BOURRIENNE."

Some minutes after, I saw from my windows saddle-horses brought upon the terrace. This was contrary to custom, Bonaparte seldom riding out on horseback on Sunday. Duroc accompanied him. I descended soon afterwards to the cabinet, and laid my letter on his table. Returning at four o'clock, and seeing it, he said to Duroc, before breaking the seal—"Ah ha! a letter from Bourrienne;" adding almost immediately—for to read the billet required brief space—"He is in a pet—Accepted!" I had quitted the Tuileries at the moment of his return. Duroc sent me the following note, while at dinner:—"The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, commands me to say that he accepts thy resignation; and requests thee to inform me about his papers. I embrace thee.—P.S. I shall call presently."

About eight o'clock he came for me. The First Consul was in the cabinet when we entered. I immediately began to explain to Duroc the necessary arrangements. Piqued to find I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I talked to Duroc, Bonaparte addressed me in the harshest tones, "Have done, you —— ! there is quite enough of that: leave me!" I leaped from the steps upon which I had mounted, for the purpose of showing Duroc the situation of some papers, and retired instantly. I, too, had quite enough of that!

In looking out for a convenient domicile, two days more were passed at the Tuileries. On the Monday, I descended to the apartments of the First Consul, to offer my adieus. We conversed long and amicably together: he expressed regret that I was leaving him, and said he would do everything for me in his power. I mentioned several places; and finally hinted at the Tribunate. "That does not suit you," said he: "they are declaimers and speechifiers, whom I will send about their business. All the disturbances in other quarters proceed from the harangues of the Tribunate: I'll have no more of them." He went on in such a tone as left no doubt on the uneasiness caused him by this assembly, in whose ranks were to be found men of great talents and noble characters. In fact, during the same year, 1802, it was reduced to fifty members, and, somewhat later, entirely suppressed.

On the morrow (Tuesday) the First Consul asked me to breakfast

with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some one, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make some advances; pointing out, with all the gentleness and kindly feeling they had ever shown, that I ought to do so, seeing I had also been wrong, and had forgotten myself. I replied that the evil seemed past remedy, and that, besides, I really required repose. At that moment, the First Consul called me; and, in a long conversation, renewed his promises of kindness.

At five o'clock I was about to quit the Tuileries altogether, when I was informed the First Consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the ante-chamber leading into the cabinet, said, as I passed through—"My good fellow, he wants you to remain. I beseech thee not to refuse: do me this favor. I have declared to him, that I cannot manage these affairs: I am not accustomed to them; and, between us, they are too annoying." I entered the cabinet without replying. The First Consul approached with a smile, and, taking me by the ear, as in his gracious moments, said—"What! still in the sulks?" and, in this way, conducted me to my usual place. "Come, seat yourself there." To judge of my situation, the reader must have known him. He had, when he chose, a most winning manner. I had not the power to resist: I could not even reply; and resumed my wonted tasks. A few minutes after, dinner was announced. "You will dine with me to-day?" said he. "I cannot; I am expected where I was going when you sent to call me: I cannot break my engagement."—"In that case, I have nothing more to say; but give me your word that you will be here at eight."—"I give it you." Thus, I found myself reinstated as confidential secretary of the First Consul, and believed our reconciliation sincere.

I now throw a retrospective glance over the most important acts of the consular government previous to the consulate for life. We must never lose sight of the fact that Bonaparte labored only for himself; and that, in exercising the consular power, he was creating the empire. In his own estimation, he was king from that night in which he first slept at the Luxembourg; and thus his reign may be extended to fourteen years. Under this aspect, we may say that history furnishes no example of an empire founded as was this of France; since all its parts were organized under the cloak of a republic. During the consulate, he was chief of the state—everything. His two colleagues, spite of the guards which usage permitted them, were so inefficient, so powerless, that Talleyrand, holding of the will of the First Consul, was, in reality, the second person in the consular government. This power, too, he owed chiefly to his being the representative of another, the prestiges

attached to which ever dominated in the mind of Bonaparte—namely, the power of the nobility—the power of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain.*

But this was by no means the power of which he stood most in dread: he treated it chiefly as an affair of delicacy, and wished rather to gain than vanquish the order. The party he seriously feared was that of the Revolution, under which category he comprehended all those who, attached to the liberties and the institutions created by the Revolution, were opposed to the consulate for life, and, above all to the question of an hereditary dynasty.

But while obeying the call of this ambition, the First Consul was not the less solicitous to legitimate his aspirations by organic institutions. Hence the concordat which reconciled the church and those in France still haply endowed with sentiments of religion: hence the numerous recalls of emigrants, which, though the amnesty did not extend to property, yet in person attached to the country and to its ruler a crowd of the ancient noblesse: hence the Legion of Honor, so unfavorably received at first, but which in speedily becoming the object of the wishes and the ambition of all, bound all to *him* who had become the source of the coveted honors. For war, again, the levying of men guaranteed the strength of the armies by sea and land; and a new system and new schools of military education provided officers capable and worthy of commanding these armies.

But the soul of the consular government was the Council of State, composed of men practiced in all the departments of administration, and whose discussions chiefly occupied Bonaparte. Its compliance to his wishes, though sufficiently flexible, was by no means unanimous on many questions. Here were discussed, at first in sincerity, freely, and as among friends, all projects of government. These, once adopted, were transmitted to the Tribunate, and thence to the Legislative Assembly. But as this last assembly was mute, it will be proper in order fully to understand what really composed the state, to consider the Legislative Assembly as a high tribunal of legislation, before which the members of the Tribunate were the advocates of the people; and the counselors of state charged with supporting the measures of administration and law, the advocates of government. This sufficiently explains the animosity of the First Consul against the Tribunate; and shows what the constitution had become when, by a sudden and arbitrary decision, that body, the sole guardian of popular rights, was erased from the legislature.

* In this part of Paris were, or still are, the hotels or mansions of the ancient French nobility.—*Translator.*

Under the consulate not only was there a Council of State considered as a body politic, but each of the members composing it might be invested with a special authority. This was the case when the First Consul dispatched the counselors of state on a particular mission into the several military divisions with power of holding courts of appeal. Their instructions were, in this instance, vast—or, indeed, unlimited. They were to examine all the branches of administration; verify the accounts of the head officers of revenue; cognosce, with the assistance of the generals and inspectors of reviews, the state of the military service and funds; and, finally, with the prefects and engineers of roads and bridges, determine the repairs to be executed on the highways and canals, or the wants and improvements to be supplied on the localities of the department. These counselors on mission were also to interrogate on the spot the public opinion on the policy of government. In this way, from their reports collected and compared, the First Consul held in his possession a series of documents exhibiting France both in her political and moral relations, and in reference to the material divisions of administration. But here, again, a measure, excellent in itself, became in its results fatal to the state, from the personalities of the ruler. It was soon found that it conduced more to private views, in all respects to exhibit France less what she really was than what the First Consul desired her to be. Thus, from these very reports, he was able to infer new arguments favoring his own ambition. I must likewise remark that in the discussions of the Council of State he was by no means startled by contrariety or freedom of opinion; often, indeed, he provoked opposition; because though perfectly determined to do only what he himself had resolved, he yet wished to be informed; and it is difficult to conceive how greatly, in the course of two years, his judgment had become trained to the great interests of civil and legislative affairs. But the liberty of opinion allowed in the Council was intolerable in the Tribunate. This arose from the discussions of the latter being public, while the sittings of the former were secret—and of all things Bonaparte most dreaded publicity. When he had to transmit to the Legislative Assembly, or to the Tribunate, laws of little importance, he was very well pleased and called it "throwing them a bone to gnaw."

Such were the parties before whom was to be discussed the grand question of the consulate for life. Let us see how the plot was hatched, the piece played, and how the hero of the drama, for whose benefit the performance had been got up, affected to remain as much as possible in the side scenes.

The Tribunate had emitted the proposition that some *splendid mark* of public gratitude should be conferred upon the First Consul. This expression was indefinite, and it remained to show what this *splendid proof* should be. Bonaparte knew well what he himself desired; but determined, notwithstanding his impatience often prompted him, sword in hand, to seize the prize, not to commit himself. He resolved to have the appearance of yielding only to the necessities of France, and thus to enslave it, through excess of seeming love for the country. Such a combination could not have sprung up or been matured in a vulgar brain; but Bonaparte's was not fashioned like any other head. It required a most powerful volition to curb for a length of time the boldness so natural to him, and which resulted more from his temperament than from his character. I acknowledge, for my part, who so well knew him, that I always admired in him more the courage which he displayed in refraining till fitting season, than all the most audacious acts he ever performed.

According to form, the proposition of the Tribunate was transmitted to the Senate. Thenceforward the senators upon whom the Consul reckoned the most frequently appeared at the Tuileries. La Place, whom Bonaparte had deemed so incapable as a minister, and Lacèpede, disputed the palm of devotedness; but in that respect both these learned men were outdone by the two consular colleagues. On this occasion, Cambacèrés, in particular, showed himself grateful for the license granted to transport, per mail, to Paris, the gastronomic products of France. But on sounding the dispositions of those who frequented the committees of rehearsal, preparatory to the full senatorial discussion, as it was discovered that the majority would not be for the consulate for life, it was agreed to limit the *splendid mark* to a prorogation of the consulate for ten years, in favor of the First Consul. Lacèpede, the mover, took his conclusions accordingly and limited his motion to the prorogation for ten years, commencing from the termination of the ten years already granted by the constitution. I have forgotten who proposed the question of the consulate for life, but this I recollect, that Cambacèrés was eager in his assurances of its success. Bonaparte, on hearing these assertions, whether dictated by flattery or conviction, I cannot say, tossed his head with a gesture of impatience and doubt, and afterwards remarked to me, "They will probably play off some grimaces, but to it they must come at last."

In the Senate, an attempt to have the question of the consulate for life first considered, failed; consequently, that of the decennality being passed, it became needless to discuss the former. There was some-

thing very curious in the *Senatus Consultum* delivered on this occasion. The Senate, speaking in name of the French people, said that the act had been agreed upon "as an expression of the people's gratitude *to the Consuls* of the republic," though the consular reign was proposed to be prolonged in the person of the *First Consul* only. In fact, such an extension of power voted in favor of Cambacèrés and Lebrun could only have been towards them an act of bitter mockery.

The First Consul, strongly dissatisfied as he felt with the decision of the Legislative Assembly, nevertheless veiled his discontent under ambiguous words. When Tronchet, at that time president, had read to him, in solemn audience, at the head of a deputation, the Decree of Prorogation, he replied, in a brief address, the last sentence of which was the only important one—"You consider that I owe to the people a new sacrifice of ease: I will make it, should the votes of the people command from me what your suffrage authorizes." He would not accept of the offer of the *Senate*, under a feigned respect for the wishes of the *People;* though, in reality, he refused because he wished more. Thus the question assumed a new form, and could not receive its decision save from the people; and since the people had the right of refusing what the Senate offered, they possessed, by that same admission, the power of granting what the Senate had not offered. Such were the calculations of Bonaparte, and they proved correct.

Things being thus disposed, the time had arrived for consulting the Council of State, in order to determine how the votes of the people should be solicited; what questions were to be submitted to them; and, finally, when their suffrages should be collected. Though a member, I never assisted at the deliberations of the Council. My avocations in the cabinet and delicate position with regard to the First Consul prevented me taking my seat. This was no subject of regret; and my position necessarily rendered me acquainted with all that passed. Some opposition was manifested, but without acrimony; and, on the whole, the discussion was calm and even cold. A strong majority carried the measure of appeal in favor of the First Consul; and he, ever faithful to his plan, ever ready, for his own purposes, to caress the sovereignty of the people which he held in horror, promulgated the following decree:—

"The Consuls of the Republic, considering that the resolution of the First Consul is a splendid homage rendered to the majesty of the people; that the people, consulted on their dearest interests, ought to recognize no other limits than those interests, decree as follows:—

"Article I. The French people shall be consulted on this question: *Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be Consul for life?*

"Article II. In each commune registers shall be opened, in which the citizens are to be invited to inscribe their votes on this question.

"Article III. These registers shall be opened at the secretariats of all the administrations, at the offices of all the tribunals, and at the dwellings of all mayors and notaries.

"Article IV. The space allowed for voting in each department shall be three weeks, dating from the day on which this decree arrives at the prefecture, and seven days, reckoning from the time of its publication in each commune."

In this decree the policy of the First Consul showed itself under a new aspect, and his address shines forth in all its splendor. At one and the same moment he refused the less, while he strove to grasp the more; in reality, he himself proposed the greater, that he might exalt his moderation in not accepting the less. Thus the Senate found itself outplayed; the resolution was transmitted to the Tribunate, and from the moment that, through dexterous management, Bonaparte had brought it round to the people, the question might be regarded as already decided in his favor, both from the means of influence which a government has always at command, and because, hitherto, the *outward* acts of the First Consul had been such as to secure popularity.

While merely the necessary forms were thus waited for—in other respects there could be no doubt—the First Consul went to pass some days at Malmaison. This was pretty generally his custom after an event out of the ordinary routine of government. There he reflected upon what he had done, and, by the success attending his most daring actions, was encouraged in the belief of his fortune and in the species of worship he rendered to audacity. While passion urged him on, he saw but his object; that attained, he examined the obstacles which he might have encountered. The first day of our retreat, it being then about the middle of May, and consequently the evenings fine, on our rising from table Bonaparte said to me—"Come, Bourrienne, let us take a turn." He was very serious; and we had walked out in the park for two or three minutes without his uttering a single word. Ignorant of the cause of this silence, and wishing to break it in an agreeable manner, I spoke to him of recent transactions. He seemed scarcely to hear me, so completely did he appear absorbed in his own reflections; then, stopping on a sudden, "Bourrienne," said he, "do you think the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his

rights were I to make offer of a large indemnity, or even of a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt interrogatory on a subject of all others unexpected, I answered at once that the thought was not to be entertained; and though the Bourbons could not, with any likelihood, hope to return while he was chief of France, yet, it was to be supposed, they did regard their return as probable. "How so?"—"General, for a very simple reason: Do you not find that your agents daily flatter your desires, or conceal the truth from you, in order to show forth their own importance in your service? Are you not often indignant when the truth at length reaches you?"—"Yes; well?"—"Very well, General, must it not be the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France?"—"You are right; your idea is good. But keep yourself easy; I fear them not. Notwithstanding something, perhaps, may be done: I will think of it. We shall see." The conversation dropped on this subject; but it will be seen ere long that this thought did not germinate in Bonaparte's brain without bringing forth its fruit.

In the interval between the acts of the legislature relative to the consulate and the collecting of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or, to speak more correctly, gave them a new activity on the question of succession, so that hereditary power also might be included. Circulars on this subject, but without name, which had been dispersed over the country, were transmitted, by different prefects, to the minister of the interior, with complaints of the mischief they were producing in their prefectures. These came from Lucien. Whether Bonaparte knew of them this time, as in the case of the famous pamphlet, is not certain; but I believe him to have been not quite a stranger to their contents, for they were from the pen of Rœderer, at the instigation of Lucien; and Rœderer was then in high favor at the Tuileries. I only recollect the First Consul getting into a great passion about a pamphlet by Camille Jordan, who, though he voted favorably on the question of the consulate for life, demanded also the liberty of the press, and wrote in support of this demand. The suspended vote of La Fayette was but a peccadillo in comparison. Bonaparte ran over the fatal brochure, breathing invectives against its author. "How!" said he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands?—babblers, who see politics upon paper as they look at the world on a chart! Forsooth! I have only to allow them to order things, and all will go well! On my word! Camille Jordan, whom I received so kindly at Lyons—he also demands the liberty of the press! No! assuredly they shall not have it! I might as well get into the stage at once, and set off to live on a farm some hundred leagues from

Paris!" As a conclusion to this violent sally the first act of the First Consul in favor of the liberty of the press was to seize the pamphlet in which Camille Jordan had set himself to show forth its advantages. Everything tending to popular interference, whether in writing or speaking, was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones to Bonaparte—hence his profound hatred of lawyers, orators and writers.

There was still in France, and even in the legislature, a considerable number of men who silently opposed Bonaparte in the headlong career of his ambition—who had saluted with enthusiasm the dawn of the Revolution, but who had subsequently turned with abhorrence from its mockeries and its crimes. These yet cherished the possibility of a constitutional government in France. From such opponents, however, Bonaparte deemed no danger to be feared; he even turned their honorable aspirations into a lure by promises of liberty and by an appearance of popular forms. He could now say—"Do you require the voice of the nation?—behold it is in my favor. Three million five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens have given in their suffrages; well! of that number how many are for me? Behold again: three million three hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Compare; you have not wherewith to oppose me—one vote to forty-five in my favor. I obey the voice of the people." He might also have added—"Besides, what are those suffrages given against me? Those of ideologists, lawyers, haranguers, Jacobins and peculators of the public revenue under the Directory? What! object to such arguments?" Nor must the reader imagine that I have invented the words here put into Bonaparte's mouth; he, in fact, used them oftener than once.

The result of the voting being declared, the Senate found itself compelled to repair the only fault yet committed in the eyes of the First Consul, by presenting to him, in grand audience, a decree thus conceived:—

"Article I. The French people appoints, and the Senate proclaims, Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

"Article II. A statue of Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other this decree of the Senate, shall witness to posterity a nation's gratitude.

"Article III. The Senate shall convey to the First Consul the expression of the confidence, love, and admiration of the French people."

Bonaparte replied to the deputation of the Senate in presence of the members of diplomacy, whose day of audience had been fixed on purpose for enabling the ambassadors speedily to inform their respective courts that Europe reckoned a king more. In his reply the only thing worthy of remark is the appearance, once more, of the high-sounding words, *Liberty* and *Equality*:—"Through my efforts; through your concurrence, Citizen Senators; through the concurrence of all the authorities, aided by the confidence and the wishes of this great people, Liberty and Equality, and the prosperity of France, shall be established beyond the vicissitudes of chance and the uncertainties of the future. The best of nations will be the happiest, as the most worthy of being so; and the felicity of the French people will contribute to that of all Europe. Then, satisfied with having been called, by the fiat of Him from whom all emanates, to bring back to earth Justice, Order, and Equality, I shall hear the stroke of my last hour without regret, and without inquietude as to the opinion of the generations to come. Senators, receive my thanks on this solemn occasion. The Senate desired what the people has now willed, and henceforth is more closely associated in all that remains to be done for the good of the country."

On the day of this solemnity, besides the diplomatic body, there was a prodigious assemblage of generals, officers and superior functionaries of government. In the grand apartments of the Tuileries all wore the aspect of rejoicing and bustle. Not so in the apartments of Josephine, who could not but see, in each step which her husband made towards the throne, a step which removed him from her. Sad, oppressed with secret grief, she had yet to sustain the honors of the evening's receptions. She acquitted herself with her wonted grace. But, on that evening, the tone of conversation was unusually serious: little was spoken of besides the ceremony of the morning and the happiness of France, now assured during the life of the Consul. His words were recalled—were dwelt upon—each, in some way or other, expressed his admiration of the great man, who would owe all to the award of the people. Bonaparte enjoyed his triumph with well-enacted modesty; while the provident Cambacèrés, in the midst of a numerous circle, affected to put restrictions on his approbation, as if the First Consul had manifested principles too popular!

But, during the busy year of 1802, the First Consul gave his hours to far other important and honorable cares. From the month of March he had been most regular in attending the sittings of the Council of State, often dedicated to a subject which engrossed his thoughts from the time when he first entered the Luxembourg. This was the

compiling of a new code of laws to replace the indigested collections of revolutionary judicature, and to substitute order for that species of anarchy which still reigned in judicial legislation. Men the most deeply versed in legal science had co-operated in this immense work; and the result of the whole was, *The Civil Code*, afterwards named *The Code Napoleon*. The labors in this great and useful undertaking being brought to a close, Bonaparte named a commission, presided by Cambacèrés, and composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai and Tronchet, to present the Code to the legislature. During the whole of the investigations, instead of meeting, according to custom, twice a week, the Council of State assembled every day, for two or three, frequently for five or six hours. The First Consul took so lively an interest in these lofty discussions that, in order to prolong them, he very often retained several members of council to dinner. It was in these grave conversations that I have most admired the incredible versatility of the genius of Bonaparte; or rather that superior instinct which enabled him at once to perceive, in their true point of view, questions of legislature to which he might naturally have been supposed a stranger. This arose from his possessing, in supreme degree, a knowledge of man, and of the science of ruling: hence, whatever is required to bind men under the control of government, struck upon his spirit as if by sudden revelations.

About the middle of August he paid his first visit of state to the Legislative Assembly, therein to preside as Consul for life. I profited by one of my rare moments of leisure to view the procession and ceremony. All showed truly royal. The streets were lined with troops; the consular carriage, for the first time, was drawn by eight horses—a distinction which ancient forms had reserved for the kings of France; and ten senators received him on alighting. This last mark of sovereignty, however, by a well-played piece of comic modesty, in which his brothers enacted the chief characters, was set aside at that very meeting.* This state visit had also at bottom something more; it gave precedence over the bodies of the legislature to the Senate, which, as by instinct, he had divined would prove the most yielding to his purposes. In fact, he afterwards gave this assembly the name of the "Deaf and Dumb Institution;" and for that very reason not only left untouched, but extended its privileges, at the expense of other parts of the legislature. Thus the creation of senatories, in 1803, displaced, in a great measure, the functions of the counselors of state; since these

* By a singular coincidence, one of the decrees presented by Bonaparte, on this his first act of royalty, pronounced the annexation of the Island of Elba to the French Republic.—*Translator.*

senators, on visiting their senatories, enjoyed the privilege of holding courts of appeal. Yet scarcely could he speak of the Senate without laughing at it. The judgment of Bonaparte must not be confounded with his actions. His sagacity discovered and appreciated what was good; but the necessities of his situation left him little choice between the good and the expedient.

While all were thus fashioning themselves with admirable docility to his views and to the yoke he prepared, Bonaparte found it far more difficult to manage his own family than to govern France. Reports were industriously circulated by his brothers that Talleyrand, Lucien and Joseph were to divide between them the different departments, at the very time, too, when the Consul was proposing to extend the executive; and in fact he did add a new minister for the treasury, and divided into two the secretaryship of war. Besides, the conduct of Lucien had recently given great offense. The letters from Madrid were absolutely filled with complaints against him, which, added to certain scandalous scenes, the talk of all Paris—such as the carrying off the wife of a lemonade seller, irritated Bonaparte to the last degree. Under so many provocations from almost every member of his family, I have ever been much at a loss to account for the empire maintained over him by his relations.

One of the happiest sayings on record is that of the Athenian who appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. I speak not here of the gross indulgence which levels the man with the brute, but of that intoxication of success which seems to afflict the ambitious with a species of mental inebriety. The intellect of mediocrity is not subject to this derangement—scarcely, indeed, can conceive it; nevertheless, true it is that glory and ambition mount for the moment into the best organized brain, as was Bonaparte's case, who, in all the plenitude of his genius, suffered aberrations of judgment; and if his imagination never failed, his understanding was frequently at fault. I lay stress upon this remark as explaining, perhaps at the same time excusing, the crimes with which the First Consul has been most severely reproached. The activity of his mind admitted no interval between the conception and the execution of a thought, and when he would have recalled his orders in the calmer moments of reflection it was generally too late. Yet certain it is that in civil affairs duty was best discharged to the First Consul by never obeying the first *hasty* impulse given. The very reverse was the service required on the field of battle: there his combinations, rapid as the lightning, were no less correct than decisive. How often, too, has he said to me of certain persons that they were gifted with a mis-

chievous zeal; nor was he aware how often the zeal put in action about the persons of great men is but one of the shapes assumed by baseness. Thus, for example—though in their case doubtless with the best intentions—Maret, Champagny and Savary often exhibited an eagerness of service whose consequences were very fatal.

How different was the conduct of Talleyrand! When the Consul gave him orders, "Write so and so—send it off instantly by an extraordinary courier," he usually took his time, and put himself in no hurry: in short, he was accustomed to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Next time that the minister came to transact business, the question would be put—"Well, did you dispatch the courier?"—"I should have been very cautious of doing so," would the minister reply, "before showing you my letter." Then it most generally happened, that the First Consul added—"All reflections made, don't send." Such was the zeal really serviceable to Bonaparte; and it is but just to add, that I never saw him impatient at, or dissatisfied with such delay. An hundred times have I heard him remark, both in Talleyrand's case and my own, when we had deferred an order emanating from his resentment or passion, not from his heart or judgment, "It is well—very well: you understand me; so does Talleyrand. It is thus I should be served: others leave me no time for reflection; they are too prompt!" In fact, with the exception of Fouché, his other ministers, if ordered to send off a courier to-morrow morning, were more inclined to expedite the violent message that same evening. These two individuals, as it were, represented at the consular court, the former the Constitutional Assembly, with an odor of ancient refinement; the latter, the Convention in all its brutality.

At this time royalism had the support of a committee, whose existence in Paris was known to the First Consul, and which conducted a correspondence with Louis XVIII. This committee must not be confounded with subaltern agents, who were good for little, and among whom were many, like Melas's spy at Marengo, who studied only to make hay whatever sun might shine, or rather, who served Bonaparte alone, while they took pay with both hands. These called themselves agents of Louis XVIII., on the strength of holding correspondence with the knights of *industry*, as well as of *emigration*. The committee, properly so called, was quite another thing; this was composed of men whose minds were enriched with principles of true liberty, and whose attachment to the house of Bourbon resulted from an enlightened patriotism. These were the Marquis of Clermont-Gallerande, the Abbé de Montesquieu, M. Becquet, and M. Royer-Collard. The formation of

this party ascended to an earlier date; it had existed from the Assembly of the Notables, and its members continued to act upon a fixed plan, opposed to the despotism of Bonaparte, and conceived upon what they believed to be the interests of France. On the occasion of the assembly, they had labored to separate Louis XVIII. from the emigration, and at that time to hold him up to the nation as capable of being the chief of a constitutional and rational government. To Bonaparte, whom I have often heard talk on this subject, nothing appeared so formidable as those ideas of liberty in union with monarchy; he treated them, indeed, as reveries; called the members of committee fantastic dreamers; yet feared not less the triumph of such opinions. It was in order, he confessed, to counteract the influence of the royalist committee that he had consented to the recall of those emigrants whose conceptions of monarchy he knew to be incompatible with these opinions, who imagined regal power only as absolute power, and whose influence, therefore, with their own party, would paralyze the efforts of the royalists in the interior.

I recollect having read, at this period, a tract which was seized, exhibiting a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII., and signed by M. d'Andre, who attested its conformity to the original. The principles contained in this declaration were almost, in every respect, the same as those which afterwards served as the basis of the *Charte*. Such was so avowedly the object of the royalist committee that, in 1792, consequently before the crime of the 21st January, Louis XVI., knowing the sentiments of M. de Clermont-Gallerande, sent him to Coblentz, to inform the princes on his and the Queen's part that to emigrate would ruin them. I know, also, most positively, that this circumstance was written by M. de Clermont-Gallerande, in his Memoirs, and retrenched after the manuscript was sent to the press. What influence commanded this erasure? We know—and we know not!

Under the consular government, however, the committee was not in a state of conspiracy: if I may so express myself, it existed in a state of persuasion. All its efforts tended to bring over those persons who were supposed to possess the greatest influence with the First Consul, hoping to arrive by degrees even at inducing him to desire the return of the Bourbons. To Madame Bonaparte they had especially addressed themselves, and, as we have seen, not without effect. The ladies of her intimate society entertained Josephine with views of glory and brilliant renown, of high social distinctions, if the powerful arm which had arrested the Revolution should rear again the throne overturned in the revolutionary struggle. Bonaparte perceived nothing, because, always

in his cabinet or at the council, he was too deeply engaged with the cares of founding a new government to attend to the maneuvers of the boudoir. Besides, his lady having never concealed her opinions with regard to the Bourbons, in causing her society to be watched he learned nothing which he did not already know from herself. Moreover, the ladies who most encouraged Josephine in these favorable sentiments towards the Bourbons were rarely to be met in the saloon. In general, they paid only morning visits, and, if some remained when the Consul appeared in the evening, it may be supposed they took good care to say nothing in his presence. There was going forward at this time an intrigue in which the Duchess de Guiche was the agent; but I am too imperfectly acquainted with details to do more than merely mention it here as its proper place.

While attempts thus so far succeeded in bringing Madame Bonaparte over to the Bourbon interests, endeavors at the same time were made to dazzle the First Consul by splendid offers. The sword of the Constable de Duquesclin would be new tempered; a statue erected to his honor should attest to posterity his unsullied glory and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But he heard these proposals, laid even before him, as insignificant, and had no trust to place in their sincerity. One day, in a conversation with La Fayette, he expressed himself seriously on these matters—"They offer me a statue, but let me beware the pedestal; they would certainly render it my person." I do not vouch for these words as having heard them uttered, but guarantee the authenticity of the source whence they reached me.

While the possible return of the Bourbons was thus anticipated in the saloons of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, the appearance of a work from the pen of Madame Genlis entitled, "Madame de la Valliere," tended to direct the national recollections towards the most brilliant era in the reign of Louis XIV. Madame Genlis had recently returned to France, and though the police seized her book on account of certain engravings, whereby the political references were rendered plainer, she herself remained unmolested. She even corresponded with the First Consul; but such communications falling not within the circle of my occupations, I did not see the letters: I understood, however, from Madame Bonaparte, that they contained a considerable number of proper names, and doubt not they contributed to aggrandize the Fauxbourg in the eyes of the First Consul, which, notwithstanding all his strength, he had the weakness to magnify into a bugbear. Between his followers, too, at the Tuileries, and the inhabitants of the Fauxbourg, there existed a guerilla warfare of petty grievances—acrimo-

nious in proportion to its worthlessness. In the circles of the latter, it was a thing quite *à la mode* to turn into ridicule the manners, but little elegant, of the nobles of the republic as compared with the high-bred ease of the noblesse of the old school. The wives of some generals found themselves several times humiliated by their native awkwardness; those of the ancient court, in their societies, affected to speak with contempt of the *upstarts*, as they called them—the *parvenus*—men who, according to the expression of Talleyrand, "knew not how to walk the carpet."* All this gave rise to complaints, of which the Fauxbourg was the object, while Bonaparte's dependents, and especially his brothers, made it their constant aim to irritate him yet more against everything which tended to recall ideas of the Bourbons. Joseph showed himself here particularly active. Napoleon had no need of them—he could have afforded to dispense with a throne, for his name already belonged to posterity; but what was to become of all those who shone merely as reflectors of his luster?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF LOUIS XVIII.—BOURRIENNE'S DISMISSAL—ANECDOTES—SYMPTOMS OF WAR WITH FRANCE AND ENGLAND—JOURNEY OF THE CONSUL—A COLLEGE FRIEND.

SUCH were the dispositions and situation of Bonaparte—such the state of parties and of society, during the year 1802. The name of the Bourbons must, indeed, at this era, have struck with formidable effect upon his ear, since its sound alone hurried him into one of the most inconsiderate acts of his whole life. After allowing, as we have seen, seven months to elapse without answering the letter of Louis XVIII., after having at length replied to a second communication like a king to a subject, Bonaparte yielded to such excess of delusion as to write in his turn proposing to Louis XVIII. to renounce the throne of his ancestors, offering him, as the price of this resignation, a principality in Italy, with a considerable revenue for himself and family. The reader will not have forgotten the abrupt overture in the park at

* "Du parquet," literally, "inlaid work," alluding to the beautifully wrought and highly polished floors of the drawing-rooms in France. In these, as the reader must be aware, no *carpets* are used; and it requires no little practice and dexterity, as might be illustrated by more than one anecdote of Josephine's own parties, to *walk the parquet* with graceful security. The imperial ex-minister's remark is now proverbial in the Parisian circles for an awkward man.—*Translator.*

Malmaison, nor my reply; for to these circumstances I attribute the mystery observed towards me in regard to this strange correspondence. The letter I am strongly tempted to consider as the result of private conferences with his brother Lucien. Of the letter, however, I know nothing beyond the fact of its having been sent; but I am certainly informed of what passed at Mittau, where it was laid before Louis XVIII.

That prince had already felt greatly displeased with Bonaparte's conduct, both in the delay and by the tenor of his tardy reply. But on reading this second letter, the dethroned monarch was seized with such lively indignation that he wrote on the instant a few lines which forcibly expressed all that the soul of a king could be supposed to feel of resentment at so base a proposal. The letter which Louis thus hastily traced in the first moment of emotion bore no resemblance to the noble and magnanimous reply which was actually transmitted and is now given to the reader. This closes in the words of Francis the First; but the former was marked by a still more chivalrous incident —the king in his indignation had rested his hand while writing upon the hilt of his sword. This first billet having been seen by the Abbé André, in whom his majesty placed great confidence, he prevailed upon the king, not without great difficulty, to subdue his feelings; and Louis afterwards wrote the following letter :—

"I do not confound M. Bonaparte with the men who preceded him; I esteem his valor and his military talents; I owe him favor for some acts of administration—for the good done to my people will always be dear to me: but he mistakes if he conceive I can be engaged to renounce my rights. Far from that, he himself, by the step which he has now taken, would legally establish them, were they liable to be disputed.

"I cannot foresee what God may have in store for me and for my people; but I know the obligations which He has laid upon me. A Christian—I will fulfill the duties of the name to my latest breath: son of St. Louis—like him I shall know how to respect myself even in bonds: successor of the First Francis—I desire ever to be able with him to say, 'All is lost, save honor!' LOUIS.

"*Mittau*, 1802."

This letter of Louis XVIII. being brought to Paris, the royalist committee assembled, much embarrassed how to expedite it to its destination. A second meeting was held at Neuilly. After long delibera-

tion they thought of addressing the Third Consul, with whom the Abbé Montesquieu had maintained an acquaintance since the days of the Constitutional Assembly; and on the application being made, the Third Consul undertook the delivery. Bonaparte received the letter with an indifference such that I have never been able to this hour to say whether it was real or affected: to me he said very little on the unfortunate issue of the negotiation.

Unquestionably the letter of Louis XVIII. bears the impress of a nobility of sentiment which cannot be too much admired; and it may now be said, that in the result of this transaction, Bonaparte rendered a real service to the royal cause, since he thus furnished to the king an occasion of presenting to the world one of the most splendid pages in the history of a dethroned sovereign.*

I now return to my own private circumstances as consequent on my first disgrace, from which the preceding details have carried me over six months. On the morning after resuming my functions, I entered as usual the chamber of the First Consul, to call him at seven. He showed no coolness, but treated me in all respects as if absolutely nothing had occurred between us. On rejoining me in our cabinet he spoke of affairs with his wonted confidence; and I saw from the great number of letters left in the basket during the few days of my suspended functions, that Bonaparte had still as little taste as in times past for that work. Thus, then, I found myself re-established in my old intimacy; but soon discovered that henceforward, from the scene witnessed by Talleyrand, my continuance in the cabinet of the Tuileries would be only provisional—longer or shorter, according to circumstances.

Some time afterwards the First Consul addressed me with an expression of interest and kindliness of which, however, I was not the dupe. "My poor Bourrienne, you really cannot do all. Business increases, and will continue to do so. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family; I wish to spare your health, and not kill you outright: you shall have assistance. Joseph, to whom I have spoken on the subject, tells me he is willing to resign to me his own secretary, with whom he is much pleased. He will be under your orders, make

* In answer to this letter of Louis XVIII., or rather congratulating him on having written such a letter, the royalist committee in Paris wrote, and sent a long and beautifully composed address to their exiled monarch. It was intended to have given this document in the appendix; but as it is an isolated paper, or private expression of the honorable attachment of a devoted party, and tending to throw little or no light upon the general events of the history, it is omitted.—*Translator.*

your copies, and you will give him in charge whatever you can dispense with doing yourself without injury to my service. At the least, you will be considerably relieved in your occupations."—"I ask nothing better," said I, "than to have some one to assist me; he will become accustomed to your service and be able to replace me one day."

Joseph, in effect, did give up to his brother M. Mennevalle, a young man of excellent education, laborious, quiet and discreet, with whom I was perfectly satisfied, and never had occasion to regret the time passed in his society. I soon remarked that the First Consul set himself to form Mennevalle, and to habituate him to his business and his ways. As he never pardoned me for having dared to quit him, now that he had attained so high a degree of power, my punishment had been resolved upon. I had seized the opportunity that offered, in order to separate myself from him: he took advantage of an unfortunate occurrence to separate himself from me.

I proceed to explain the misfortune in which I got involved, more deserving of consolation and assistance than of disgrace. The circumstances have been very incorrectly related. I shall not attempt to refute all the errors that have been printed on the subject, but quote only from the "Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo" (Savary).

"The life of Napoleon was one of continual labor. He employed as confidential secretary M. de Bourrienne, the companion of his boyhood, and who participated in all his toils. Bourrienne had a prodigious memory; spoke and wrote several languages; his pen was as rapid as speech. These were not the only advantages he possessed; he was acquainted with administration and with law, which, with his devotedness and activity, rendered him an invaluable man to the First Consul. I have witnessed many instances of the confidence reposed in him by his chief, but cannot speak with the same assurance of the causes of his disgrace. Bourrienne had many enemies; some he owed to his character—more to his place. He could not be attacked on the score of ability or discretion. They set a watch upon his habits, and discovered that he dabbled in the stocks: imputation thus became easy. He was accused of peculation: this was to attack him on the unguarded side. The First Consul abhorred nothing so much as illegal means of acquiring gold. But a single vice was not sufficient to ruin a man whom he was accustomed to love and esteem. Whether the accusations were well founded or not, nothing was neglected to bring them under the eye of the First Consul. For this purpose they employed a means which, in its origin, intended for the discovery of truth, was often perverted to

the purpose of conveying falsehood to the ear of the state. During the reign of Louis XV., or under the Regency, a surveillance had been established at the post-office, exercised not over all letters, but over such only as there were motives for suspecting. These were opened, and, when not convenient to suppress them, the inspector took a copy and dispatched them by the regular course. By the aid of this institution, an individual who denounced another could give weight to his accusation. It sufficed to put into the post-office letters conceived in terms to confirm the opinion wished to be supported. The honestest man in the world might thus find himself compromised by a letter which he never read, or, at least, which he had not understood. I myself have had experience of this. I opened a correspondence on some fact that had never taken place. The letter was opened, and a copy transmitted to me, because such were then my orders. But when this copy reached me I had already in my possession the originals, which had arrived through the ordinary channel. Summoned to answer to the inquiries which these essays provoked, I thence took occasion to expose the danger of blindly adopting information derived from such a source; and thus the system fell into discredit. But as yet it enjoyed full confidence, at the period of Bourrienne's disgrace. His enemies took care not to neglect this means: they contrived, also, to blacken him with M. de Barbé-Marbois, who gave to the accusation all the weight of his probity. The opinion of this rigid functionary and other additional circumstances determined the First Consul to separate from his secretary."

By peculation is meant the crime of those who convert to their own use moneys levied for the public service. But, never having been intrusted with the administration of the resources of the state; never having either touched or collected the public funds; having ever remained an entire stranger to such responsibilities—the reproach of peculation cannot rest upon me. The inconceivable version of M. de Rovigo, so little in harmony with the introductory eulogy, must, therefore, be the fruit of misapprehension, for I have proofs that he esteemed me more than any one. The whole is a calumny which cannot be his own work, but to which he has lent himself as the echo. However it may be, this singular accusation has procured from the austere magistrate, of whose venerable name the Duke had too lightly made use, an occasion of giving to the world a fresh proof of a love of justice. I was still ignorant of the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, except from seeing their announcement in the newspapers, when my family transmitted the following letter, addressed to me by M. de Barbé-Marbois:—

Sir,—In certain Memoirs, recently published, I have been led to remark the following article. (Here is transcribed the passage above quoted.) This assertion is not true. And I consider it a debt of justice, as respects you, sir, and as respects myself, to declare that I was ignorant at the time, and still am ignorant, of the causes of the separation alluded to. I request you to accept," etc., etc.

There needs, I believe, nothing more than this noble and spontaneous act to justify me and rebut the indiscreet accusation of peculating, uttered in ignorance of the true causes of my rupture with the First Consul; which are as follows :—

One of the principal houses in Paris had engaged to furnish stores for the war-office. With the knowledge of Berthier, the minister with whom the house had concluded the engagement, I purchased an interest. Unfortunately, the house in question, unknown to me, had become also deeply implicated in speculations on 'Change. The unskillfulness of agents, together with the permanent causes of ruin in a game where the cards are too dear, produced their usual consequences; and the house found itself in a deficit of several millions. This raised such a rumor that the First Consul, who had always a false idea of the public funds, believed the slight depression to be the consequence of this failure. The stocks were represented to him as overturned; and insinuations were made that I was accused of abusing the confidence of my situation, to excite a by-play of fall and rise. Thus, though in truth a loser to a very considerable amount, I became the object of resentment of the First Consul, who informed me "He had no farther occasion for my services." Had I been desirous of recalling him from this irritation, I might have pointed out to him that I could not be blamed for *purchasing* with my own money such an interest, when he had considered himself legally entitled to stipulate for a *gratuity* of 1,500,000 francs for his brother Joseph on the commissioner of naval stores. But for some time, M. Mennevalle had begun to replace me in the cabinet. There wanted, then, only an occasion to decide the First Consul on paying off old scores, by dispensing, for good and all, with my services. I have given the true pretext for our separation; and I defy whomsoever to substantiate a tittle of Rovigo's accusation, or of any exaction or extortion.

The Duke of Rovigo gives us to understand that, by means of petitions and intercepted letters, I had been compromised with the First Consul. This recalls to my mind the following postscript in the letter just cited, of M. de Marbois :—"P. S. I recollect that one Wednesday,

the First Consul, while presiding in the council of ministers, opened a billet and without communicating the contents to us, went out in haste, and in anger. He returned some minutes after, and told us your functions had ceased." What especially gives weight, in my opinion, to the note mentioned here by M. de Marbois is, that the day mentioned is the very one (Wednesday, 20th October) on which I was informed my services were no longer required, and on which I quitted the consular palace. Be this as it may, whether the dismissal arose out of a sudden ebullition, called forth by a secret denunciation, or whether a resolution, which I am convinced had long been taken, was now merely executed, I embrace the occasion of saying something in my turn, on the secret of the letters alluded to in the previous quotation.

The existence of an office, surnamed the Black, as already observed, dates from the reign of Louis XV., having been established for the purpose of amusing that monarch with the scandalous chronicle of the court and city. Had it always remained enveloped in profound secrecy; had it been constantly directed by wisdom, prudence, and moderation, it could never have been dangerous to the citizens, and might have proved useful to the government under extraordinary emergencies. Doubtless this "institution," as the Duke calls it, was a malady in the body politic; but how many institutions are there which the organization of man, and the state of society, unfortunately oblige us to tolerate!

Every morning, for the space of three years, I read the portfolio dispatched from this office. I declare frankly that, except for this vile purpose of intrigue, I never saw in the intercepted correspondence anything to justify the exaggerated fears and indignation with which the public believed itself authorized to visit this committee of research, whose labors were the more dreaded in proportion as they were little known. In fact, of about thirty thousand letters, nightly dispatched from Paris, for France, and for the world, ten or twelve only were copied, and often by an extract of a few lines, engrossed in order by the daily number of the letters. These extracts were always taken by myself and transmitted to the proper authorities, with these words—"The First Consul desires me to inform you that he has just received the following information," etc. It was left to divine whence the information proceeded. But from the causes already noticed, even these ten or dozen letters soon came to be disregarded; and if, contrary to the order to copy no more of them, some extracts slipped in, they excited only contempt. Such was the system of which, at the period of my disgrace, I became a victim, and again, as we shall find in the sequel, narrowly escaped the consequences.

On quitting the consular palace I retired to a house which Bonaparte had desired me to purchase at St. Cloud, promising to pay for it as well as for the establishments and furnishing ordered by himself. We shall see how he kept his word. I immediately sent an order to Landoire, the servant in waiting, to remit me from the cabinet all my letters in the portfolio of the First Consul, for whom many arrived under cover to me. To this note Mennevalle replied, "I cannot suppose the First Consul will permit your letters to be sent; I presume you allude to those which may concern him, addressed under your cover. The First Consul has written to Citizens La Valette and Mollier, instructing them to forward their packets directly to himself. I cannot therefore take upon me to allow Landoire to obey your order. Last evening the First Consul evinced the greatest uneasiness; he repeatedly said to me, 'See how unhappy I am; I have known that man from the age of seven years.' I cannot but believe that he will revoke his unfortunate determination. I have already intimated my inability to discharge alone the whole burden of his cabinet, and that he must necessarily suffer great inconvenience by depriving himself of the services of one to whose duties I am confident no one else is fully competent. He is gone to bed full of melancholy thoughts.—29th Vendemiaire, X. (21st October, 1802)."

On the morrow I received a second note from the excellent young man Mennevalle, than whom I could not have desired a more obliging or agreeable fellow-laborer, to the following effect:—"I send your letters; the First Consul prefers that you return *unsealed* those which concern him. I add the German Gazettes, which he begs you to translate. Madame Bonaparte deeply feels your misfortune. As for myself, I can assure you that no one more ardently desires that the First Consul may recall you to his confidence, and restore you to a place wherein it would be so difficult to find a successor for you, whether as respects trustworthiness or ability. This hope, too, I cannot forego."

Eight days passed in a contest between the friendship of the First Consul and his self-love. The slightest desire manifested for my recall was combatted by vile flatterers. Of this fact Madame Bonaparte assured me, repeating their remarks to her husband, as "Bring him back! What are you about to do? People will say his services were indispensable to you. You are now quit of him—think no more of the matter. He will now no longer pester you with the importance, forsooth! which he attached to the English journals." This will recall a scene to the reader. On the fifth day after our separation, he sent for me. He showed the greatest good humor; and after gently remind-

ing me that I sometimes expressed my thoughts too freely—a fault I never had any wish to correct—added, "I regret your loss; you were most useful to me: neither too noble, nor too plebeian—neither too much an aristocrat, nor too much a Jacobin—you were discreet, laborious; you understood me better than anyone else: but then, between ourselves, we must look upon this as a kind of court. Observe Duroc, Bessières, Maret. I should, notwithstanding, be much disposed to recall you; but I cannot do so without in some measure countenancing a report which has been spread abroad—that I cannot do without you." I am convinced that Bonaparte, left to himself, would have taken me again into favor. Our rupture, as will be observed, happened on the 20th October, and it was not till the 8th November that I received the following letter from the First Consul:—

"Citizen Bourrienne, Minister of State—I am satisfied with the services you have rendered since near my person; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. My intention is that you cease from this date to discharge the functions or to bear the title of my confidential secretary. As to the rest I am disposed to embrace the earliest occasion that may present itself, of placing you in a manner suitable to your activity and your talents, and most conducive to the public service.

"BONAPARTE."

All these documents prove my separation from the First Consul to have originated in causes altogether foreign to confidence, diligence, fidelity or discretion. And if any proof of his hostility were necessary, it would be found in the subsequent fact. When, in order to preserve a little liberty, I declined the apartments at Malmaison destined for me and my family by Madame Bonaparte, and purchased a small house at Ruel, the First Consul gave orders to have it furnished, as also my house in Paris. From the manner in which this order was given, I had no doubt of his intention thus to make me a present. The following official letter from Duroc unceremoniously dissipated this delusion:—

"The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, has *just* given me an order to remit to him the keys of your lodgings in Paris, and desires that they remain furnished as at this moment. He has also ordered to be given up to the proper officer all effects whatsoever which you have, whether at Ruel or elsewhere, and which come from government. I beg you will send me an answer, and enable me to execute the orders I have received. With much friendship, DUROC.

"15th November, 1802."

In the course of the nine months between my resignation and final dismissal, two great events, as already explained, took place—the Consulate for Life and the Peace of Amiens. Of the latter, and of my newly-acquired liberty, I was inclined to take advantage by making a tour in England, whither some affairs called me. Nevertheless, though with nothing to reproach myself, I felt mine to be a delicate situation, and that no room might be left for misconstruction, resolved to maintain all observances. On the 11th January, 1803, I accordingly wrote to Duroc:

"Affairs require my presence for some time in England. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention this journey to the First Consul. Desiring to do nothing which may oppose his wishes, I shall give up my own interests rather than displease him. I expect from your friendship a reply to this letter. The uncertainty in which you would otherwise leave me would prove injurious in more respects than one."—The reply was speedily forthcoming, conceived thus: "I have laid before the First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, your letter just written to me. He read it and said, '*No.*' This is the only reply I am able to give thee. A thousand remembrances.—DUROC."

The monosyllable sufficed: it strengthened my conviction that Bonaparte felt he had wronged me; and that those wrongs which we inflict upon others we never forgive. Supposing me animated by the desire of revenge, which had more than once directed his own movements, I am certain he was afraid that my journey to the free soil of England had for its object to take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had annihilated in France. He supposed me capable of printing certain notes which might have enlightened the public on the acts of his administration, and of thus making his designs more effectually known than they had become through the atrocious calumnies and ribaldry of Pelletier. Unquestionably Bonaparte was in this most egregiously mistaken: I never had such a thought; and were any proof beyond my own asseveration necessary, the date of these Memoirs, the period at which alone I consented to publish them, would more than suffice to establish this fact.

I was not deceived as to Bonaparte's motive in putting so rude a negative on my proceedings, and well knowing his character I judged it prudent to conceal my papers in such a manner as effectually to secure them against his inquisitorial researches. Inclosing, therefore, with care, in a tin case, my most precious notes and documents. I

buried them in the earth. We shall see, in the sequel, that it was not without reason I had apprehended persecution, suggested to the First Consul by my enemies; and that these consequent precautions were far from useless On the 20th of April following, I received a billet from Duroc to this effect:—"I beg of thee, my dear B., to come to me at St. Cloud, some time in the forenoon of to-day. I have to speak with thee on the part of the First Consul. Remembrances."

This billet caused me much solicitude. I entertained little doubt of my enemies having fabricated some new calumny; but never could have anticipated such baseness. On learning the accusation, I traced rapidly, in Duroc's office, the following lines, which will explain its nature:—

"General Duroc sent for me to his office. He has informed me that an account has been rendered to you of a deficiency in the naval chest of 100,000 francs (£4,166, 13s.), and that you require me to restore that sum this day at twelve o'clock. Citizen First Consul, I understand not what this means; I am absolutely ignorant of the whole matter. Permit me to assure you, in the frankness of true honesty, that this insinuation is a most atrocious calumny. It must be added to those falsehoods already employed to ruin me in your judgment and your heart. I wait your orders in General Duroc's cabinet."

This note Duroc delivered. He returned almost immediately after. "Well, what now?"—"He desires me to say it was a mistake: he has just received proof that he had been deceived, and regrets this occurrence. Think no more of the affair." It would appear that the vile flatterers who surrounded him wished to renew upon me the Egyptian extortions. They ought to have known that the bowstring or the musket, used in the East to raise money, was no longer the fashion in France. It was no longer permitted "to grease the wheels of the revolutionary car."

The First Consul had never believed in a long duration of the peace with England. He had concluded without desiring the measure, because it was so ardently wished throughout all France that, after ten years of war, he judged it indispensable in founding his new government. Peace seemed necessary in order to enable him to conquer the throne of France, in like manner as war became the instrument to strengthen and enlarge the basis of his power at the expense of the other thrones of Europe. Such was the secret of the Peace of Amiens, and of the speedy rupture that followed: though the explosion, on the

side of Great Britain, took place sooner than the First Consul could have wished. He had too much acuteness to be deluded for a moment as to the intentions of England; he was fully assured that she would not have concluded a peace but because, deserted by her allies, she could not do otherwise, and that she would never allow France time for reorganizing a navy. On these grand questions of peace and war, the Consul entertained ideas of the most elevated order; but in the discussions of this period he always declared in favor of war. When others spoke of the advantages of peace, he acknowledged their importance; but maintained, on the other hand, that all these advantages could be only conditional, so long as England might throw, at will, into the balance of the world, the preponderance of her navy, and insinuate the influence of her gold into the cabinets of Europe. "The peace ought to be broken since England will evidently do so. Why not anticipate her hostility? why permit her to take her advantages? We must astonish Europe: we must change the political aspect of the Continent! We must strike a great blow; and let it be terrible—unexpected!" Thus reasoned the First Consul and it is known how his actions accorded with his thoughts.

The conduct of England but too well justified these apprehensions. Already, in fact, was she preparing the strong arm of her subsidies, an arm even then powerful in diplomatic concerns. In profound peace these maneuverings were carried on; but the English government sought, under the veil of unjust complaints, to cover the sources of real injury inflicted by underhand dealings. In fact, the king of England had addressed to Parliament a message which spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and precautions necessary to be taken against aggressions. Irritated at seeing his prospects of peace cut short, the First Consul, in a wrathful ebullition, thus addressed the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, in the saloon in presence of the other ambassadors: "What means this? Are you weary of peace? Must Europe be once more deluged in blood? Preparations for war! Does your nation think to overawe us? Eh, well! we shall see. France may be vanquished, destroyed perhaps—intimidated never!" The British envoy, astonished at this sally, made no answer. He contented himself with writing to his own court the details of this interview, in which the First Consul had certainly too far forgotten himself if, indeed, his had not been willful forgetfulness.

From the first day in which England showed dissatisfaction, it might have been taken for granted that she desired war. Malta she had promised to give up, but retained; Egypt she should have evacuated,

but remained in possession of; the Cape of Good Hope she ought to have yielded, but continued to hold; she had signed at Amiens a peace, without any intention of observing its conditions. The assembly at Lyons had awakened her suspicions, and the British ministry had seen too clearly not to discern a future King of Italy in the modest President of the Cisalpine Republic. England, whose policy is always so consistent with itself, so far-sighted and so solid, beheld St. Domingo in the hands of the French: St. Domingo must be free, and the French navy compelled to suffer for the efforts it had made to recover itself a little. England opposed ambition to ambition, stratagem to stratagem. She asserted, without proof, that France had not executed the clauses of the treaty, and had certainly taken her resolution when she signed the peace at Amiens, which wise men had foreseen was only a truce. These dispositions of England produced their inevitable result. Henceforward communications became reserved at first, then hostile; explanations were reciprocally demanded with equal haughtiness—a requisition of passports -and war quickly followed. England, upon this occasion, showed an eager violence, the more shocking that she of all the powers of Europe was the only one which had suffered no reverse and could come into the field with unbroken force. Who knows not, moreover, that it is during war English commerce flourishes most lucratively, and that by involving the Continent in perpetual wars she prospers and enriches herself?

War thus becoming inevitable, the First Consul traversed the north coasts of France and Belgium, in order to provide against the presumed attacks of the English on these parts. In passing through Compeigne he was visited by Father Berton, formerly Principal of the Military School at Brienne, and at this time Superior of the School of Arts at that town, a place to which he had been appointed by Bonaparte. From the good Josephine I learned the details of this visit. Father Berton, inexperienced and simple as when he held us under the birch, came to request the honor of his old pupil and lady breakfasting in his mansion. They both accepted. Our good Principal was still thinking of the times when Bonaparte attended the classes at Brienne. Alas! he deceived himself sadly. There lived with Father Berton at this period another old scholar, a schoolfellow also of the General's, named Bouquet. This person the Principal had expressly prohibited from appearing before the Consul or even showing himself to the suite, because of his disgrace in Italy, where he had served as commissary attached to headquarters. The conduct of Bouquet, who had pledged himself to remain in his chamber, was inexcusable. On

the arrival of the carriage he presented himself at the door, offering his hand cavalierly to assist Josephine to alight; in accepting which she said to him, "Bouquet, you are ruined." Bonaparte had perceived him. Indignant at what he considered an unpardonable familiarity, he gave himself up to one of those movements of rage which nothing could pacify. He had scarcely entered the apartment where the table was served, when, calling to his wife with an imperious voice, after seating himself, "Josephine, place yourself there," he commenced breakfast without even asking Father Berton to be seated, although, as may well be supposed, he had caused a third cover to be laid for himself. The old man remained standing behind his former pupil in consternation at his violence. This scene produced such an effect upon the good father that henceforth he became completely incapacitated for the discharge of his duties, and retired to Rheims, where reason entirely forsook him. I will not take upon me to decide whether the mental alienation of this worthy man is to be ascribed to the occurrence just related; but certain it is he was profoundly affected by it, and soon after died insane. The truth of the circumstances, which I learned from Josephine, has since been confirmed by the brother of our former Principal, an excellent and well-informed man. But, indeed, the resentment of Bonaparte nowise surprises me; for, as he rose in glory and power, the familiarities of his old play-fellows were to him insufferable.*

On the Consul's return from this expedition to the coast, I learned, through Rapp, that there had been urgent question respecting myself on the following occasion:—Being at Boulogne, he asked for some information from those who accompanied him, and which none could give. Impatient at not receiving immediately an answer to his inquiries, he called out abruptly, "Rapp, do you know where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Order one of my couriers to mount: write for him to come here immediately." The report of this spread like wildfire; all those interested in preventing my return crowded about the First Consul, and when Rapp returned with his letter to be dispatched the order had been countermanded. Rapp, however, wrote me not to quit Paris, or, at least, to leave my address, for

* The conduct of Bonaparte toward the good old man, Berton, was, no doubt, shocking; but justice is not done to the causes of his resentment against Bouquet, who was one of the most infamous scoundrels of the French commissaries in Italy—the base among the base. He robbed the Savings Bank at Verona of its whole contents, amounting to 12,000,000 of francs, destroying the registers; and only escaped being shot because it came out on his trial that Augereau and others were participators. "I am pleased," said Bonaparte, "that Bouquet has escaped; but had he been found guilty, I would not have saved him. Let him never again presume to appear in my presence."—*Translator.*

that he believed the order would be renewed, when Duroc and he were to seize the moment instantly. Upon their friendship I could depend in like manner as they relied on mine.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—ACTIVITY OF THE FIRST CONSUL—HIS POLITICAL VIEWS — DEFERENCE TO PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND — THE COUNTRY-DANCE—MUTUAL GRIEVANCES—RUPTURE OF THE TREATY —GALLICAN CHURCH—THE INSTITUTE — BONAPARTE'S LITERARY TASTES—EDUCATION—CONTINENTAL SYSTEM—INVASION—SINGULAR AUDIENCE.

THE First Consul having calculated upon a longer continuance of the Peace of Amiens, found himself in rather a doubtful position on its abrupt termination. The great number of discharges that had been granted, the deplorable state of the cavalry, and the temporary nullity of the artillery, caused by the too inconsiderate adoption of a plan of Berthier's for recasting the field-pieces, demanded all Bonaparte's energy and promptitude. The conscription was called forth to fill up the ranks of the army; the artillery scheme abandoned; contribution made in all the great towns; and the cavalry remounted with horses from Hanover, which, on its occupation, furnished a great number. Into all, Bonaparte seemed to possess the art of infusing his own incredible activity of spirit; and the essential sinews of war were created as if by enchantment. It is impossible to describe the labors undertaken and executed. The whole extent of Channel coast presented the aspect of one vast arsenal; for on this occasion, Bonaparte formed his troops on the model of the Roman legions, causing the tools of the artisan to replace, in the hands of his soldiers, the weapons of the warrior. They excavated the harbor at Boulogne; repaired and finished the works at Ambeltuse, commenced under Louis XVI., and interrupted during the Revolution; and what is worthy of remark, the soldiers were at the same time no less diligently employed in their military exercises, their time, so to speak, being as completely occupied as that of their chief. During the year 1803, and while the camp at Boulogne continued to be kept up, one may say the First Consul was everywhere. The journals announced his arrival at St. Cloud; two or three days later, they stated that he had inspected the works, superintended reviews, commanded new labors; and almost immediately after

a public audience, preceded by a parade in the Carrousel, showed him again returned to the capital.

For these frequent visits, sometimes to one coast, sometimes to another, Bonaparte generally set out in the night, stopping on the morrow morning at the post-house of Chantilly, where he made a temperate breakfast in all haste. Rapp, whom I continued to see when at Paris, was constantly speaking to me of these affairs, for he almost always accompanied the First Consul; and well had it been if none save such as Rapp had been admitted near his person. In the evening he supped at Abbeville, and arrived the second morning very early on the coast. "Figure to yourself," said my informant, "this kind of life; one would absolutely require to be made of iron to support it; for scarcely have we alighted from the carriage, when away we go on horseback, with the First Consul, for ten or twelve hours together. He sees all—examines all—often talks with the men: how they love him! When shall we pay a visit to London with so many brave fellows?"

In the midst of these continual active operations, every part of government, and the proceedings of the Council, received the usual attention. I had not yet left him at the time of agitating the question in what manner treaties of peace were to be concluded. Some members of the Council, among whom Truguet took the lead, proposed that, in accordance with an article of the constitution, treaties should be brought forward by the heads of the government, discussed in the Legislative Assembly, and afterwards passed and promulgated as laws. Bonaparte maintained an opinion decidedly the reverse, and his remarks perfectly coincided with my sentiments when he observed, "It is for the pleasure of showing that they can get up an opposition when they thus invoke the constitution; for, if the constitution direct in this manner it knows not what it says. There are matters which cannot be the subject of discussion in an assembly. How! when I treat with Austria, for example, even should my ambassador accede to the propositions, must there be nothing done if these conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is an absurdity without parallel. Upon my word, things would thus come to a fine pass! Lucchisini and Markow would give every day dinners like those of Cambacérés; they would make their money go; would buy those who are for sale; would get our propositions outvoted; and such, doubtless, would be an excellent method of conducting business!" Such was Bonaparte's language while yet he affected to observe the constitution—and he was right.

His conversation when, as wont, he talked with me about what had

passed in the Council, was habitually a singular compound of citations from antiquity, historical allusions and original ideas. He was ever speaking of the Romans; and I recollect, during Mr. Fox's visit, that he thus set himself to shine before the foreign statesman, whom he admired prodigiously. In his manner of viewing the world he beheld but two states on the globe, the East and the West. "What signifies it," were his words, "that two nations are separated by rivers or mountains—that they employ a different idiom? With slight shades, France, Spain, England, Italy have the same manners, the same habits, the same religion, the same dress; there a man can marry only one wife; in these countries there are no slaves—such are the grand distinctions separating the civilized man from the savage. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is but one province of the world; when we go to war among ourselves it is but civil strife. There is, indeed, another way of dividing the globe—into land and water." Then he would run over the whole circle of European interests; speak of Russia, whose alliance he courted; of England, mistress of the seas; and rarely failed to terminate this flow of elevated thought without reverting to what was then a favorite project—an expedition to the great Indian continent.

When, from these generalities, Bonaparte descended to the special interests of France, his language was still more that of a sovereign; and I must say, he spoke as a prince more jealous than any other has ever been of the dignity of France, whose sole representative he considered himself to be. Having learned that a captain in the English navy had visited the dock-yard of Brest as a merchant, whose passport the officer had borrowed, he became quite furious that no one had arrested the impostor; and, as nothing was lost upon him, he made this a pretense for augmenting the police establishment, saying, in full council—"Had there been at Brest a commissary of police he would have caused this English captain to have been arrested, and sent him immediately to Paris. As he had undertaken the part of a spy, I should have caused him to be shot as one. No Englishman—no lord—not even the ambassador of England, ought to be permitted to enter our ports." "I shall in future see all this righted," said he, on speaking to me of his outbreaking in council; "there is a sufficiency of wretches who sell me every day to the English without my suffering their own espionage."

Upon another occasion he said, in presence of a great number of generals, senators and high functionaries, who had assembled previous to an audience of the ambassadors—"The English believe I am afraid of war: I fear it not. Were we to yield to England now, she would presently interdict us in the navigation of certain seas; demand our

ships—what would she not? But patience; I am in no humor to endure such humiliations. Since England wishes war she shall have it: I shall not let her wait; and we shall see." *

Yet was he very ambitious of standing well in public opinion in England. Of this I had a singular proof, and of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the judgment formed in that country of the actions imputed to him, What I am going to relate will serve also to throw new light upon his inclination to employ tortuous and little ways to attain his end. He gave a ball at Malmaison, when Hortense had reached the seventh month of her time; and, though well-known to have an aversion to women in her situation, above all to their dancing, begged Hortense to stand up, if but for a single country dance. She declined; but he insisted, using every species of cajolery—"Now, let me beg it as a favor; I have such a desire to see you dance: come, do it to please me;" and, at last, Hortense did dance. What was his object? We shall just see. On the morrow there appeared in one of the journals a poetical piece, composed in a very gallant strain, on the country dance in which Hortense had joined, notwithstanding her situation. Hortense was extremely vexed; and, when the journal arrived at Malmaison, complained of the affair, and, above all, would not believe, in spite of the facility of our small wits, that these verses could have been composed and printed on a fact which happened the night preceding. Bonaparte answered vaguely, and in a laughing way: as to myself, he could tell me nothing on an affair of which I was equally well informed with himself. When Hortense knew I was alone in the cabinet she came and pressed me with questions. I judged it best to tell her what had occurred. The verses had been composed by order of Bonaparte, before the ball, by a poet whose name I have now forgotten: the ball had been given expressly for the verses; and the First Consul had set himself to entreat her to dance in order to verify the poetry. All this petty contrivance had been arranged in order to give the lie to an English newspaper announcing her accouchement. This premature notice had, in fact, excited Bonaparte's indignation; for he well knew its object to be to accredit those infamous reports which we have already refuted. Yet such were the little machinations which often found place in that mind wherein were matured so many gigantic designs.

On reading again the manuscript of this portion of my Memoirs, I observe that, carried away, as often happens, by the analogies of

* And (to use one of Bourrienne's favorite comments) we have seen.—*Translator.*

ideas, I have spoken of events posterior to the breaking up of the treaty of Amiens without sufficiently dwelling upon the peace itself, one of the grandest epochs in the present history. Here I may be permitted to make one short reflection: The transactions, of which I may subsequently treat, though occurring after my separation from the First Consul, were but the consummation of earlier designs, communicated to me by himself. If, then, I beheld the development of certain effects, I had assisted at the birth of their causes; and I believe I hazard nothing in asserting that my long and interrupted study of Bonaparte's character enables me, better than anyone else, to estimate those acts of power to which I have always possessed a key. How often have I told my friends Duroc and Rapp the true sense of what they supposed themselves explaining to me for the first time! Here, indeed, I except those transactions which the First Consul had himself confided to my discretion—such as his real views with regard to a descent on the English coast, in which almost everyone believed. On that, and similar confidences, I have reason to think he was aware and approved of my secrecy.

At the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, one of those circumstances which went most directly to prove that it would be of short duration was Mr. Pitt's retiring from office. I made this observation to Bonaparte, but without insisting, as I quickly perceived, from the abrupt manner of his asking, "What is it you say?" although understanding me perfectly, that my observation had displeased him. It required, however, no extraordinary acuteness to perceive the true motive here. That illustrious minister considered a short truce, to which people gave the name of a treaty, as indispensable to England. But, disposed at the same time to recommence the war with more animosity than ever, he retired for a space from power, that upon subalterns might be devolved the task of concluding a peace of which his return to office was to be signalized by the termination and the renewal of his implacable hatred to France. However this may be, I have always considered the measure as a fault in the British cabinet, whatever need England might have had of peace. And the error was not long in being discovered. Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, quitted Paris on the night of the 12–13th May, 1803, while the English government, without their being demanded, gave passports to the French envoy at London. In this state of things, France proposed to the British government to receive, with common accord, the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war only in order to repair the fault committed in concluding peace, all overtures of pacific tendency were rejected. Thus, the Con-

sul, in the eyes of the public, was enabled to assume the garb of great moderation and sincere love of peace. Henceforth commenced between England and France one of those furious contests which had marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII., and which furnished to our wits an occasion of magnificent comparisons with the ancient rivalship of Rome and Carthage; whence they concluded, in their plenitude of political wisdom, that, as Carthage had fallen, England must be undone. Such were the empty sounds with which flatterers every instant saluted the ears of the First Consul. And here I may just remark that never before had adulation attained to so remarkable a height. Never had the nation so reveled in the luxury of addresses. They poured in from the four winds of heaven. Not a prefect, not a sub-prefect, mayor nor corporation, however constituted, failed to send in his or its speech. One would have thought that Bonaparte had proclaimed a competition in baseness and that all France had entered for the prize. In the grave circumstances of the times he, however, was not wanting to himself, but put forth all his activity of intellect; and greatly had he changed in the course of six months, if he felt not his soul stirred into ecstasy at the bare idea of one vast warfare whose combinations would gratify his illimitable ambition.

Bonaparte was at St. Cloud when Lord Whitworth quitted Paris. Fifteen days passed in fruitless attempts to renew the negotiations. Nothing, therefore, now remained but to prepare for war. On this occasion the First Consul addressed to the Senate, the Legislative Assembly and the Tribunate a message full of dignity and free from those gasconades in which he so frequently indulged. The Senate's reply was accompanied with the present of a first-rate ship of war, paid for from its own resources.

The manifesto of the British cabinet had struck like a thunderbolt upon the French government, which, though aware of the intrigues going forward in London, was by no means prepared for such an outbreaking. The primary subject of complaint regarded commercial arrangements. The union of Piedmont to the French republic, also of the states of Parma and Placentia, to which Bonaparte had constituted himself heir, on the death of the Duke, and the continued occupation of Holland by our troops, were added as separate grievances. The mission of General Sebastiani, sent into Turkey and Egypt for the purpose of exciting the native powers against England, and of preparing for a prospective attack upon the Anglo-Indian possessions, formed the subject of strong remonstrance in the manifesto. When that officer went out on his mission I was still in the secrets of the First Consul;

and, it must be acknowledged, the English ministers here showed themselves but too well informed. Sebastiani's memorial, as published, abounded in expressions and disclosures calculated to give offense. The sum of all is, that amid this mutual recrimination, neither government had kept good faith.

England was desirous of retaining all her advantages: and it has more than once happened that a state hath boasted its fidelity to treaties because not exactly the first to infringe them. This was Bonaparte's situation. England, too, alleged only her ostensible reasons In a communication to the legislative body, touching the state of France, the First Consul had said, "England, single-handed, is unable to contend with France." This proposition sufficed to rouse to arms the whole susceptibilities of British pride; and the cabinet chose to construe it into a menace. It was not so; for, when Bonaparte threatened, his words were more firm and more energetic. The expression simply tended to reassure the confidence of the French people; and if we carefully examine by what increasing efforts, at what sacrifices, England has persisted in exciting enemies to France on the Continent, we shall probably be authorized in the conclusion that, in secret, the British entertained the same opinion as Bonaparte. Alone against France, England, doubtless, would have done much mischief, especially by falling upon the remnant of the French navy, scattered throughout the entire globe; but against continental France she could undertake nothing; and supposing allies on neither side, these two powers might be long at war with but little of actual hostility.*

The first consequence of the declaration of war by England was the invasion of Hanover by the French troops, under the command of General Mortier. The telegraphic dispatch conveying the intelligence to Paris was no less true than brief, containing the whole history of the expedition—"The French are masters of the Electorate of Hanover, and the enemy remain prisoners of war." When informed of this circumstance, the First Consul conceived the hope of exchanging the

* The reasoning in the text is extremely inconclusive. In fact, is it not evident, *à priori*, that a power such as England, her own dominions insular, and possessing, at the same time, a naval superiority over the whole of Europe, must always command, not the means of defensive warfare merely, but the initiative even of offensive hostilities, against a country such as France, with a maritime frontier of several hundred leagues and distant colonies to protect? This conclusion is the opposite of the text; but that it is the true one, appears *à posteriori*, from the history of two hundred and sixty-three years of actual war between the two countries, since the 11th century. France, in truth, can *directly attack* England only in her German dominions. But the occupation of these is far from affecting any of the vital, or even important, resources of the British empire.—*Translator.*

Hanoverian troops for the French prisoners already taken by sea, and made a proposition to that effect; but the English cabinet decided that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, there existed no union between the states of which he was the head; and in consequence of this subtile distinction, rejected the proposal. Nothing could then equal the animosity of the two governments against each other; and Bonaparte, at the moment of declaring war, showed his indignation in a manner which cannot be approved. I speak of his arresting every English subject found in France—a barbarous order; for it is dreadful to inflict upon individuals, who have entered a country relying upon the laws of civilized nations, that resentment which ought to be exercised only as respects the government whose subjects they are. But Bonaparte, in his passion, regarded no nice distinctions.

"You shall find," said Bonaparte to me one day, "that I will speedily contrive to extract use out of the priests." Seeing the war declared, the First Consul, in order that he might act in the same manner as the *most Christian* kings had formerly done with the church, desired, through the intercession of the clergy, to recommend the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful. To this effect, he addressed the following letter, quite regal in its form; to the cardinals, archbishops and bishops of France :—

"SIR,—The motives of the present war are known to all Europe. The bad faith of the King of England, who has violated the sanctity of treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the order of St. John of Jerusalem; who has attacked our merchantmen, without previous declaration of war; the necessity of a just defense—all oblige us to have recourse to arms. I address to you this letter, therefore, intimating my desire, that you order prayers to be offered up imploring the blessing of Heaven on our just enterprises. The proofs which I have received of your zeal in the service of the state assure me that you will conform with pleasure to our intentions. Written at St. Cloud, 18 Prairial, year XI. BONAPARTE."

This letter is remarkable under more than one aspect. It astonished the greater part of the First Consul's old companions in arms, who turned it into derision: "He required not," said they, "to recommend himself to the breviary in order twice to conquer Italy." But he suffered them to talk, and steadily pursued the line traced by his own will, or rather foresight; for nothing could be better adapted than this letter to please the court of Rome, and it imported much to bring the Pope to

regard him as the eldest son of the church. We may likewise remark the application of the word Sir (Monsieur), of which Bonaparte here made use for the first time in a public official document; thus indicating that, in his mind, the republican designations were incompatible with those forms of respect due to the clergy; and also intimating to the clergy that, since the honors of monarchy alone suited them, they were especially interested in bringing all minds to concur in his plans for its re-establishment. Perhaps some will say I insist here much upon nothings; but my time has been passed too long in the confidence of Bonaparte for me to be ignorant that, with him, such nothings went for something. For example, every one may have observed that, while he restored the former names of the days, he retained the republican months: very well, it was on purpose that he caused the *Moniteur* to be dated *Saturday*, such or such day of Messidor, etc. "Look you," he would say to me, "here things are out of joint; people will laugh at them: that is precisely what I want. I shall take away the Messidor and gradually efface all the trash invented by the Jacobins."

The clergy did not disappoint the hopes of the First Consul: the order already owed him much, and were expectants for still more. This letter gave the signal for the outpouring of episcopal mandaments, in which there occurred not a single word that was not one of acquiescence. The mandate of Cardinal Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, first appeared: therein might be read—"France, our dear brethren, reposed from her triumphs; by his valor, the chief of her government had covered her with laurels: *she had no longer anything to wish for.* He desires us to pray, beseeching that the benediction of Heaven may rest upon his just enterprises. The love which you, our dear brethren, bear to your country, the gratitude which you owe to a government *so mild, so good, so paternal*—are, to us, sure pledges of the zeal with which you will second sentiments so religious."

I have certainly no intention of ransacking among these adulatory and forgotten effusions of clerical eloquence; but it may be not without its use, as characterizing the men and age, to lay before the reader one specimen more of what was addressed to the head of the state by the heads of the church. It is an extract from the mandament of Cardinal Cambacérés, then archbishop of Rouen:—

"The First Consul will inform you, our dearly beloved brethren, by the accompanying letter, why he is constrained anew to have recourse to war. His word alone assures us of the veracity of what he announces; for men such as he disdain falsehood, even when useful.

Let us entreat of God that *this man of His right hand*—this man, who, under His guidance, has accomplished so much for the re-establishment of His worship, and who proposes to do still more—may continue to be, like Cyrus, *the Christ of Providence ;* that the Almighty may watch over his life, and cover him with his wings ; that He may guard his august person from all the dangers of battle—dangers more numerous to one of his courage—and also from those perils which are to be feared from the envious where there is merit such as his."

These outrageous expressions* were far from displeasing to the First Consul, for never did he complain of praise being carried too far, though disliking the organ of too palpable adulation. Thus Duroc told me that once they had much ado to keep from laughing outright when the curate of a parish at Abbeville addressed Bonaparte, in a tone of solemn pomposity—"To you Religion, as well as France, is indebted for whatever she is; to you all of us owe whatever we possess; from you I derive all that I am!"

In the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghese, destined one day to become his brother-in-law, was first introduced to Bonaparte by Cardinal Cafrara. In the same month and year were instituted auditors of the Council of State, amounting at first to sixteen. Towards the end of June, Bonaparte, in company with Josephine, undertook his journey to Belgium and the northern coasts of France. I have already alluded to this excursion ; but may mention here some particulars gathered from Duroc on his return. The imperial pair—for so they might already be termed, from the regal pomp attending their progress—left Paris on the 24th June. Guards of honor, appointed in private by the departments, preceded by all the civil and military authorities, attended them on arriving in any place—everywhere laudatory harangues, triumphal arches, devices and illuminations. "While at Amiens," said Duroc, "we went to visit the manufactured productions of the department. On entering the place of exhibition, the First Consul observed, with the solemn tone which you know is peculiar to him—'I see with pleasure the result of your useful labors—inhabitants of the department of the Somme, I am satisfied. Industry insures at once the repose of society and individual happiness.'" It had formerly been the usage, when the kings of France passed through the ancient capital of Picardy, to present them with some beautiful swans as a mark of their homage. This was not forgotten; and the swans

* We call them blasphemous expressions.—*Translator.*

PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON. DUC D'ENGHIEN.

of Amiens were sent to display their beauties in a basin of the Tuileries, reminding the Parisians of the regal offerings of the provinces. During this journey, also, Bonaparte commenced dating his decrees from the places through which he passed, that the nation might be occupied with him and with him alone. Formerly, decrees had been rendered in the name of the Consuls; henceforth, they were given in the name of the *Government;* and, by means of the change, apparently so unimportant, people were taught to look to the *government* as being wherever Bonaparte was.

About the same period various of the old usages were re-established. Among others the Institute was remodeled and separated into four classes, intended to recall the remembrance of the ancient Academies —a denomination, however, which the reformer rejected, notwithstanding the desire and the intrigues of several, and, among others, of Lucien. Neither in this division did the classes of the Institute retain the same rank they formerly held as Academies. He placed in the principal station the class of science, degrading to the second the ancient academy of literature. It ought, however, to be remarked that this arrangement was authorized by the comparative state of excellence in the two departments. Though French literature then reckoned great names, as La Harpe (who died under the consulate), Ducis, St. Pierre, Chenier and Lemercier, these could not be named with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Cuvier, whose labors in the various sciences have so widely extended the boundaries of human knowledge. The preference then could not be blamed; and besides, Bonaparte did by no means regret, while acting thus, the opportunity of showing the small esteem in which he held men of letters, whom he designated as "speechifiers." He never pardoned their superiority in a branch where he had no claims; for, strictly speaking, I never knew one more insensible to the beauties of good poetry, or even of good prose, than Bonaparte. As there existed a vagueness in his spirit—an incessant aspiring in his character, and as he referred everything to himself, his imagination delighted in the shadowy imagery of Ossian, and his energetic mind sought its own likeness in the strong delineations of Corneille's lofty thoughts. In truth, with these two exceptions, the finest works in our literature were to him but as so many collections of sounding words, void of sense, and in his opinion only captivating to the ear. The disdain, or rather dislike, entertained by Bonaparte for literature generally, applied individually to certain men of letters. Chenier, whose tragedies breathed sentiments of republican frankness, he detested; and Ducis still more, who seemed, as it

were, to have awakened a feeling of instinctive hatred.* Bonaparte was very fond of St. Pierre's tale of "Paul and Virginia," because he had perused it in early youth; but I remember well his having one day tried for about a quarter of an hour to read the "Studies of Nature," by the same author, when, tossing the book contemptuously from him, he said—"How can people read such trash? It is insipid, vapory stuff; there is nothing in it; these are the reveries of a visionary. What is this nature? Nature! the phrase is vague—void of all import. Men and passions, to be sure; these are what ought to be depicted: these tell something—have meaning. Such gentry are good for nothing under any government! I shall give them pensions, nevertheless, because I ought to do so as head of the state; they occupy and amuse idlers: but I will make Lagrange a senator; that man has a head."

But though speaking of them in this manner, it must not be supposed that Bonaparte treated men of letters ill: on the contrary they were objects of his solicitous courtesy; and the number of poets was considerable who, from time to time, visited Fouché, and afterwards Savary, for their guerdon of fifty or a hundred louis; and from among these laureats—by pay if not by laurels—afterwards arose the strains which celebrated the burning of Moscow as one of the proudest results of the Russian campaign!

While I thus expose, however, the general dislike in which all men of letters were included by the First Consul, it must also be remembered that this arose less from prejudice than from the necessities of his position. Time is required to appreciate, even to peruse works of literature, and time was so precious to him that he would have wished, so to speak, to shorten the straight line. For this reason he preferred those authors who treated of the practical and exact sciences; the more especially as these are circumscribed by a boundary within which strictures on administration or thoughts on government do not easily penetrate. He regarded with an evil eye political economists, jurisconsults—in short, all writers who meddled in any manner with legislation, institutions, or moral improvements. In the remodeling of the Institute, while admitting a literary class of forty members, he altogether suppressed that of the moral and political sciences. Of the two classes thus remaining, Bonaparte continued in the first, that of

* Ducis, one of the best modern tragic writers in France, has very successfully, in the historical plays, translated, in some of the others has mangled, Shakespeare. His verses on the First Consul sufficiently explain, and even excused the hostility of the latter.—*Translator.*

science, while Lucien entered the second, or that of literature. The utility attaching to realities was with him so paramount that in the sciences, even, he preferred those which applied to the earth: thus he never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not conduce so directly to his personal grandeur; and besides, he never forgave Lalande the design of placing him in a dictionary of atheists at the very time while attempting relations with the Holy See.*

We may likewise trace the same idea of holding all institutions under the power of government in Bonaparte's plans of public instruction. There were to be 6,000 scholarships payable by the government, and to all of which the head of government was the presentee. In this way, having as it were the sole monopoly of education, he would have dealt it out in retail to the children of those only who had shown the most blind devotion. This was what he termed "the regeneration of public instruction." During the period of our greatest intimacy he frequently conversed on this topic, and listened without impatience to my observations. In answer to all objections his favorite argument was usually thus expressed:—"What distinguishes one man from another? Education, is it not? Very well: if the children of the nobles are allowed to enter the Lyceums, they must obtain an equally good education with the children of the new men who constitute the strength of my government; finally, entering my regiments as officers, they will naturally come in competition with those whom they will have been led to regard as the spoliators of their families. I will have none of this!"

All the intriguers of Europe were now at work. They daily arrived from England, but unable to penetrate into the interior of France, took up their abode in all the frontier cities: there they established correspondencies, and thence issued pamphlets which reached Paris by post in the shape of letters. On his side, the First Consul, beholding in everything the influence of England, yielded entirely to his desire of vengeance. He was not, of course, ignorant that the most fatal war for his rival would be an hostility directed against her commerce. As

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* The last cause may be true; the first is a hypercritical and false distinction: for mathematics as applied even to terrestrial problems would be very imperfect without astronomy. "As to the rest," Bonaparte's preference was just. By the exact and physical sciences, all the manly and the moral sensibilities of *reason* are matured—mere literature is addressed to the susceptibilities of the *imagination*. Admit, also, the principle of utility, and in a national point of view the latter sinks into comparative insignificance.—*Translator.*

a prelude to the gigantic folly known under the name of "The Continental System," he accordingly issued the most peremptory orders on the interdiction of English merchandise. A long decree was promulgated by which it was rendered incumbent upon all military posts, upon the national guards, the gendarmerie and all functionaries whatsoever, to arrest all individuals who should introduce articles of the manufacture or trade of England; or who should sell or warehouse them in the interior of France; or who should even attempt to introduce these contraband goods. The *suspected* were immediately on their capture to be conducted to the nearest prison; and those who had used force in landing prohibited commodities were to be sued before the special tribunals; and every one knows what judgments were at this time decerned by a special tribunal. In short, Bonaparte had in this decree accumulated all that the laws could authorize of severity. To this system I shall return hereafter; for peculiar circumstances enabled me to study both its progress and effects.

The First Consul wanted not for causes of irritation against his active enemies: the news which reached Paris from the coasts of the Channel were by no means encouraging. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but had commenced the offensive by bombarding Granville.*

This brings me to the question of an actual descent upon England. I have already stated that Bonaparte never entertained the idea of a real invasion. The interview and conversation I am now to relate bears still more directly on the same subject.

There had been nearly seven months of war since the rupture of the Peace of Amiens when, on the 15th December, 1803, the First Consul sent for me to the Tuileries. I held still in mind his incredible proceedings, and, as I had not seen him for some time, I felt by no means at ease on this summons. However it might be, I knew not, but to be candid, on receiving this invitation I took the precaution to fortify myself with a nightcap, apprehending the notion had seized him of sending me to sleep at Vincennes. My terrers, however, turned out to be only panic fears. Rapp was master of ceremonies on that particular day of audience, and I sought not to conceal from him the ideas I harbored on the possible result of the visit. "You may set yourself at ease," said Rapp, "the First Consul wishes only a little chat with you;" and then announced me.

Bonaparte, on entering the grand saloon, where I was in waiting,

* Does not this corroborate the note at p. 397?—*Translator.*

accosted me in his most gracious manner. After the usual little *drolleries*, he asked, "Pray, what say the old women of my preparations for a descent?"—"General, there is much diversity of opinion; each person speaks after his own way. Suchet, for example, whom I often see, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes then to give you new proofs of his gratitude and attachment."—"But Suchet tells me you do not believe in the invasion?"—"That is true; I put no faith in it."—"And why?"—"Because five years ago, at Antwerp, you told me you would not stake France upon the cast of such a die—that it was too hazardous. In this respect nothing has been changed."—"You are right; those who give credit to the intention of a descent are blockheads: they see not the thing in the true light. Doubtless I might land with 100,000 men: the English would encounter me in a general battle: I should gain it; but I must reckon upon 30,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners. If I march upon London, a second battle awaits me under its walls. Supposing me victorious here, also, what should I do in London with an army diminished by three-fourths, without hope of re-enforcements? This would be madness. Without a superiority gained by our navy, it is vain ever to think of such a project. The grand mustering of troops yonder in the north has a different object. My government must either be the first of all, or it falls."*

Bonaparte then evidently wished to put a deceit upon all as respected his true designs here. It was his object to fix the eyes of all Europe upon his pretended invasion of England in order to withdraw attention from his real designs: nor was this one of the least inglorious of those devices which he played in the grand game of politics. The trick, however, was an expensive one. The cities voted ships of war which were never finished; and even Paris fell to constructing boats, destined for the transport of the invading army, but which were never to behold the British shore. The immense quantity of shallops and flat-bottomed boats only begun, or preparing, or finished—just were good for nothing and excited, I well remember, a general smile.† Still people were deceived; even Duroc and Rapp gave credence to the reality of the

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* Napoleon, in St. Helena, discusses the subject of invading England. I find in my notes upon the present interview—"Remained from half-past eleven till one with the First Consul;" and I assert that during the whole of that time not one word was uttered similar to the assertion from St. Helena.—*Author.*

† A caricature, published in London, and secretly conveyed to Paris, was eagerly sought after and destroyed by the police. It represented the French flotilla standing out to sea, while an English sailor, tranquilly smoking his pipe, appeared on the point of capsizing the whole squadron by puffing the smoke against it.—*Author.*

scheme; yet the state of our marine, in point only of men, might have sufficed to dispel the delusion. Soldiers, so to speak, may be *improvised*, but sailors must be formed by long experience; and our few experienced seamen were then parceled out in distant settlements—a double misfortune; for they thus fell into the hands of the enemy while removed from the defense of their native shores.

On the 8th March, 1804, while very grave matters were going forward, I had another unsolicited audience of the First Consul, at eight o'clock in the morning. After conversing about indifferent matters, asking how I was employed and what were my expectations, he said I might depend upon him; afterwards uttered some vague expressions relative to the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau, which had just been discovered; then, suddenly changing, "Apropos," said he, "reports are still spread of my connection with Hortense: scandalous stories were set afloat about her first child. I then hoped that the public gave heed to such things only from desire of seeing me have a child. Since you and I have been separated have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, General, frequently; but I confess at the same time I had believed that such a calumny could not have so long survived."—"It is truly atrocious; you know that it is; you have seen all—heard all; the slightest transaction could not have escaped your observation; you enjoyed her unlimited confidence at the time of her correspondence with Duroc. I expect from you, if ever you write anything about me, that you will redeem my memory from this infamous slander; I would not that it accompany me to posterity. I count much upon you. You have never given credit to this odious imputation?"—"No, never, General." He then entered upon a number of details on the past and present life of Hortense, and on the turn her marriage had taken. "Things have not prospered," said he, "as I wished: their union is not happy. This hurts me; for I love them both, and also because it is calculated to strengthen these infamous reports." He ended the conversation by saying, "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but, as there exists no cause, people would still say I have need of you, and I would have the world know that I stand in need of no one." He spoke again for a moment of Hortense. I replied that, upon my own conviction, I would do as he desired, and that he might depend upon the truth being known through me. I have already redeemed my pledge. Let his memory be freed from the imputation of evil he did not commit! Let impartial history reject this slander! His principles on this point were severely pure; and, to close the subject forever, I declare that such a connection accorded neither with his ideas, his manners, nor his tastes.

A father and a friend are names far too sacred to be sported with lightly.

I know not whether it entered into the plan of this interview, or whether, more than usually pleased, the thought had suddenly struck him, but, as I turned to leave the apartment—"Ah!" said he, "I forget." I returned. "Bourrienne, do you still continue to see the Fauchers?"—"Yes, General, often."—"You do wrong."—"Why should I not receive them? They have talents, education, and converse admirably, especially Cæsar."—"I repeat, shut your doors against them; that's my advice." Perceiving I still hesitated, for I had no plausible pretext, he added—"Well, then, know I am informed, through means of Cæsar, of what passes in your house. You do not say too much ill of me; nor dares anyone do so in your presence: you play your rubber, and you go to bed. But scarcely is your back turned when your wife, who never liked me, and the majority of those who pass the evening with her, indulge in the most outrageous sallies at my expense. Cæsar's bulletin is regularly forwarded to me every day he visits at your house. This is how he repays your kindness and the asylum given to his brother. Enough of this; you see I know all. Adieu."

The grave having closed over these unhappy men, who were executed for the forgery of a public document, I shall merely state that, the evening before their execution, they wrote to me, begging my forgiveness. The following is an extract from their letter:—"In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death proclaimed in the streets. To-morrow we ascend the scaffold, and shall meet death with a calmness and courage that ought to put our executioners to the blush. We are sixty years of age; our lives, therefore, can be shortened by only a brief space. During these years of existence we have shared, in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger and success. The same hour beheld our entrance into the world; one and the same hour shall witness our departure thence. As to you, sir, ——" I suppress the rest.

By the time my singular audience with the First Consul was concluded, the hour of grand levee had arrived. I stopped an instant to witness this phantasmagory—an exhibition, in my opinion, the most ridiculous which those who have been so fortunate as never to have witnessed one can well imagine. What, in truth, is to be seen? Men covered with garbs more or less overlaid with gold—more or less bedizened with lace—who come to watch the nod of the master—to greet those in high favor—to squeeze affectionately the hand of him they most desire to strike—and interchange unmeaning salutations. Such is a levee. Duroc, on perceiving me, led the way to the embrasure of a

window, where he conversed on Moreau's guilt being established and the resolution taken of accusing him before the tribunals. "Let them take care," said I to Duroc, "what they do; it is no child's play to indict as a criminal the conqueror of Hohenlinden."—"Oh," replied he, "when a general such as Moreau has been between two gendarmes he is a lost man, no longer good for anything. He inspires only pity." I attempted in vain to combat this opinion, and to convince General Duroc that to call him a brigand (the phrase then in fashion), without proof, could never disgrace Moreau. The sequel proved I divined rightly; and posterity will fix upon the hero of Hohenlinden an accusation of a far different nature from that of conspiring against the First Consul.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONSPIRACY OF PICHEGRU AND GEORGES CADOUDAL—FOUCHE AND THE POLICE—CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PROBABLE CAUSES OF THE CONSPIRACIES—ARREST OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN—NARRATIVE OF HIS IMPRISONMENT AND EXECUTION—HARREL'S NARRATIVE—THE FAITHFUL DOG—THE QUARTERMASTER—BONAPARTE'S GUILT—EFFECTS OF THE CRIME—NOBLE CONDUCT OF LOUIS XVIII.

Before my first visit to the Tuileries, as already mentioned, and prior even to the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, intriguing speculators, whose excessive zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than the blind devotion of unprincipled followers proved to the First Consul, had engaged in certain dark maneuvers which could produce no favorable result. These machinations at this time had in view the reconciliation of Moreau and Pichegru. The latter, proscribed on the 18th Fructidor as one of the obnoxious deputies, unable to obtain the First Consul's permission to return to France, had taken up his residence in England, waiting a favorable opportunity of executing his projects. Moreau lived in Paris, but appeared neither at the audiences nor in the circles of the First Consul; and the hostility of these two generals against Bonaparte—declared on the part of Pichegru, still veiled by Moreau—was a secret to no one. But, everything smiling on the First Consul, he viewed this enmity with more disdain than fear, reassured also by the banishment of the one and the character of the other. The name of Moreau possessed far greater influence with the army than that of Pichegru, and those who were plotting the over-

throw of the consular government perfectly understood that nothing could be successfully attempted without the aid of the former. The crisis was, in truth, unfavorable; but some in the secret, knowing also something of the plans of the British cabinet, and that the peace was only a truce, resolved to take advantage of the brief interval to effect, in advance, a reconciliation which might bring round a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru were, in fact, on bad terms ever since Moreau had sent to the Directory the papers seized among the baggage of General Klinglin, and which so clearly demonstrated the treason of Pichegru in leaguing with the Bourbons while he was at the head of the Army of Germany. From that period the name of Pichegru had lost its influence over the spirit of the soldiery, while the fame of Moreau remained dear to all who had conquered under his command.*

These attempts had only the effect of compromising Moreau, without determining him to anything. His natural indolence, and perhaps good sense, had dictated as his rule of conduct the maxim to let men and things take their course; for often in politics, as in war, to temporize is no bad activity. Besides, Moreau was then a stanch republican, and most certainly would not have labored to bring back the Bourbons—the aim of Pichegru.

Such is the introduction to transactions of far deeper interest which happened at the close of the consulate, namely, the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, Pichegru and others; and the everlasting stain on Napoleon's name, the murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

On the conspiracy of Georges different opinions have been expressed. I contradict no one; I shall merely relate what I learned and saw, which may throw some light upon that horrible and mysterious affair. I am far, however, from believing that the whole was a conspiracy to prepare the way to the imperial throne. But I am inclined to think that, planned by those implicated therein, it was aided by Fouché, in order to accelerate his return to the ministry. I combat no one's opinion, but it will be permitted me to support my own by the exposition of facts.

Fouché knew Bonaparte well; nor had he forgotten that, in his message to the Senate on the 15th September, 1802, the First Consul had said that, if circumstances required a minister of police, the government could find none better qualified than the ex-functionary. Fouché, in my opinion, matured such *circumstances* with unpardonable ability. Let not this be deemed a harsh conclusion; not one generous sentiment could harbor in the mind capable of writing the soul-harrowing corre-

* See Appendix, L.

spondence of Fouché during his mission to Lyons. The daily and necessary intercourse which for years I had held with Fouché, previous to the suppression of his department, placed me on a footing which gave the privilege afterwards of visiting him when he became lost in the Senate and I in the crowd. Fouché, in all his conversations, assured me, with a confidence I could not well account for, that the First Consul in the end would again have recourse to him. "Regnier," he would say, "is too dainty and too great an ass to play the policeman well; he will allow the First Consul to fall into some snare." I confess that at the time I attached little value to such assertions, attributing them to vanity and to a desire of recovering his place, knowing, also, the real dislike of the First Consul. Circumstances corroborated these remarks, and now strengthen my opinion as respects his participation in the subsequent maneuvers.

While attempts were making, as already described, to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru, Fouché set men about Moreau of his own party and way of thinking, encouraged, probably, without knowing it, by the subtle Fouché, to exercise an influence over and to irritate his mind. The Abbé David, a common friend of both generals, was first employed as the instrument of a reconciliation; but, being arrested and consigned to the Temple, he was replaced by a man named Lajollais, whom everything confirms to have been employed by Fouché.* This agent repaired to London, where he intrigued without engaging in the conspiracy, preparing the departure of Pichegru and his friends from thence, returning to Paris to announce their arrival, and to prepare all things for their reception and—destruction. The sole foundation of this intrigue was the discontent of Moreau.

One day in the end of January, 1804, I recollect having visited Fouché about two o'clock; the horses were put to his carriage, he himself was alone in his cabinet and about to seal a letter for the First Consul, then at St. Cloud. He read to me this billet just written; it was short and concluded with these words, which struck me forcibly, *The air is full of daggers.* What preceded was a little obscure, but tending to the same vague and astounding conclusion. In a postscript the writer said, "*I am setting out for Ponte Carré.*"—"How!" said I, "the air full of daggers, and you quit Paris without going to St. Cloud to give your explanations to the First Consul!"—"I thought you had known him better; I send my letter by an express; I shall not be one hour at

* This opinion concerning Lajollais, as having been connected with Fouché, evidently appears to have been unfounded and is, accordingly, refuted in a subsequent volume.—*Translator.*

Ponte Carré before receiving an order to repair in all haste to St. Cloud. Look in upon me to-morrow; we will have some talk together." Fouché dispatched his letter and drove off. I called next day and learned from himself that everything had fallen out as he expected. Scarcely had he alighted in the country when a courier arrived, bearing an order for his immediate attendance at St. Cloud. Here the First Consul affected to treat his intelligence as invented to increase his own importance. "What will you say," answered Fouché, "if I inform you that Georges and Pichegru have been in Paris for some time on this very plot?"—"Ah!" returned Bonaparte, with a look of compassion, as if delighted to catch Fouché napping, "how truly you are informed! Regnier has just received a letter from London that Pichegru, only three days ago, dined at Kingston in the house of one of the English ministry." Fouché persisted; Regnier was sent for; and Bonaparte soon discovered that the latter had been mystified by agents better paid by his rival. The new functionary was dismissed, but the ancient minister of police objected to the immediate revival of his office, fearing thus to awaken suspicion, stipulating merely that the conduct of the affair should be intrusted to Real, with orders to obey all instructions received from himself.

There appears then no reasonable grounds for doubting that the conspiracy, if not originated, was fomented by the secret protection of Fouché and the police in his pay. The want of accordance among the pretended leaders; the facilities afforded them in disembarking, coming to and residing in Paris; their almost simultaneous arrest and consequent depostions — all prove such connivance, and that their temporary traquillity arose from their being, so to speak, in a chamber of glass, as respected the police. Moreau never for an instant favored the return of the Bourbons; this I could not but know from my connections with his most intimate friend, M. Carbonnet: it was, therefore, quite impossible for him to make common cause with Georges and Pichegru. Polignac, again, De Riviere and some others had no intention of acting at all; they had come to Paris to view the actual state of things and certainly to inform the Bourbon princes how they were to value the foolish hopes given them by inferior agents, always eager to exalt their own services at the expense of truth. These gentry, unquestionably, had set on foot a conspiracy; but it was against the treasury of London, whence they had hoped to exact salaries. There can likewise be no question that the secret agents of Fouché, who also misled the regular police—agents formed of false friends to persons disposed by previous sentiments to favor a conspiracy of this nature—also

encouraged them to attempt its accomplishment. I fully believe that a large proportion of the accused actually entertained the design of overturning the government and restoring the Bourbons; but I maintain that they would have made the attempt neither at the time, nor in the manner they did, if the means had not been facilitated—if they had not been encouraged by perfidious insinuations and deceitful hopes.

The greater part of the conspirators were already in the Temple, or the prison of Laforce, when one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, made an attempt to hang himself in the former place of confinement. The wretched man had but too nearly succeeded, having made use of his cravat for the purpose; and was on the point of expiring when, by chance, the jailer entered his dungeon. Recalled to life, De Lozier exhibited a striking but not uncommon example of great courage with little moral fortitude. He did not fear death, yet knew himself incapable of confronting the interrogatories of justice; and had resolved to kill himself lest he should be led to make confessions. He did make them; and on the morrow (that is, on the 15th February), Moreau was arrested while returning from his estate of Grosbois to Paris. From the declarations of De Lozier also the *regular* police—the police not in the pay of Fouché—first learned the particulars of three successive disembarkations effected in tranquillity, and that a fourth was expected.—But let us come to the official details.

"Georges and his band of assassins had continued in the pay of our enemies: his agents traversed Vendée and the neighboring departments. Georges and Pichegru contrived their machinations: and in the year XI. Moreau and Pichegru were criminally reconciled—two men between whom honor ought to have placed eternal variance. The police seized one of their agents returning for the second time from England, upon whose person documents were found attesting this combination. Lajollais, the friend and confidant of Pichegru, made two journeys between London and Paris, carrying on the correspondence: in the meantime all things were prepared in Paris by the brigands of Georges."—Here I interrupt the report of Regnier, who thus describes Lajollais as the friend of Pichegru, to state that before the writing of the report it had become clear as day that Lajollais was an agent employed to connect with the conspiracy the two chiefs marked for such implication.—"A retired spot was assigned between Dieppe and Treport for the landing of the conspirators, who were brought there in English ships of war. Here they found men corrupted and paid to guide them from station to station, as previously agreed upon: at Paris, asylums were provided in houses rented in ad-

vance, and in the charge of proper confidants. The first landing consisted of Georges and eight of his brigands. The former remained on the coast to aid the second arrival, composed of Coster St. Victor and ten other ruffians. Early in December, Pichegru, Lajollais, Galliard, the brother of Raoul, Jean Marie, one of the first associates of Georges, and other brigands of the same sort, effected a third landing. A fourth was prevented. Georges and Pichegru were lodged in the same house in Paris with thirty brigands, commanded by the former. They traveled under night: their accomplices, the order of their journey—all are known. Three interviews have taken place with Moreau, the two last in the general's own house; another was appointed, but not held." Such is the substance of this famous report; the concluding details are from the confessions of an accomplice, and the whole composition bears as if the grand judge, Regnier, had labored to gain for his administration a brevet of incapacity.

Having learned the arrest of Moreau, on the evening of the 15th February, I went at an early hour next morning to the house of his uncle, M. Carbonnet, with whom I longed to converse on the affair. What was my surprise! He had just been arrested also. "I advise you, sir," added the porter—"for I have the honor to know you—to retire without persisting; those who call here are watched."—"Is your master still within?"—"Yes, sir, they are examining his papers."—"I must see him."

I remained but a moment with M. Carbonnet, who appeared far more afflicted on account of the general's arrest than his own. His papers being sealed, he was consigned to a secret prison at St. Pelagie, and did not recover his liberty without paying for it, and that only after Moreau had left France. I witnessed the rigorous scrutiny of this house, and know nothing of the grounds upon which dealers in informations and calumny could pretend that it had been fitted up for the Duke d'Angoulême. The adroit Fouché regarded as a master-stroke the compromising of Moreau; he well knew that Bonaparte would pardon all his contrivances, should they be discovered, solely because they had terminated in removing a man whom those about him labored to represent as a dangerous rival.

The events which succeeded with such rapidity in the commencement of the year 1804 are so interwoven—run so into each—that they require to be taken one by one, dwelt upon, and returned to again and again. All, however, in this machination had one main object, the foundation of a French empire in favor of Napoleon A vital consideration to the accomplishment of this scheme existed in the state of parties both

at home and abroad. While Bonaparte was at peace with the rest of Europe, the cause of the Bourbons had no longer a support in foreign cabinets; and the emigrants, now without a rallying point, and no longer a body, had no alternative but to submit or give up the contest. But, war breaking out afresh, the whole assumed a new aspect; the cause of foreign belligerents became the cause of the Bourbons, since it was one opposed to the interests of Bonaparte; and as numerous ties connected the emigrants still abroad with those who had returned but half satisfied, or rather disappointed, into the bosom of their country, risings in the interior, combined with the powers already in arms against Bonaparte, were to be apprehended.

In France itself, again, all that had passed during the two preceding years favored Bonaparte's views on the crown and encouraged him to the erection of a new dynasty. But, to the men of the Revolution, to the republicans, and to his own party, sprung from the ranks of both, a pledge seemed to be necessary that, in re-establishing the throne, he set it up, not for the Bourbons, whose return these partisans had just reason to fear would be fatal to those whose hands were yet red with the blood of a Bourbon, and a king. It behooved him to bind to himself those of whom he stood in need, or rather of whom he thought he stood in need, by rendering himself as guilty as they were. The Duke d'Enghien was selected as the victim whose blood might calm the conscious terrors awakened in the men of the Revolution by the sole name of the Bourbons, Bonaparte believing that they judged themselves as he himself judged them. Besides, the death of the Duke d'Enghien, by filling with grief the breasts of all the royalists who had successively rallied round the government of the First Consul, would produce a new separation; and places, honors, dignities, must become the exclusive property of the men of the Revolution. Such were the mutual advantages of the mutual services and concessions of the parties concerned: how do the facts correspond?

In February, 1804, the principals and accomplices in the conspiracy of Georges were arrested. Then comes the fatal 21st March, the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien. Next follows the 30th April, the proposition made by the Tribunate to found in France a sole government. To this succeeds the 18th May, when the decree was published declaring Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor. The 10th June closed the tragedy by the condemnation of Georges and several of his accomplices; in which bloody drama the death of a Bourbon, and the crown of France placed upon the head of a fortunate soldier, were acts purposely introduced.

Machiavel has said that when the author of a crime is unknown, we must search out whom it profits. Here the advice of the Italian finds an obvious application, since the crime profited Bonaparte alone, and since he even deemed it indispensable to the possession of the crown of France. How, in the first place, can it be said that the Duke perished as the accomplice of Georges? This is one of those suppositions that do not merit examination; or, if it be made a subject of positive assertion, is one of the grossest falsehoods which it is possible to conceive in history.—Let us compare facts. That unfortunate prince resided at Ettenheim, on account of a young lady to whom he was attached, and had no understanding with the plotters in the interior. Moreau was arrested on the 15th February, Georges and Pichegru were seized during the same month, and the Duke D'Enghien not till the 15th March; but, if the prince had really engaged in the conspiracy, or even had known of it, let me ask, would he have remained, almost within sight of the frontier, nearly a whole month after the seizure of his pretended associates, an occurrence of which he could have been informed in three days? So completely was he a stranger to the conspiracy that he said to those who mentioned it to him at Ettenheim, that his father or grandfather should have informed him, for his own personal security. Would they have delayed so long to send this assurance? Alas! sad experience proved that he could be reached in a few hours.

The sentence of death against Georges and his companions was not pronounced till the 10th of June, 1804, and the Duke was shot on the 21st March; at which time the pleadings had not even commenced. How explain this precipitation? If, as Napoleon has asserted, the young Bourbon was an accomplice of these conspirators, why was he not arrested at the same time? Why was he not confronted with them, either as an accomplice or as compromised by their declarations? or, in fine, as a useful witness against them, whose deposition might throw some light on that dark affair? How comes it that the name of the illustrious accused was never once pronounced in the whole course of that terrible process? The prince was no more when, at last, the accused were brought before the special tribunal: there would have been no risk in making the dead speak, and yet not one had the conscience to involve him by a single word, either as participating in or concealing the conspiracy.

I can with difficulty believe that Napoleon could have written thus at St. Helena: "Either they had made the unfortunate prince acquainted with their purpose of assassination, and by that act sealed his

doom; or, giving him no information thereof, had left him imprudently to sleep upon the brink of a precipice, within two paces of the frontier, while so great a blow was to be struck in the name and for the interest of his family." This dilemma is not only absurd, but atrocious. If the Duke D'Enghien was found to be compromised by the avowal of the conspirators, he ought to have been arrested and tried with them: everything demanded this proceeding. If they had concealed all from him, where was his crime? What! because men had entertained the intention of committing a crime, in the name of his family, without his knowledge, must he be shot? Because he slept tranquilly one hundred and thirty leagues distant from the plot, without any participation therein, must he die? Such reasoning only inspires horror. It is impossible that any man in his senses can believe that the Duke was an accomplice with Cadoudal; it is contrary to reason: and Napoleon has, unworthily, imposed upon his contemporaries and posterity by inventing and lending to such falsehoods the mighty sanction of his name. In different statements, too, he is evidently in opposition to himself. All that we read is full of implications, inverted, obscure, contradictory. Nothing, in truth, whether dictated to his friends, the companions of exile, or intended for strangers, will stand the test of serious examination. Some, indeed, pretend that this obscurity is intended, and that Bonaparte, drawing near the close of life, had the amazing generosity to leave things thus, that responsibility of the crime might rest with himself rather than expose those whom an excess of zeal had urged to too hasty an execution, and who were stlli living.

Unfortunately, it is not even possible to call this supposition into question, for it is but too true that the death of the Duke d'Enghien had no other cause than the will of Bonaparte. Ah! had I then enjoyed his confidence—I speak thus with certainty, and perhaps with pride—the blood of the Duke d'Enghien would never have tarnished, with everlasting blot, the glory of Napoleon! In the terrible circumstances of the case I would have had power to act where no one else durst even make the attempt; my position, such as none else ever held with Bonaparte, would have given me this power. I admit most willingly that he preferred others in his friendship, as far as friendship was compatible with the character of the man; but I knew him better than did any other; and to me alone, of all who were around him, was still permitted some return to the familiar kindliness of early youth. I am the more inclined to believe that I should have been successful in diverting Bonaparte from his fatal purpose, from knowing positively that his first intention,

after the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, was only to frighten the emigrants, in order to remove them from Ettenheim, where they had assembled in great numbers and whence they continued to inundate the frontier country with libels. It must, however, be confessed, when he spoke of the emigrants of the outer Rhine, it was with so much bitterness that Talleyrand, fearful of consequences to the prince, caused him to be warned by a female friend to keep on his guard, or even to remove. In pursuance of this last advice, the Duke prepared to rejoin his grandfather, and, at the time of his seizure, was waiting a passport from the Austrian government. To these facts I may add that it was Sir Charles Stuart, now Lord Stuart, the English ambassador in France, who wrote to the Count de Cobentzel requesting a passport for the Duke d'Enghien. The tardiness of the Austrian cabinet in replying gave time to Bonaparte's impatience, when once he had formed the horrible resolution of shedding the blood of a Bourbon; and the unfortunate prince was carried off when ordinary dispatch, on the part of the cabinet now named, would infallibly have saved him.

But the resolution can be imputed to Bonaparte alone, for who would have dared to suggest it to him? He knew not what he was doing. A prey to ambition, whose "fiery fever" urged him on even to madness, he understood not to what fearful extent he sunk in the world's opinion, because he was ignorant of the real nature of that opinion for which he was ready to sacrifice all. How terrible—and the more terrible because too late—must have been the intimation conveyed by the unusual silence of his counselors! For three days after the fatal execution not a voice was raised in the Council of State!—Sublime or ridiculous might have been the thoughts which passed his own lips, but not a sound was uttered in opposition or reply—in praise or censure. They had not, however, been silent while the deed was yet to be done. In a Council held on the 18th March, where the arrest and death of the Duke d'Enghien was canvassed, it was violently opposed. Cambacérés, the second man in the state, distinguished himself in this opposition; yet he had voted, with slight restriction, for the death of Louis XVI. Bonaparte, in cruel mockery, merely replied to his arguments, "You, Cambacérés, are *become unusually* chary of the blood of the Bourbons!" To this Council Fouché was called, though only a senator, with no official employment and consequently with no legal right to be present. Fouché, like his evil genius, was urging him on to empire; and, from the moment of disclosing the conspiracy which he himself had nurtured, had said there was not an instant to lose—that he must decide; and Bonaparte *did* decide.

While these events were going forward in France the unconscious victim remained at Ettenheim, where he lived on "soft hopes," and not in conspiracy. The Duke d'Enghien thought as nobly as his grandfather; and, like him, would have scorned the proposal of assassination had it been agitated to his knowledge. It was known, nor was the First Consul ignorant of the fact, that an individual had offered to the Prince de Condé, under certain conditions, to assassinate the First Consul. The indignant prince nobly refused to retrieve the rights of the Bourbons at the price of crime. In the sequel the conspirator was recognized to be an agent of the police in Paris, sent on a special mission to involve the Princes in a plot which would have ruined them forever in the public mind, opposed to murder on either side. But to return to the attempt of tracing the bloody scene which closed in the castle of Vincennes.

General Ordener, commandant of the horse grenadiers of the guard, received instructions from the minister of war to repair to the Rhine, where the chiefs of the gendarmes of New Brissac were placed under his command. General Ordener dispatched a squadron of these to Ettenheim, where, on the 15th March, they seized the Prince. He was immediately conveyed to the citadel of Strasbourg, and there detained till the arrival of orders from Paris. These were speedy, and as promptly executed; for the carriage which brought the unfortunate Prince arrived at the Barrier on the 20th, at one o'clock in the morning. There the cavalcade halted for the space of five hours, and afterwards took the road to Vincennes, by the outer ramparts of Paris, reaching its destination at nightfall. Everything in this horrible transaction passed during the reign of darkness; the sun was not to enlighten even its tragic close. The escort received orders to enter Vincennes at night; at night the fatal gates closed upon the captive; during the night assembled the Council which tried,or rather which condemned without having tried, the accused; while the clock was yet striking six the command to fire was given, and at six o'clock, before the sun had yet risen, the Prince had ceased to live. Here I may be permitted a single reflection. Even should it be admitted that the Council of the 10th March exercised an influence on the arrest of the Duke, there was no Council held between his arrival at the Barrier, in the morning of the 20th, and the moment of execution; it could then have been no one save Bonaparte only who gave the final orders—too punctually followed.

Here, as aiding the narrative, I may insert an extract from the examination and other official documents.

"*Consular Decree.*—The Government of the Republic decrees as follows:—

"Article I. The ci-devant Duke d'Enghien, accused of having borne arms against the Republic, of having been and still being in the pay of England, of taking part in the plots formed by the above power against the safety, both external and internal, of the Republic, shall be arraigned before a military commission, composed of seven members, to be named by the Governor-General of Paris, and to assemble at Vincennes.

"Article II. The Grand Judge, the Minister at War, and the Governor-General of Paris, are charged with the execution of the present decree.

"The First Consul,	(signed)	BONAPARTE.
"By the First Consul,	(signed)	HUGUES MARET, War Minister.
"Commander-in-Chief, Governor of Paris,	(signed)	MURAT."

Conformably to the dispositions in the above decree, Murat named the commission, which assembled on the night of the 20–21st March, the Prince's deposition in the meantime being received by an officer appointed for that purpose, as follows:—

"*Year XII. of the French Republic.*—This day, 29 Ventose, at midnight, I, Captain Major of the gendarmerie d'élite, by order of the commanding officer of the corps, presented myself before the Commander-in-Chief Murat, governor of Paris, who immediately gave me orders to repair to the Castle of Vincennes and report myself to General Hullier, commanding the grenadiers of the consular guard, from him to receive farther instructions.

"For the execution of the dispositions in the Consular Decree, and in virtue of an order from the President of the Military Commission, immediately assembled in the Castle of Vincennes, the captain reporter of the case entered the bedchamber of the Duke d'Enghien, accompanied by a colonel of the legion d'élite, a lieutenant, and two foot gendarmes of the same corps. The captain reporter, assisted by a captain of the 8th regiment, as registrar chosen by reporter, received the following replies in answer to questions put in order."

To these questions, the greater part of which referred to the Prince's proceedings after leaving France in 1789, the most explicit and candid answers were received. This part of the deposition implicated the Prince not more deeply than many thousands of *returned* emigrants, who had

carried arms along with him. The reader will judge whether he was compromised, in the slightest degree, by the subsequent portion, directly relative to the alleged cause of his arrest.

"Asked if he corresponded with the French Princes at present in London, and if he had seen them lately? Replies, That naturally he corresponded with his grandfather, since the period of separating from him at Vienna, whither he had accompanied him, after the disbanding of the corps de Bourbon; in like manner he corresponded with his father, whom he had not seen, as far as he could remember, since 1794 or 1795.

"Being asked if he knew General Pichegru, if he had had correspondence with him? Replies, I have never, to the best of my belief, seen him: I never had any correspondence with him. I congratulate myself on not having known him, after the vile means of which, it is said, he wished to make use—if the report be true.

"Asked if he knew ex-General Dumourier, and if he had been connected with him? Replies, Not at all; I never saw him.

"Being asked if, since the peace, he had carried on any correspondence in the interior of the Republic? Replies, I have written to some friends who are yet attached to me, and who have served with me, respecting their affairs and mine. [These were not such correspondences as those which he supposed the question implied.]

"In attestation of the foregoing, the present has been signed by the Duke d'Enghien and the other persons present."

In the Duke's own hand, in a separate note, before the signatures, was added—

"Before signing this procès-verbal, I urgently entreat to have a private interview with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my principles, and the horror of my situation, induce me to hope that he will not deny this request. "L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

On this deposition the military commission passed judgment, or *two* judgments; one *before*, the other *after*, the execution. The former, and, of course, that upon which the Duke was executed, ran as follows:—

"This day, the 30th Ventose, year XII. of the Republic—The military commission, constituted in execution of the decree of the government of the 29th current, assembled in the castle of Vincennes in order to try the ci-devant Duke d'Enghien on the charges contained in the said decree. The president directed the accused to be brought in unbound, and without irons, and ordered the captain reporting the case to read the documents both for and against, one by one. After the reading of the decree aforesaid, the president put the following questions:—

"Your names, surnames, age, and place of birth? Replied, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, born at Chantilly the 2d August, 1772.

"Asked if he had taken arms against France? Replied, That he had served throughout the whole war, and that he adhered to the declaration which he had signed; and added, moreover, that he was ready to make war, and desired to be employed in the new war of England against France.

"Being asked if he was still in the pay of England? He replied that he was; and received one hundred and fifty guineas monthly from that power.

"The commission, after having caused to be read, by the organ of their president, the declarations of the accused in his hearing; and having asked him if he had anything to add in the way of defense? He replied that he had nothing more to say, and persisted therein.

"The president directed the accused to retire, the Council deliberating with closed doors. The president collected the votes, commencing with the junior in rank, the president giving his opinion the last. The Council unanimously declared the accused guilty, and applied to him article —— of the law of ——, thus expressed ——; and, in consequence, condemned him to suffer death.—Ordered, that the present judgment be carried into immediate execution, at the instance of the captain reporter, after being read to the condemned, in presence of the different detachments of the garrison corps. Written, closed, and tried in one sitting at Vincennes, the day, month, and year aforesaid, as witness our hands."

Here follow the signatures, with the exception of the registrar's, which was not affixed to the judgment upon which the Prince was executed; an omission sufficient to render it void. But what is that compared with the blanks showing that the commission was unable even to quote either the article of the law or the law itself in virtue of which they passed the sentence of death. On the morrow there appeared a second judgment, vamped up in greater form, when it was no longer time. Even then it became necessary to go back to the revolutionary laws of 1791—a code, the destruction of which by Bonaparte had been hailed with enthusiasm, and to which he absolutely owed, in no small measure, his elevation in France. These laws he invoked anew for the destruction of the Duke d'Enghien; and even then, with senseless effrontery, the captive was designated as a *spy!* "Every individual," so runs the clause, "whatever be his rank, quality, or profession, convicted of *espionage* for the enemy, shall be punished with death." The

only other clauses quoted refer to plots and conspiracies, and had no reference to the Prince in a particular capacity; and, as respecting emigrants who had borne arms, they had been repealed.*

On the 22d, the day after the execution, I was informed that some one wished to speak with me: it was Harrel, commandant of Vincennes. The following is word for word what he said. Harrel perhaps thought he owed me some gratitude, to be repaid by these particulars; but he was not my debtor; it was much against my will that he had kept up Ceracchi's conspiracy, and received the reward of a feigned accomplice.

"The evening before last," said he, "when the Prince arrived, I was asked if I had the means of lodging a prisoner? I replied, No; that there remained only my own apartment and the council chamber. I was then told to have a chamber immediately prepared in which a prisoner who would arrive in the course of the night might sleep. I was also desired *to cause a grave to be made in the court.* I replied that would not be easy, the court being paved. What other place, it was asked, would answer? The ditch was fixed upon, and there, in fact, the grave was dug.†

"The Prince arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. He was dying of cold and hunger; he did not appear sad. He requested of me something to eat, and desired to be shown to bed after his repast. His chamber not being yet warmed, I received him in my own and sent to the village for some food. The Prince placed himself at table and invited me to be seated with him. Afterwards he put a number of questions about Vincennes, what was passing, and a great many other things. He told me he had been brought up in the neighborhood of the castle; and conversed with much affability and condescension. Among other inquiries he asked, 'Why do they want me? What is their purpose with me?' But these questions produced no alterations in his tranquillity, and he showed no uneasiness. My wife, who is sick, was in

* The Translator has here introduced into the text remarks and documents thrown into notes, or the appendix, in the original. The second judgment differs in little from the first, except in being longer and more formal; it contains the following description of the Duke d'Enghien's person:—"Height, one meter 780 millimeters (about five feet ten inches); hair and eyebrows of bright chestnut color; face, oval, long, handsome; eyes, gray, tending to hazel; mouth, middle-sized; nose, aquiline; chin, a little pointed; well formed."

† Remark well this circumstance. It was then previously well known that the Duke d'Enghien was to be shot. How answer this? Is it possible to imagine that any one whomsoever would have dared to give such an order beforehand if that order had not been in execution of a formal command from Bonaparte? We cannot even suppose otherwise.—*Author.*

bed in an alcove of the same apartment, separated only by a grating: she heard, without being perceived, all this conversation, and experienced the most lively emotion; for she recognized the Prince, whose foster-sister she had been; and the family had settled a pension upon her before the Revolution.*

"The Prince was in haste to retire to rest. He had need of some: but before he could have been well asleep the judges ordered him to be brought into the council chamber. I was not present at the examination. On its conclusion the Duke again ascended to his chamber; and when they went to seek him in order to read the sentence to him, he was in a profound sleep. A few moments after they were leading him to execution. He had so little apprehension of this, that, while descending the stair which conducts into the moat, he asked where they were taking him: no one made reply. I walked before the Prince with a lantern: feeling the cold which came from below he grasped my arm, and said—'*Will they throw me into a dungeon?*'"

Such was Harrel's simple narrative: the rest is too well known. I think I yet behold him shudder when thinking of this action of the unhappy Prince. Savary was not in the ditch at the moment of the execution, but most certainly on the glacis above, whence he could easily overlook the whole. Much has been said of a lantern, reported to have been fixed to a button-hole on the Duke's breast. That circumstance is pure invention. Captain Dautancourt, having a weak sight, caused the lantern carried by Harrel to be brought close, in order to read the sentence to the unhappy Prince—and what a sentence!—by which he was condemned, not only unjustly, but without even the forms of justice. It was probably this use of the lantern which gave rise to the outcry spread abroad; besides, it was six o'clock in the morning when the fatal event took place, and on the 21st March it is light at that hour.

To the circumstances now mentioned, I may add another very singular fact, which completes the narrative of this fearful tragedy. And, according to the practice adopted when speaking of facts which I have not myself seen or heard, I guarantee the source, as having received the details from one to whom they were related by the secretary of General Davoust. The secretary, whom I do not wish to name, having been appointed to office while the general held a command in the camp at Boulogne, was traveling in the public conveyance to the coast.

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* This woman was afterwards very dangerously ill in consequence of this fearful event.—*Author.*

In the vehicle was another passenger, whose expression of profound sorrow, and a silence interrupted only by deep sighs, which seemed to burst from an unconscious and overburdened mind, awakened the secretary's curiosity and interest. At this period the different roads to the camp were of course very much frequented, and, when the diligence arrived where the passengers were to remain for the night, there could be had only one chamber for two guests. The secretary contrived to be placed in the same bedroom with his mysterious fellow traveler, who had not once spoken during the journey. When they were thus left to themselves, the secretary addressed the stranger in that tone of kindness and feeling which takes from a question every appearance of indiscretion—expressing his sympathy in sufferings apparently so heavy, and requesting to be allowed to offer his services in removing or alleviating them. To several overtures of this nature the unknown made answer only by profound sighs. At length he broke silence to the following effect :—"Sir, I am truly grateful for your good intentions. I have need of nothing; there remains for me no possible consolation; the grief which I endure will end only with life. You shall judge—for the interest you have expressed too well merits my confidence for me to conceal anything. Imagine my despair. I was quartermaster in the regiment of gendarmerie d'elite: it was my chance to form one in a detachment ordered for Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms. At daybreak orders were sent me to descend into the moat with six men: we were to proceed to an execution. A man was brought out; I gave the command to fire. The man fell. After all was over I learned that we had shot the Duke d'Enghien. Could I have imagined it was he? I had heard him called a brigand of La Vendée! I have quitted the service; my discharge has been granted; and I am retiring to the bosom of my family. Oh! why did I not do so long ago!"

Another remarkable circumstance, which is likewise perfectly true, may be mentioned as connected with this mournful event. The Prince had with him a little dog; the faithful creature constantly returned to the fatal place. Who has not seen it? for what eagerness was not manifested to visit that scene of woe? It was a real pilgrimage. The eye rested upon the spot where the young victim had fallen, while it could be discerned through tears; and all admired the faithfulness of the poor dog. The police, ever uneasy, set this to rights. People were prohibited from passing that way; and the dog came no more to howl over the grave of his master.

Much talk has also arisen about a letter, said to have been written to Bonaparte by the Duke d'Enghien, which, it is pretended, did not

reach its destination till after the execution. It is an atrocious absurdity! How possibly believe that the Prince wrote to Bonaparte, offering his services, and stipulating for the command of an army? His peposition says not a word of this letter, but it is in formal opposition to the sentiments which that letter supposes. The truth is, such letter never existed. I know that the Duke never wrote a letter to the First Consul, a fact communicated to me by the Prince's chief aid-de-camp, who never quitted him till the last moment. And I know, also, that hatred and revenge, after exhausting all the forms which they could assume in Paris, have sought out new shapes on the rock of St. Helena. The last will of Napoleon, however, did at length reveal the truth. I cite this document, because I know it to be genuine, and as much a fact as the events which have fallen under my own observation.

"It was I who caused the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and condemned, because such proceeding had become necessary for the security, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when the Duke d'Artois entertained, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. In similar circumstances I would act again in a similar manner." Napoleon dictated this remarkable sentence to the friend who wrote the whole document: this individual pressed, entreated, conjured him to suppress a declaration which would bring a blot upon his glory, and which was so evidently at variance with all that he had previously emitted on the subject. Overcome by the entreaties of so faithful a friend, Bonaparte consented to the suppression. The will was then concluded and inclosed in a box of which Bonaparte alone kept the key. But after his death the passage I have just cited was recovered in a codicil. Every one who has had any connection with Napoleon knows how he was served. And I dare affirm that no one would have ventured to retain a letter on which the fate of so august and noble a victim depended: certainly, if any one had had the audacity to act upon so criminal a thought, he would have destroyed the letter of which he was the depositary.

It is well known that Bonaparte had repeatedly said, in presence even of persons whom he supposed had preserved intercourse with the partisans of the Bourbons at Paris—"I will put an end to all these conspiracies; if there be emigrants who conspire I will have them shot. It is said some are concealed in Cobentzel's house. I do not believe it; but, should such be the case, I will have Cobentzel seized and shot also. The Bourbons shall know that, with me, none sport in life and death with impunity! That is no child's play."

Such is the truth: and according to these facts may we establish

our calculations as to the influence exercised by the Jacobins in this dark affair; and I attest, not without appearance of reason, that, provided the men of the Revolution aided him to ascend the throne, Bonaparte consented to deliver to them a victim of the royal blood, as the sole pledge able to confirm them in the certainty that the return of the family they had proscribed was not contemplated. The blood of the Duke d'Enghien alone could render the Consul a worthy associate of the men of the 21st January; and zeal, anticipating the orders relative to the execution of the villainous design, rendered relapse impossible, and seemed even to turn the crime from him for whose aggrandizement it was incurred. I possess irrefragable proofs that the order was given for immediate death: and I am certain also that, had the execution been delayed some hours, the Duke had not perished. But Bonaparte conceived and willed; implicit submission executed. It is therefore beyond all human means to remove from Napoleon his black reversion in this murder; for zeal may be excused, voluntary command—never!

General Savary dared not take upon him to delay the execution, although the Prince urgently demanded an interview with the First Consul. Had Bonaparte seen the Duke, I believe it may be considered as a matter beyond doubt that he would have saved his life. How, indeed, could he have acted otherwise? * Thus all that can be laid to Savary's charge is not having suspended an execution which, in all probability, had it been delayed, would not have taken place. Of this there appears almost a proof in the uncertainty which must have reigned in the mind of the First Consul. Had he not wavered, all his measures would have been determined in advance; and, had they been so, to a certainty the Duke's carriage would not have been kept waiting for five hours at the Barrier. It is a known fact, also, that at first the intention was to convey the Duke to the prison of the Temple. But from all this, the final inference is to me clear as day that an order had been received from Bonaparte to destroy the Duke d'Enghien—an order so full and explicit as rendered it impossible to speak with Bonaparte again till all was concluded. Savary, then, did nothing but obey; and it had been better for him, in his late Memoirs, to have acknowledged this with regret, than to attempt, with heroic but mistaken devotion, to palliate, even at his own expense, this crime which will eternally

* In the second judgment, as published, it is said that the court, before passing sentence, was cleared of all the citizens! To this is appended a note:—"Citizens present—what cruel mockery! There was no auditor present except ————." Surely it is not meant that this blank should be filled up with Bonaparte. Was it Fouché? One or other certainly is meant: either fills the mind with ideas of horror.—*Translator.*

stigmatize the name of the master whom he so faithfully served. I promised to tell the truth on this melancholy subject, and have fulfilled my promise, regardless of the pain which the avowal has caused me. Of the correctness of my general inferences can there be a more convincing proof than the circumstances of Harrel's narrative, which permit me not to entertain the doubts I could have wished still to have cherished. A grave prepared beforehand—a grave dug in the ditch of a fortress, while the unconscious captive, its destined inmate, yet lived but by the permission of him who gave that order.

On the 22d, when Harrel had taken his leave, I determined immediately on going to Malmaison to visit Madame Bonaparte, well assured, from my knowledge of her sentiments for the Bourbons, that she must be in profound affliction. I sent an express to announce my intention. and to know if she could receive me, a precaution I had never before employed, but which now seemed expedient. On arriving, I was quickly introduced into her boudoir, where she was alone with Hortense and Madame de Remusat, all three overwhelmed with grief. "Ah, Bourrienne!" cried Josephine, on perceiving me, "what a fearful misfortune! If you knew how it is with *him!* he shuns—he fears the presence of all. Who could have excited him to an action like this?" I then related to Josephine the details just gathered from Harrel. "What cruelty!" replied Josephine. "At least they cannot say it was my fault, for I did all I could to turn him from his sinister design. He did not confide himself to me; but you know how I can divine his thoughts; and he acknowledged all: but with what harshness he repulsed my prayers! I clung to him--I threw myself at his feet. '*Meddle with what concerns you!*' he exclaimed with fury; '*these are no matters for women!—Leave me!*' And he threw me from him with a violence he had never shown since our first interview on your return from Egypt.—My God! what will become of us?"

I could urge nothing to calm an affliction or soothe fears in which I participated; for to the grief occasioned by the death of his victim was added an almost equal sorrow to find Bonaparte capable of such an act. "What," resumed Josephine, "what must be the opinion of Paris? I am sure that all execrate him; for here even his flatterers appear in consternation when out of his presence. We have been very sad since yesterday; and he!—you know how he is when not satisfied with himself, and yet striving to appear so to every eye: none dares to address him; and all is gloomy around us. What a commission had been intrusted to Savary! You know I never liked that man, because he is one of those whose flatteries contribute most directly to

our destruction. Well, Savary was the cause of much grief to me yesterday, when he came to discharge the melancholy duty confided to him by the Duke d'Enghien just before his death. "Here," added Josephine, showing them to me, "are his portrait and a lock of his hair which he desired I might be requested to send to her who had been dear to him. Savary almost had tears in his eyes while speaking to me of the Duke's last moments; then, as if ashamed of human feelings said, 'One cannot help being moved, madam, with no ordinary emotion, on beholding such a man die.'"

Josephine afterwards told me of the solitary act of courage which that fatal epoch had witnessed, namely, the resignation sent in to Bonaparte by M. de Chateaubriand. She very much admired this noble conduct. "What a misfortune," said she, "that *he* is not surrounded by men of like character, who would cause him to stop short in all the errors into which he is hurried by the sycophancy of those about him!"

Since the name of this celebrated man becomes thus honorably united with the mournful history just related, the present appears a fitting opportunity to introduce some account of his relation with Bonaparte.

M. de Chateaubriand had been erased from the list of emigrants and returned to France in 1800, solely on account of his literary merits, which, on the immediate occasion, were brought directly under Bonaparte's notice by Eliza. I recollect that one day Madame Bacciochi, instigated by M. de Fontanes, I believe, came to her brother with a little volume in her hand. The book was "Attala," which she begged him to read. "What!" said Bonaparte, "more romances? Truly, I have much time to throw away upon your fooleries!" He took the volume, however, and placed it on his table. "It is by M. de Chateaubriand," said his sister, "whom you must erase."—"Ah, hah!" replied he, "it is Chateaubriand's, is it? then I shall read. Bourrienne, write to Fouché to erase his name from the list." The publication of the "Genius of Christianity" following his return to France, elevated M. de Chateaubriand to the highest honors of literature, and gained the admiration of the First Consul, who had at first distrusted him. I remember the latter had previously said to me, speaking of the former, "People have not failed to speak of him to me, but I fear he will never enter into my system: as I understand him, I prefer having him for an open foe than a forced friend. But I shall see hereafter; I will try him in a secondary place, and, if I like him, shall push him." He did so, but the merit was grand, indeed, to vanquish such prejudices.

Subsequently, M. de Chateaubriand was nominated to be principal

secretary to the embassy which Cardinal Fesch headed to the Holy See. Some coolness arising between these functionaries, the Consul took part with his uncle and recalled the secretary. But, to the great astonishment of all the world, this recall, far from a disgrace, was only preparatory to higher elevation as minister plenipotentiary to the Valais, with permission to travel in Switzerland and Italy, to which was added the promise of the first vacant grand embassy. During this period of power, Chateaubriand dedicated to the Chief of the Republic the second edition of his "Genius of Christianity." After some months' stay in Paris, on returning from Rome, the moment of his departure for the Valais having arrived, he presented himself in the cabinet of the First Consul in order to take leave. By a strange coincidence this occurred on the morning of the fatal 21st March, consequently little more than four hours after the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. I need not add that the author of the "Genius of Christianity" knew not of that horrible event. On returning, however, he remarked to one of his friends (I think M. de Fontanes gave me this information), that he had observed a great change on the countenance of the First Consul and something sinister in his look. Bonaparte had perceived his new minister in the crowd, and appeared more than once as if intending to speak to him, then turned round abruptly and approached no more to that side. Two hours after M. de Chateaubriand had imparted these observations to two or three friends the public criers revealed to him the cause of an agitation which, notwithstanding his strength of character and inconceivable empire over himself, Bonaparte had not been able to dissemble. Chateaubriand sent in his resignation as minister plenipotentiary to the Valais. For several days his friends lived under the most lively apprehension; every morning they came very early to inquire whether he had been carried off during the night. Their fears might have been but too well grounded; and I, who knew the First Consul so well, can hardly conceive how he could restrain his wrath against one who had so clearly expressed the sentiment, "You have committed a crime, and I will no longer accept office under your government, sullied, as it now is, with blood."

The immediate consequences of the death of the Duke d'Enghien were not confined to the consternation with which this stroke of power agitated the capital. The news filled the provinces with equal fear and hatred, and foreign courts with indignation not less deep because silent. One entire class of society, and that the most influential, which we may here term the *Fauxbourg St. Germain* of the provinces, namely, the country gentlemen, was, by this act, to a man alienated. The disposition of

the landed interest had till then been not unfavorable to the First Consul; here had pressed, in its heaviest rigor, the law of hostages, and, with the exception of some families grown inveterate in the belief that they were to the world what they appeared to be in a circle of some two leagues—illustrious personages—all wise people in the provinces, even while preserving a sincere attachment to the ancient order of things, had seen with satisfaction the Consular substituted for the Directoral government, and certainly bore no hostility to the person of the chief magistrate.

The consequences were still more fatal at foreign courts, universally changing the dispositions of the sovereigns towards the First Consul. Every crowned head and every princely family in Europe regarded the murder of the Duke d'Enghien and the violation of the neutrality of the states of Baden as insults to their order. The stationary policy of the cabinet of Vienna, however, and the vicinage of the French troops in Hanover, which overawed Berlin, prevented either of these courts from testifying resentment by any public remonstrance. But, at St. Petersburg, Alexander openly proclaimed his indignation; and henceforth England found it more easy successfully to negotiate with Austria and Prussia as well as Russia, though the two former continued silent. The English press for long after designated Bonaparte only as the assassin of the Duke d'Enghien; and I know for certain that Mr. Pitt observed to one, "Bonaparte has just wrought himself more mischief than we have been able to inflict since the first declaration of war."

Of all the monarchs of Europe, however, the injury affected most nearly the Kings of Naples and Spain, since theirs was the blood that had been shed; but they could only suffer and be silent. Not so Louis XVIII., more a king, though without subjects, than those of his family actually seated upon thrones. Immediately on the execution of the Duke he wrote to the King of Spain as follows:—

"Sire, Sir, and dear Cousin,—It is with regret that I return to you the insignia of the Golden Fleece which his majesty, your father, of glorious memory, intrusted to me. There can now be nothing in common to me with the grand criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed upon my throne, since he has had the barbarity to shed the blood of a Bourbon in that of the Duke d'Enghien. Religion might engage me to forgive an assassin, but the tyrant of my people must ever be mine enemy. In the present age it is more glorious to deserve than to wield a scepter. Providence, for inscrutable purposes, may condemn me to end my days in exile; but never shall my contempora-

ries or posterity be able to say, that, in the season of adversity, I showed myself unworthy, even to my last sigh, of occupying the throne of my ancestors.

LOUIS."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ARREST OF THE CONSPIRATORS, PICHEGRU, GEORGES, AND OTHERS—FIRMNESS AND TRAGICAL DEATH OF PICHEGRU — PROCEEDINGS ON THE TRIAL — GEORGES — COSTER ST. VICTOR— ANECDOTE — CAPTAIN WRIGHT—ANECDOTES—MOREAU—CONDEMNATION—EXECUTION.

THE death of the Duke d'Enghien presents an horrible episode thrown into the grand action, then in progress, and soon afterwards consummated, of Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne. The trials of the real or supposed conspirators belonged, in part, to the same events. These I attended in all their details; and thus obtained conviction of the fact, already hinted, that Moreau was not in reality a conspirator; though I believe the First Consul might naturally enough have supposed him such; and I am also convinced that the machinations of the police had induced the actual conspirators to regard the victor of Hohenlinden as their accomplice and their chief.

The declarations of Bouvet de Lozier, as we have seen, led to the arrest of Moreau; Pichegru was taken through the most infamous treachery of which man can be guilty, being betrayed by one named Leblanc, to whose friendship he had implicitly confided his liberty and life. The official police, at length informed of the general's presence in Paris, had in vain endeavored to discover his retreat, when this wretch, who had, in fact, provided the very asylum he was now to violate, came voluntarily to state that the price of a friend's blood was one hundred thousand crowns. Comminges, the commissary of police, was thus furnished with an exact description of Pichegru's place of concealment, Rue de Chabanais, and with false keys to his very bedchamber. This functionary, with a party of strong and resolute men, repaired to the spot during the night of the 22–23d February. These precautions were rendered fully necessary by the prodigious personal strength of Pichegru, and by knowledge of the fact that, with means of defense at hand, he would never allow himself to be taken without desperate resistance. This party gained admittance by means of the false keys which Leblanc had had the baseness to get made for himself. Their victim was asleep. A night-lamp burned on a table by the bed. The light was instantly overturned and extinguished; and the whole threw

themselves upon the general, who struggled, nevertheless, with great force, uttering loud cries for help. He was at length overpowered and pinioned; and thus they conducted the conqueror of Holland to the dungeon which he never left alive.

Pichegru, I confess, was far from inspiring the same interest as Moreau. The army never forgave his negotiations with the Prince de Condé, before the 18th Fructidor.

One circumstance, however, which occurred on his arrival in Paris, does him much honor. The general had taken as his aid-de-camp M. Lagrenée, a young man who had attained the rank of captain, and yet immediately gave in his resignation on the disgrace of his patron. Having previously, in early life, studied under his father, formerly Director of the French Academy at Rome, he had assumed the pencil on laying aside the sword, and at this time practiced as a portrait painter. Pichegru, on visiting his former companion in arms, was pressed to accept an asylum, but obstinately refused, saying he never would compromise a friend whose attachment had already been so dearly proved. I owe this fact to a singular chance. Exactly at this period of trouble, Madame de Bourrienne, wishing to have a likeness of one of our children, applied to M. Lagrenée, who himself related this anecdote.

Pichegru's relations were peasants in Franche Comté; he received a gratuitous education at Brienne, where he afterwards officiated as usher. His ambition then aspired no higher than to be a Minim. From this he was dissuaded by the good priest, who had all along been his protector; and he subsequently entered upon a military career. He was still assistant at Brienne, and several years older, when we entered there; and, I remember, he was appointed to instruct Bonaparte in the first four rules of arithmetic. There was this farther remarkable in their youth—that both received, almost at the same time, their first commissions as lieutenants of artillery. How vast the difference in their future destiny!

Fifteen days after the arrest of Pichegru, Georges was seized on the 9th March, in company with another of the accused named Leridant, about seven in the evening, while crossing, in a cabriolet, the square of the Odeon. To this spot he had, doubtless, been conducted by the agent of the police, in order that a public capture might strike with greater effect upon the minds of the multitude. If such were the calculation, it cost the life of one man, and had nearly proved fatal to another; for Georges, who always went armed, shot dead the officer of police who seized the reins, and, in like manner, wounded the first

who advanced to lay hold of himself. Besides his pistols there was found upon his person a dagger of English manufacture; and, though all this might have been expected, the journals of next day failed not to raise a great outcry, as if Georges had for months been lurking in the capital for the purpose of assassinating the First Consul.

Georges's last place of concealment had been in the house of a fruit-woman named Lemoine, whose daughter had gone on before with a packet belonging to him, and the young woman was in the act of getting into the vehicle at the moment of arrest. At the instant of firing he called out to this person to save herself; but the police were quickly upon her traces, and she was discovered in a neighboring house, where she had given the packet to another female; this, among other things, contained a bag of a thousand *sovereigns* of Holland, or about 34,000 francs (£1,420): it was also discovered that the parcel had been opened, "merely through curiosity," by the husband of the woman to whom it had been intrusted, though, as turned out, he had been somewhat more than curious, in contriving to abstract therefrom, in extremely brief space, rather better than a thousand crowns. All these persons were arrested, and Georges the same night was conducted to the Temple. After his arrest there still remained several individuals, of less note, implicated in the conspiracy, and who had found means to elude pursuit, but were all secured within five days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien. They were taken by the famous Commissary Comminges, in the house of one named Dubusson, who had furnished a retreat to several of the proscribed. It may show the nature of such researches to explain how the last captures were effected here, namely, by the police firing at suspicious-looking furniture, doors, or hiding-places throughout the premises. By this means, Villeneuve, who was shut up in a cupboard, being wounded in the arm, the whole were discovered. It is worthy of remark, also, that the day after Georges's arrest the Council assembled in which Bonaparte decided the fate of the Duke; that is to say, when all those of note or consequence among the alleged conspirators were in the hands of the government, and when there no longer existed a pretext for alleging the presence of any mysterious personage in Paris: for Pichegru, with daring peculiar to himself, had made his nightly appearance in several saloons of the Faux-bourg St. Germain, exciting the fears, yet eluding the researches, of the police. This mysterious personage has been attempted to be passed off as the Duke d'Enghien and thence cause taken for defending his murder! More than a hundred captives now crowded the Temple, who, Moreau excepted, were all treated with extreme rigor. They dared not

communicate, from fear of mutually compromising each other; but all exhibited a courage and resolution which awakened fears for the result of the trial. Neither promises nor the threats of punishment could draw from them any disclosures in the course of examination. Pichegru in particular displayed such firmness that Real, on leaving the dungeon, where he had just been examining him, exclaimed aloud, before several witnesses, "What a man that Pichegru is!"

Forty days had elapsed from the arrest of that general when, on the morning of the 6th April, he was found dead in the cell which he occupied in the Temple. During this space Pichegru had undergone ten examinations; he had not made a single confession; not one individual had been compromised by his replies; all his declarations announced his readiness to speak out, but that he would do so only in public and during the solemn proceedings of the legal tribunals. "When I am before the judges," said he, "my language shall ever be conformable to truth and for the interest of my country!" What, then, would have been the tenor of that language? Doubtless it was feared the spirit of it would prove anything but convenient; it was resolved, therefore, it should not be heard, for Pichegru would have kept his word: he was no less able as a general than firm and resolved as a man, in which respect he showed himself infinitely superior to Moreau.

The day on which Real expressed himself as above was the last of Pichegru's examinations, and of his life. On this occasion, as I afterwards learned from unquestionable authority, Pichegru, always careful not to implicate any of his fellow sufferers, took no care to conceal his detestation of him who had resolved on his death, but expressed his determination to expose to the eyes of the nation the odious contrivances of the plot by which the police had ensnared him. He declared, likewise, that he and his companions in captivity no longer thought of anything save how to leave Paris as speedily as possible, and escape the pitfalls dug around them, having one and all renounced any design against Bonaparte—a design into which they had been led by the police, when they were arrested. To this frank and stern avowal I attribute the premature death of Pichegru. M. Real, who examined that unfortunate man, knows better than any other the substance of his confessions. I am ignorant whether the examinator, who is still alive, either now or later will lift the veil which covers these mysterious events; but I know he dare not contradict a single fact which I now advance. To me it is demonstrated, to the fullest conviction, that Pichegru was strangled in prison; suicide is consequently inadmissible.

I have read all that has been published on this subject; the truth has not been declared till now.

The body was discovered lying on the bed, about half-past seven in the morning, by the domestic, on entering to light the fire. About the neck of the corpse was a black silk cravat, through which had been passed a piece of wood as a tourniquet. This had been twisted round till suffocation ensued; and one end still remained resting against the left cheek, being thus prevented from recoiling. Upon the same cheek had been inflicted a considerable abrasure from the forcible and irregular movement of the baton. Some crushing and struggling had been heard in the chamber, but not such as to excite inquiry; and the marshal of the prison declared that the key of the general's chamber had been brought to him at ten, and continued throughout the night in his possession, till the moment of lighting the fire! Such are the principal details of the process verbal. It was reported, very awkwardly, at the time, that Real had said, "Now, though nothing can be more clearly demonstrated than this suicide, all is vain; people will always say that, not being able to convict, we have strangled the prisoner." Real never said this—it bore too near a resemblance to the truth.

I have here no intention to justify those who engaged in a conspiracy; crime is ever to be condemned, whatever inducements may have been used to excite to its commission; though such excitement, in the hands of those who afterwards punished the delinquents, necessarily diminishes our indignation. That such encouragement was held out by a secret police appears from what has already been stated, and from a fact reported to me by M. Carbonnet, who witnessed the entrance of Pichegru, accompanied by Rolland and Lajollais, into Moreau's library, the general being there to receive them, and, after the interview, related its object to my informant as follows:—Pichegru said he had been informed by mutual friends that Moreau and the senate reckoned upon bringing about a change. Moreau assured Pichegru he had been deceived, that he knew nothing which warranted Pichegru's journey; he treated it as madness, and declared that every attempt to overturn the government was impracticable and absurd.

While the process was in preparation, Georges and the other principal conspirators were held in the most rigorous and secret confinement. The catastrophe of Pichegru was communicated to them separately; and as none credited the report of suicide, it is not easy to conceive the consternation and terror thus excited among the captives. I grieve to say that Louis Bonaparte, certainly the best of his

family, indulged the cruel curiosity of visiting Georges in this situation. What an unworthy spectacle! Louis appeared surrounded by a brilliant staff; the royalist chief was stretched upon a couch, his hands crossed on his belly, and heavily bound with irons. Lauriston informed me of these particulars; and, notwithstanding his devotion to the interests of the First Consul, could not forbear his disapprobation of what he had witnessed. Nor did this surprise me. Lauriston was not, like too many of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, a stranger to the feelings of humanity.

The indictment being drawn up, the prisoners were permitted to have communication with each other; and in that reckless indifference of life inspired by youth, misfortune, and courage united, they actually amused themselves in childish sports! An order for their translation to the Conciergery put a termination to these games thus strangely played; and for this abode of new and more certain sorrow they prepared as if setting out on some ordinary visit. Before departing, Georges harangued his companions in captivity, encouraging them to constancy and mutual forgiveness—"Show to the world by your demeanor and your discourse that you possess the courage and resolution which inspired me with such confidence in you; which would have rendered us triumphant over the enemies of our king and of our faith had we not been so unworthily betrayed!"

Everything being now prepared, Hémart, the regicide, was named president of the special tribunal before which the prisoners were to be cited. This choice filled Paris with general horror; it seemed to seal the doom of the accused. Napoleon had now been about ten days Emperor when the trials, which had hastened his elevation, commenced on the 28th May. It is impossible to describe either the concourse to the Palace of Justice during all the twelve days of the proceedings, or the anxiety, consternation, and doubt which prevailed. The judge; the selection of the jury; the recent death of the Duke d'Enghien; the more immediate and mysterious fate of Pichegru—all threw a fearful and gloomy apprehension into the minds of men. In my own individual case I cannot yet recall without emotion my feelings on seeing the prisoners one by one enter and take their places between two officers of justice, all wearing a grave but firm expression of countenance, save Bouvet de Lozier, who dared not raise his eyes to his companions, whom weakness, not inclination, had seduced him to criminate. Of the whole forty-nine accused, among whom were several women, I knew only Moreau and Georges. All eyes were turned upon the victor of Hohenliden, and every look was that of re-

spect and admiration. In the course of the whole proceedings, which I followed with equal interest and attention, not the shadow of a fact occurred to inculpate his conduct for one instant. Scarcely one of the hundred and thirty-nine witnesses for the prosecution knew him, while he declared, during the fourth sitting, that not one of the accused had either been known, or, to the best of his knowledge, even seen by him. His appearance was constantly untroubled as his conscience; he repelled the attacks of his accusers with a calm dignity and modest assurance, although from time to time there burst from him an expression of just indignation. I remember, on the president accusing him of a design to assume the dictatorship, the electric effect produced when Moreau exclaimed—"I dictator! make myself dictator with the partisans of the Bourbons? Where, then, were to be found my own supporters? I will tell you—they would have been the soldiers of France, nine-tenths of whom I have commanded, and fifty thousand of whom I have saved! These warriors, however, would have aided me in a cause against which the partisans you now give me have combated since 1792!" But for the cannon bullet which struck down Moreau amid the ranks of the enemies of France—but for the foreign badge which disgraced the hat of Hohenlinden, his fame had been unsullied! I still seem to view the worthy friend of Moreau, General Lecourbe, unexpectedly entering the court, holding an infant in his arms, and saying, in a strong voice, which yet trembled with emotion—"Soldiers, behold the son of your general!" The whole military in the immense hall, as if by a spontaneous sympathy, presented arms to the child, and a murmur of approbation rose from the auditory. Unquestionably if, at this moment of enthusiasm, Moreau had but spoken the word, the court would speedily have been cleared, and the prisoners set at liberty. He remained silent, and, of all present, seemed the only unconcerned spectator. The same respectful admiration actuated the soldiery who guarded Moreau in prison, and rendered it no easy matter for the government to provide effectually for his security without increasing an admiring guard, so as to render it a formidable point of support in the event of an insurruction. The general's docile and unambitious character, however, proved the best guarantee for his safe custody. Such was the respect he inspired, even when accused, that in the court, whenever he rose to speak, the gendarmes appointed to guard him rose also of their own accord and stood uncovered till their prisoner had sat down.

Georges was in no degree to be compared with Moreau; the former inspired less of interest than of curiosity; and, apart from their

preceding positions in society, their behavior on the present emergency exhibited a striking contrast. Moreau appeared calm and dignified and secure in conscious rectitude: Georges, resigned to the fate that awaited him, viewed his situation with an almost barbarian firmness. As if to avenge himself on death before suffering its pains, he assumed a tone of bitter sarcasm against all concerned. Thuriot, another regicide, and one also of the judges, he always addressed, pronouncing his name Tue-roi (Kill-king), and when obliged to reply to the judge's interrogations, exclaimed on finishing, "Give me a glass of water, that I may wash my mouth!" But under this assumed tone and manner of a rude soldier, Georges concealed the soul of a hero: throughout the whole proceedings he discovered unshaken firmness. Of all that concerned himself personally, he concealed nothing. On every thing which might compromise others neither insinuation, reproaches, nor arguments could open his lips. The following dialogue will give some idea of the manner in which Georges's examination and replies were conducted. When the witnesses to his arrest had answered the interrogatories of the president, the latter, addressing Georges, asked —"Have you anything to reply?"—"No."—"Do you admit the facts?"—"Yes." Then, as Georges affected to pay no attention, but to be looking at some papers which lay before him, Hémart was obliged to remind him that he ought not to read during his examination, and the dialogue recommenced thus:—"You admit having been arrested in the place mentioned by the witness?"—"I know not the name of the place."—"You admit having been arrested?"—"Yes."—"Did you fire two pistol shots?"—"Yes."—"Did you kill a man?"—"It might be so: I know nothing of it."—"You had a poniard?"—"Yes."—"And two pistols?"—"Yes."—"Whom had you with you?"—"I do not know the person."—"Where did you lodge in Paris?"—"Nowhere."—"At the moment of your arrest did you not lodge with a fruiterer, Rue Montagne St. Geneviève?"—"At the moment of my arrest I was in a cabriolet: I lodged nowhere."—"Where did you sleep the night preceding?"—"Nowhere."—"What were you doing in Paris?"—"I was walking about."—"What persons did you see there?"—"I shall name no one—I know them not." Offers, too, had been made to him in prison; and I heard M. Real, who had been the organ of communication, say to Desmarets and others, "I have just seen Georges; he has rejected all my offers of pardon and employment under the imperial government; he put an end to my commission by saying, 'My companions followed me into France—I will follow them to death.'" And yet the man to whom solicitations on the part of

the Emperor were thus made in a dungeon by a councilor of state was stigmatized as a *brigand* in placards stuck round the walls of Paris!

Coster Saint-Victor had something chivalrous in his bearing and language which prepossessed all in his favor: he presented no bad image of one of the Fiesco conspirators or cavaliers of the Fronde—votaries at once of pleasure and of politics. An anecdote was about this time placed to his account which I may here give, though considering it merely the fruit of imagination. Saint-Victor, having no certain habitation in Paris, had found for one night an asylum with a certain fair actress far advanced in the good graces of the First Consul. By chance, Bonaparte happened to pay a secret visit on the same evening, and found himself in presence of Saint-Victor, who thus might easily have disposed of his man; but in this interview of rival gallantry there passed only exchanges of mutual courtesy. The story is ridiculous; Bonaparte never went abroad at night, and certainly would not have commenced a course of nocturnal adventure when he believed "the air to be full of daggers." The invention was calculated to render him more odious should Saint-Victor not receive pardon.*

Wright was heard during the sixth sitting, as thirty-fourth witness for the prosecution. He declared that he would reply to no question; that, as prisoner of war, he claimed all the rights of one; that he owed any account of his proceedings to his own government alone. The advocate-general requested the president to order his examination of the 21st May, and one still later, to be read to Captain Wright. After the reading, Wright replied that they had not inserted in the examination the threats of delivering him up to a military commission and shooting him unless he betrayed the secrets of his country.†

In the course of the proceedings the most tender interest attached to MM. de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, and De Rivière—all young, all heirs of an illustrious name, which, notwithstanding the proscription of

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* Saint-Victor's address to the judges on the shameful manner in which the defenses were reported, tending to throw ridicule upon the advocates, and to prejudge in public opinion the cause of the accused, was at once splendid and just. No reliance whatsoever is to be placed on the reports in the *Moniteur* and other journals of the period.—*Author.*

† Wright was arrested for having disembarked the conspirators. This officer had served under Sir Sidney Smith. Strong suspicions of being an accomplice attached to Wright. He was conveyed to Paris as a necessary witness to the conviction of the accused.—*Author.*

What became of Captain Wright afterwards?—*Translator.*

the nobility, still held influence over the spirits of men even when opposed to their principles, especially when accompanied with the fidelity and heroism manifested by these young victims. All seemed reckless of their own fate and solicitous only for the honor of the cause they had espoused. Even under the sword of the law, these faithful servants of the Bourbons seized every opportunity of displaying their attachment. A medallion, with the likeness of the Comté d'Artois, was produced against De Rivière; he requested a nearer view; it was handed to him, when he pressed it to his lips and returned it, saying he merely wished thus to testify his homage to a prince whom he loved. But the immense auditory were still more moved, on the last meetings, when the two brothers Polignac in turn implored the judges to let the vengeance of the law fall upon himself, but to spare his brother. There was not a dry eye in the court; yet do my recollections contrast horribly with this tender scene the figure of Hémart, as impassible and more cruel than the law, putting an end to this touching rivalry by saying, in a tone more vindictive than befitted magisterial gravity, "The proceedings are closed."

For four hours we waited the return of the judges—the crowd was every moment increasing. A general stupor fell upon all when, at length, Hémart resumed the president's chair, holding the sentence of the court in his hand. Death was pronounced against Georges Cadoudal, Bouvet de Lozier, Rusillon, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, De Rivière, Louis Ducorps, Picot, Lajollais, Roger, Saint-Victor, Deville, Gaillard, Joyaut, Burban, Lemercier, Jean Cadoudal, Lelan, and Merille. Only two years' imprisonment was awarded to Jules de Polignac, Leridant, Rolland, Hisay, and General Moreau.

At this sentence consternation spread throughout Paris; it was a day of general mourning and, though Sunday, the usual places of public resort were deserted. To the horror of such wanton distribution of death among numbers, the greater part of whom belonged to the most distinguished class of society, was added the ridicule of Moreau's condemnation—a ridicule to which no one could be more sensible than Bonaparte himself. He is reported to have said to the judges on this occasion—"Gentlemen, I am but your pupil; it is your duty to be well informed before presenting your report. But when I have once your signature, on your heads be it if an innocent man suffer."

The language is like his, and, in substance, the same as we shall find he himself expressed to me some days after. In the commencement of this catastrophe, I have not hesitated to lay the whole odium of the Duke's murder on Bonaparte; but, in the affair of Georges and Moreau,

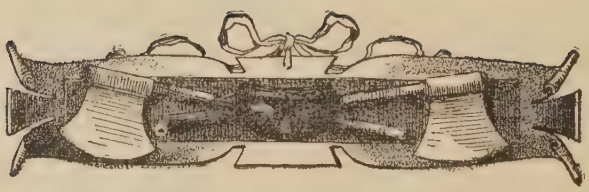
he was less guilty than the judges and accusers, and far less so than the grand instigator of so many hateful machinations. The language above quoted, however, though it might have been well placed in the mouth of a sovereign whose ministers were responsible, could only be an ironical excuse from the lips of an absolute ruler.

The condemned appealed, less from inclination than through the pressing entreaties of their friends. Moreau also put in an appeal; but, yielding to his fate, withdrew it before the sitting of the court, consoled by the thought that he owed his misfortune to a too splendid fame. I obtained at the time the most unquestionable assurance that Murat immediately applied to the Emperor for a general pardon, on the grounds both of humanity and policy, urging that such an act of clemency, at the commencement of the imperial reign, would conciliate a good-will throughout France and Europe far more than equivalent to any security procured by the execution of the conspirators. The application was unfavorably received; but Josephine, as we shall find, who, on becoming Empress, lost none of her matchless benevolence or attachment to old friends, succeeded in obtaining some mitigation of the sentence.

Bouvet de Lozier, by his revelations, Rusillon de Rivière, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, and D'Hozier, as also, in all probability, Armand Gaillard, through this intercession, and Lajollais as a matter of course, were pardoned. As to the other victims of the dark contrivances of a base police, they underwent their fate on the 25th June with the same courage and resignation they had throughout displayed. Georges, aware of a report having arisen that he had been received into favor, requested one grace at least, which was to die first, that his companions at death might carry with them the assurance that he had not survived them.

I have said that the judges composing the special tribunal were tampered with; and this I assert on personal proof. Bonaparte knew that I was very intimately acquainted with M. Desmaisons, one of the members of the court and brother-in-law of Corvisart; he knew, besides, that this judge inclined to the opinion that Moreau was innocent, and ought to be acquitted. One morning very early, during the progress of the trial, Corvisart paid me a visit with a very embarrassed air—"How now," said I, "what bad news do you bring?"—"None," replied the man of medicine; "but I come by order of the Emperor; he desires you will speak with my brother-in-law; his words were, 'Desmaisons is the sénior judge—a considerate man; his opinion will have great weight. I know he is favorable to Moreau; he is wrong.

Go find Bourrienne, and come to an understanding with him, to bring his friend to more rational ideas; for, I repeat it, he is wrong; he deceives himself." It needs not to repeat the indignation and astonishment with which I listened to this proposal, nor that, during the whole course of the proceedings, I took care not once to visit or speak to M. Desmaisons, who, however, would have been as far from suffering himself to be influenced as I could have been from making the attempt. There were also other honorable men among the judges, for all were not Hémarts and Thuriots. History will preserve, as a noble contrast to the turpitude of the epoch, the reply of Clavier to the president, who urged him to give his voice against Moreau—"Well, sir, and if we condemn him, who will absolve us?"



APPENDIX

TO

VOLUME I.

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Note A. Page 46.

Supper of Beaucaire.—This is a political *jeu d'esprit*, of about 16 pages 8vo., and, from its liveliness, vigor, and intrinsic merits, must have produced considerable effect at the time, though now interesting only as the earliest *regular* production of Bonaparte's pen. The object of the publication is to refute the principles, and expose the weakness, of the counter-revolutionists in the south of France, at the head of whom, at that time, were the inhabitants of Marseilles. The time when the piece is supposed to open is soon after Avignon had been evacuated by the insurgents, as they were named, and seized by the republican troops. The whole is in the form of a dialogue, of which the characters and scenes are thus described in the introduction:—"Happening to be at Beaucaire, on the last day of the fair, I found myself seated at supper in company with two merchants from Marseilles, a townsman of Nismes, and a manufacturer belonging to Montpellier. My companions soon discovered I had lately come from Avignon and belonged to the army. Their minds which, during the week, had been bent upon gain and the transactions of business, were now directed towards the present posture of affairs and those results whereon must depend the future security of their acquisitions. They were, therefore, particularly desirous of knowing my opinion, and of comparing it with their own. Good fellowship rendered us mutually communicative; and, being thus in a talkative vein, we began to discuss matters in nearly the following terms."

In the discussion which ensues, the soldier, who represents Bonaparte, and expresses the sentiments he entertained, or at least wished to appear then to entertain, supports the principal part. The other speakers take, of course, the side of their countrymen; he refutes their arguments in succession, shows that the republican armies have been, and must continue to be, victorious. His opponents, in the end, are constrained to confess that, in the anti-revolutionary party, "one portion

knows not its own intentions, is blinded and fanatical; while the other is disarmed, suspected, humiliated."—"Now," finally replies the soldier, "you begin to see reason. But, through the wise measures of Albitte, and the representatives of the people, all France will yet become of one mind. Marseilles will then be the center of gravity of liberty, with only a few lines to erase from her history."

"This happy prognostic," concludes the piece, "put us all again in good humor; the Marseillean, with hearty good will, treated us to more than one bottle of excellent champagne, which banished all cares and solicitudes. We broke up at two o'clock in the morning, agreeing to breakfast together, when my comrades had still some doubts to propose, and I many interesting truths to communicate."

From this conclusion, it would seem to have been the probable intention of the author to recur, if necessary, to the same mouth-pieces in future explanations of these said truths. The speeches of the soldier discover the most perfect knowledge of the state of parties and of the warlike resources of the southern departments: neither are they deficient in vigor of composition nor liveliness of repartee. In many of the remarks, too, we may discover the genius of those tactics to which Napoleon gave such perfection; as masking, not besieging, fortified places; marching without baggage; concentrating masses upon a given point; and what, in the then state of engineer science, was an original thought of high military genius, though we do not at this moment recollect any writer who has noticed it, namely, discarding guns of heavy caliber and breaking them up into a great number of eight, and even four, pounders.

Note B. Page 60.

Bonaparte's Marriage.—Extract from the register.—"This 18th day of the month Ventose, year IV. (9th March, 1796). Act of marriage between Napolione Buonaparte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, aged twenty-eight years, born at Ajaccio, department of Corsica, domiciliated in Paris, Rue d'Antin, son of Charles Buonaparte, rentier, and Letitia Ramolyno; and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher, aged twenty-eight years, born in the island of Martinico, Windward Islands, domiciliated in Paris, Rue Chantereine, daughter of Joseph-Gaspard Detascher, captain of dragoons, and of Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois, his spouse.

"I, Charles-Theodore-François Leclerc, public officer of the civil estate in the second arondissement of the canton of Paris, having read, in presence of the parties and witnesses, 1. Certificate of baptism of Napolione Buonaparte, attesting that he was born 5th February, 1768; 2. Certificate of baptism of Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher, which testifies that she was born 23d June, 1767; also was produced, extract of the death of Alexander-François-Marie Beauharnais, 5th Thermidor, year II., husband of said Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher; also produced, extract of the publication of said marriage, duly affixed for the time, as the law directs, with-

out opposition ; and likewise, after Napolione Buonaparte and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher had declared, with a loud voice, that they took each other, by mutual consent, for husband and wife, I pronounced, with a loud voice, Napolione Buonaparte and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher to be united in marriage, and that in presence of witnesses, of the age of majority, hereafter named, *to wit* :—Paul Barras, member of the executive directory ; Jean Lemarais, captain aid-de-camp ; Jean-Lambert Tallien, member of the legislative body ; Etienne-Jacques-Jerome Calmelet, practitioner at law ; all of whom, the parties and myself, have signed, after reading. (Signed in the register) M. J. R. TASCHER, NAPOLIONE BUONAPARTE. Tallien, P. Barras, J. Lemarais, Jr., E. Calmelet, Leclerc. (Delivered by us, mayor of the second arondissement of Paris, conformable to the original of the present act of marriage, at Paris, 17th February, 1829.)"

To this instrument Bourrienne has attached the following note :—" It will be remarked that, although Josephine was born 23d June, 1763, in the above act she is said to be born 23d June, 1767 ; and that Bonaparte, who was born 15th August, 1769, is there said to be born 5th February, 1768." He offers no explanation, nor even mentions another discrepancy in the body of the instrument, the name being constantly *Detascher*, while the signature in Josephine's own hand is "M. J. R. *Tascher*," which must consequently be the correct orthography.

Josephine was married at an early age to Viscount Beauharnais, a native also of Martinico. He fought in the American war on the side of the colonists, and seems to have carried with him, on returning to the country of his ancestors, the ideas of equality and independence which such a service was calculated to awaken in a youthful and apparently ardent mind. The family of her husband ranking among the noblest in France, Josephine was introduced at the court of Maria Antoinette ; and, though still a girl, being a mother at seventeen, wit, beauty and elegance placed her among its ornaments. But the gay illusions of such a scene, which left unchecked if they did not nourish the great blemishes in her character, levity and profusion, were soon to be dispersed. In 1789 assembled the States-general, to which Viscount Beauharnais was deputed by the nobles of Blois. Subsequently, he became a zealous partisan of the revolutionary cause, and twice presided in the National Convention. Invested with an important military command on the Rhine, he, in common with all of noble rank, fell under the displeasure of the democrats. Instead of abandoning a country where the cause of liberty was now desecrated, he retired to the estates of his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais ; was there seized, and soon after, July 23d, 1794, guillotined for crimes then esteemed the most heinous—birth and virtue. On the death of her husband the situation of Viscountess Beauharnais must have been sufficiently depressed. The property of the family being confiscated, she had at first no small difficulty in supporting herself and two children ; and Eugene, then in his fourteenth year, is reported for some time to have received an eleemosynary education. It is certain, also, that he was apprenticed to a carpenter, but this nominally, and as a matter of security, in order to conceal his being a noble. Through the powerful interposition of Barras, a part of the property was restored. Still Josephine's circumstances were not affluent when her acquaintance with the future emperor of France commenced, in their frequently meeting at the dinner parties of Barras. This brings us up with the history in the text, which will supply the rest.

The reader will perhaps be better enabled to carry along some of the details in

these Memoirs by a reference to a connected view of the other members of the Bonaparte family.

Charles Marie Buonaparte, the father, died in Corsica, 24th February, 1785, at the age of forty, of the same complaint which released the exile of St. Helena. Lætitia Ramolyno, his wife, born August 24, 1750, is still living at Rome, but, from the effects of a recent accident, is not expected long to survive. Those who have seen her within the last seven years will not easily forget the impression made by the placid and somewhat melancholy expression of her peculiarly fine countenance; and how well its antique character harmonized with the busts they may have just been visiting in the Capitol or the Vatican. To all others, Canova's exquisite statue will convey what the mother of Napoleon was, while it happily recalls one of the most perfect works of antiquity of similar character—the Agrippina.

Joseph, the eldest of the imperial brothers, was born on the 7th January, 1768. Intended for the law, for several generations the hereditary profession of the family representative, Joseph was sent to study at Pisa, where the sole memorials of his college life are still preserved in two initials—whether real or imputed is alike for the purpose of fame—engraven, not in the first style of art, upon one of the benches. The troubles in Corsica, with the prospects then opened in revolutionary France, brought Joseph to the latter country. When this final removal actually took place is not fixed beyond dispute; most probably in 1793, on Napoleon's second return from Corsica, as detailed in these Memoirs. At the same time were assembled in France at least all the brothers. Soon after, the whole family are known to have been settled in Marseilles. In the path of fortune, Joseph at first retained the precedence of birth, and his marriage with Mademoiselle Clary provoked, as Bourrienne tells us, the jealousy of the future emperor. In this first volume the reader will find an account of the essential services rendered by Joseph, and especially Lucien, as instruments, at least, in promoting the early success of their brother. Napoleon once on the "firm ground of greatness," the elevation of his relatives, and of Joseph particularly, became equally extraordinary. In the most important and honorable diplomatic arrangements of the First Consul, Joseph was the constant plenipotentiary for France. Under the empire—Prince and Grand Elector in 1804; he was made King of Naples in 1806; thence, in 1808, transferred to the more splendid but dangerous throne of Spain. Here, at best but nominal monarch, by the terror of the French army, he literally lost all at Vittoria, the very ensigns of his shadowy power remaining in the hands of the victors. After the final reverses in 1815, Joseph escaped from Rochefort, with immense plunder, to America. Here, under the title of Count Survilliers, he still lives on a fine estate purchased near Philadelphia. By his wife, who resides at Florence, he has two daughters, also residing in that capital, and married to their cousins, the sons of Lucien and Louis. In the character of Joseph avarice and sensuality predominate; his conduct throughout his public life showed only imbecility; and he never has displayed talents above the veriest mediocrity.

Lucien, nearly five years younger than Napoleon, was born July, 1774, and in talents and ambition, of all the brothers, approached nearest to the Emperor—perhaps, in some respects, surpassed him. Of this, the Memoirs furnish ample proof, while they show, also, that he was alike unprincipled in the application of his talents and in the means of furthering his ambition. Of all the five brothers, Lucien only will be represented in history without "the likeness of a kingly crown." Why he did

not form one in the fraternity of kings Bourrienne sufficiently explains. Yet it ought to be mentioned that the whole life of Napoleon shows whenever obligations were of a nature to detract, by their acknowledgment, from his glory—that is, whenever services were important—he uniformly requited them with ingratitude. At the same time the atrocious and unmanly scenes with Josephine, as described by Bourrienne, were there nothing else, will not permit us to believe that virtue in either case had any influence in the separation of the brothers. This rupture ensued on the foundation of the empire, of which circumstance Lucien failed not to take advantage, though we see from these volumes that none labored more diligently, none more insidiously, than Lucien for the establishment of the imperial dynasty. The alleged cause of the imperial displeasure was his marriage with Madame Jouberton, when Lucien was forbidden to remain in France, and accordingly took up his abode for the next ten years in Rome or at Canino, in the Roman States. In 1810, while attempting to escape to America, he was captured and brought to England, where he resided for the next three years upon an estate which he was allowed to purchase near Ludlow, in Shropshire. This period he passed in literary pursuits. In 1814 he returned to Rome, and was created Prince of Canino by Pope Pius VII., a title which now indemnifies him for his brother's neglect, placing him above all the survivors of his family. Lucien, we shall find, was active in the return from Elba, and subsequently under the Emperor: he was, accordingly, arrested after Waterloo, but allowed to return to his principality of Canino, where, or at Rome, he resides. His family consists of one son, Prince Mussignano, married to his cousin Julie, daughter of Joseph; and three daughters, Lætitia, married to J. Wyse, Esq., an Irish gentleman; Lolotte, Princess Gabriella, her husband's title; and Christiana, married to Lord Dudley Stewart, son of the late Marquis of Bute. The literary labors of Lucien consist of two epics, "Charlemagne; or, the Church Delivered," published 1814, in two vols. 4to; the "Cyrneide; or, Corsica Saved," 1819, in two vols. 8vo; and "Stellina," a novel, 1799. In these works the industry is more to be praised than the genius of the writer; they are already forgotten. Of his still more *fugitive* productions, Bourrienne will be found to have preserved some amusing anecdotes.

Louis, born September 2, 1778, appears to have been distinguished in early life for the same mild and unassuming dispositions which marked his advanced career. This is sufficiently detailed by Bourrienne, with whom he was a great favorite. He began his career in arms as aid-de-camp to his brother, whom he attended on the Egyptian expedition. To the general amiableness of his character his treatment of his wife, Hortense Beauharnais, seems the only exception. Perhaps there were faults on both sides. Created archchancellor and constable of France in 1804, Louis, two years later, was raised to the throne of Holland. In this situation he consulted more the happiness of his subjects than the interests of Napoleon's system: the brothers, therefore, disagreed. Holland was invaded; and Louis, in 1810, fled to Styria, deeming the loss of his crown fully compensated by "a happy riddance from his better half." Subsequently Louis took no part in public transactions; and in 1813 retired to the Papal States, where, or at Florence, he still resides, under the title of Duke and Count St. Leu. As Duchess of St. Leu, the ex-Queen of Holland resided in great splendor in Paris. On the return of the Bourbons the Hôtel St. Leu was the general rendezvous of the Bonapartists. At present she resides alternately at Aremberg in Switzerland and at Rome. Of this marriage there have been three sons, two of whom are alive—Napoleon Louis and Charles Louis—the latter married to his cousin

Charlotte, daughter of the ex-King of Spain. The eldest, respecting whose birth Bourrienne labors so zealously, and we think successfully, to disprove certain monstrous scandals, died in infancy, a loss which in its consequences fell upon poor Josephine; for Bonaparte had destined the child to be the heir of his empire. Louis has also distinguished himself in the field of literature. His most important work, published in 1820, "Historic Documents on Holland," is a valuable acquisition to the annals of the time. "Les Hollandaises," a novel, is descriptive of life and manners in Holland. His recent attack on the Scottish historian of his brother has only tended to strengthen the good opinion entertained of Sir Walter Scott's general accuracy. A new work, by the Count St. Leu, is just announced at Florence—a translation, in quarto, with learned notes of Tacitus's Life of Agricola.

In personal appearance both Lucien and Louis, whom the writer has frequently seen, are prepossessing. Both are remarkable for a certain expression of countenance, which at once discovers the man of meditation and letters; though in them more indicative of taste or refinement than of energy—of meditation than of thought.

Jerome.—This amphibious hero—for he has been tried on both elements, as Bourrienne informs us, and on each with equal failure—was born 15th November, 1784, a few months before his father's death, and consequently is the youngest of the family. For his "doughty deeds" the reader is referred to various anecdotes in the different volumes of the text. In 1803 he married Miss Paterson, of Baltimore, while seeking refuge, with his corvette, in an American port, instead of fighting the English. Having lain perdue for about two years, he ventured on a run across the Atlantic, and was lucky enough to escape to Lisbon. Making no scruple to abandon his wife for another and a kingdom, he was raised to the throne of Westphalia in 1807. If he was placed in such a station "in mockery of all state," and as the disgrace and scourge of his unfortunate subjects, both purposes were completely attained. Jerome was intended by nature to be only contemptible, because, born in obscurity, poverty would have set bounds to his vices; but an elevated station enabled him to become execrable. After the battle of Waterloo, which he beheld *at a distance*, as *commanding* the left wing of the grand army, he fled to his father-in-law, the King of Wirtemberg, who, for his daughter's sake, created him a noble of that kingdom, under his present title, Duke of Montfort. He now resides in Italy, his conduct having so disgusted his protector that he was forbidden the kingdom of Wirtemberg. We should be glad to think that the attachment of his wife argues some goodness in its object; but how far will not the faithfulness and the endurance of a virtuous wife extend? When will she be weary of forgiveness? This excellent woman, to remonstrances and entreaties that she would leave her worthless partner, has constantly answered, in the language of Desdemona—"This is my husband."

Marie-Anne-Eliza, the eldest of Napoleon's sisters, was born 3d January, 1777. She received her education, as a pensionnaire, at St. Cyr. Of her early marriage with a Corsican youth named Bacciochi the text shows how much the recollection annoyed Bonaparte. At the time of the marriage, Bacciochi was captain of artillery; and, as he was of noble rank—that is, as such nobility may be defined—his father and grandfather, etc., though penniless, had never attempted, by honest industry, to mend their condition, while the bearer of their patent proved his pedigree by being too proud to work, though not ashamed, as he afterwards showed, to

pander for money to his wife's vices; and as Madame Bonaparte, the mother, favored the marriage, it does not appear why Napoleon, in 1794, was against it, unless he already contemplated crowns and scepters for "all the *Bonapartes*." Eliza was subsequently, in 1805, raised to be Archduchess of Lucca and Princess of Piombino. For the honor of the sex, a veil may be drawn over her private life. She died at Trieste, whither she obtained leave to retire, in 1820. Her husband, whom she treated much as if he had been her chief domestic in peace and aid-de-camp in warlike matters, resides in Bologna, a good-natured, good-looking, good-for-nothing sort of personage. A daughter, Eliza, and a son, *Prince* Charles, are surviving issue of this pair.

Marie-Pauline, his second sister, was born 20th September, 1780. Her first husband, General Leclerc, whom she accompanied in that expedition, died at St. Domingo, as related in the Memoirs. Afterwards, in 1803, she became Princess Borghese by her marriage with Prince Camillo, the representative of that ancient house. Subsequently she was raised by her brother to an independent principality, under the title of Duchess of Guastella; but this territory being reunited to the kingdom of Italy, she received with the title an indemnity of £270,000. On her imperial benefactor's reverses, she showed herself not unmindful of the fallen chief at Elba, but solaced him by her attentions; became his most trusty messenger and agitator; and, by disposing of her magnificent jewels, added to his means of escape. Her diamonds, among the most splendid in Europe, are said to have been in the imperial carriage which was captured by the English at Waterloo. If this be true, what became of them afterwards the captors best know. They have never since been heard of. Even at St. Helena she did not, like some even more obliged, forget that the exile was her brother. Pauline had naturally a feeling heart, for she pitied and lightened, to the utmost of her power, the captivity of the good Pius VII. when a prisoner at Fontainebleau. But she obscured all her good qualities by a gallantry so shameless as to surpass even the proverbial forbearance of an Italian husband. She died in her own *half* of the Borghese palace—for the house was both literally and metaphorically divided—in June, 1825. In person, Pauline was eminently handsome: casts of her hand and foot are to be found in the studios of the Roman artists; and the most beautiful of Canova's works, the Venus Victrix, was modeled from the Princess of Guastella. During the progress of the statue the frail and fair original sat nude; merely replying to her female acquaintance who remarked on this, "That she found the artist a gentleman, and the room warm."

Caroline.—"The beautiful Caroline Bonaparte," as Bourrienne calls her—"youngest of the imperial Graces," to quote one of the laureats of the empire—was born 25th March, 1782; married, as described in the text, to Murat, in her eighteenth year; created Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, 1806, and, on Joseph's transference to Spain, raised, with her husband, to the throne of Naples, 1808. Caroline was among her sisters as Napoleon compared with his brothers. She was accomplished, not only beyond them, but far above the usual female education of the continent. Her talents equaled her attainments; and her ambition surpassed both. Energetic in character, she supplied the defect in the chivalrous but fickle mind of her husband, to whom also she was attached and faithful—the only virtuous woman of her family. To these qualities the ex-Queen of Naples owed the distinction of being the only one of her relations strictly looked to, after the final reverses of him who had

made them all. Though treated with due consideration and respect, she was given to understand she would not be permitted to choose her residence, but might purchase lands in Bohemia. Here she has since resided, with the title of Countess Lissano. The family of the ex-King and Queen of Naples are two sons, both in America, and two daughters married to Italian noblemen.

To these nineteen individuals, now alive, and connected in the first or second degree with the ex-Emperor, are to be added his own son Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and the family of Eugene Beauharnais, of whom the reader will find notices in the proper place. Cardinal Fesch still enjoys at Rome his hat, archbishopric, palace and pictures; and though his silver hairs show him to be no "younger brother of the church," his rosy good-humored face promises no speedy relinquishment of her good things.

Note C. Page 72.

Bourrienne has given a variety of documents on the affairs of Venice, from which it appears that the French had at least a plausible pretext for the occupation and final partition, of the Venetian territories. This is more than can be said in excuse for Austria not only sharing in but *proposing* the spoliation of the republic. None, we believe, who has read the history or has visited the dungeons of "ducal Venice," can for a moment regret that such elevated and bigoted tyranny—so base an intruder on the rights of humanity—has been swept from the map of European states. But at least she deserved not to fall by Austria—*et tu, Brute!* The conduct of Austria, indeed, in pulling down a despot, may be palliated on the principle of the vulgar saying—two of a trade never agree. The following is the manifesto in which Bonaparte enumerates his grievances against Venice, and is referred to in the text as sent to the Doge and dispersed throughout the French army :—

"Manifesto :—While the French army was engaged in the passes of Styria, and had left far in the rear Italy and its resources, guarded by a few battalions only, the following was the conduct of Venice :—1. She took advantage of the Holy Week to arm and organize 40,000 peasants, and uniting them to the Sclavonian regiments, marched them upon different points, so as completely to intercept all communication with our rear. 2. Commissioners, arms, ammunition and cannon for organizing these corps were sent from Venice. 3. Those who were supposed friendly to us were arrested; our enemies, and especially those engaged in the massacre of the French, received praise and reward. 4. The French, insulted and maltreated, were finally forbidden to enter Venice. 5. The inhabitants of Padua, Vicenza and Verona were ordered to take arms and massacre our soldiers; the officers of Venice everywhere publishing, "It belongs to the Lion of St. Mark to verify the proverb, 'Italy is the tomb of the Gaul.' 6. Priests, pamphlets, anonymous letters, all from Venice, were set to work, fermenting all minds, and acting only as the senate directed—a body as much to be feared as it is secretly abhorred. 7. Our convoys, couriers, all that belonged to our army, were thus intercepted: the blood of Frenchmen was everywhere shed. 8. At Padua a chief of brigade and

two other Frenchmen were assassinated. At Castilione, upon all the highways from Mantua to Legnano, from Cassano to Verona, more than 200 French were assassinated. 9. Two entire battalions at Chiari were surrounded by a division of the Venetian army, but fought their way through after an obstinate conflict. 10. Two other combats at Valegozio and Dezenzano had the same result. 11. On Easter Sunday, on the bells beginning to ring, the French were indiscriminately assassinated in Verona, to the number of 400, and thrown into the Adige. 12. For three days the Venetian army besieged the three castles of Verona, but were defeated after setting fire to the city and losing 3,000 prisoners, among whom were several Venetian generals. 13. The house of the French consul was burnt at Zante, in Dalmatia. 14. A Venetian ship of war took protection under an Austrian convoy and fired upon the corvette *La Brune*. 15. The *Liberator*, of Italy, a republican vessel, carrying only three or four small guns with a complement of forty men, was sunk in the very port of Venice by the fire from the fort and the admiral galley, from which she was not more than pistol-shot distant. The young and interesting Langier, lieutenant commanding the vessel, was shot dead in the act of addressing the assassins. His crew were massacred with hatchets by men in six shallops while attempting to escape by swimming :—For these grievances redress is demanded by Chapter XII., Article 338, of the Constitution. BONAPARTE."

NOTE D. PAGE 76.

The Marquis de la Fayette is well known as having been among the earliest and to have continued among the most virtuous of the primitive republicans. Probably he carried his prestiges in the cause of equality, and, if reservation here may be ventured, in favor of liberty even, to an improper extreme. The honesty of his intentions, however, remains unimpeached. When the excesses of the Revolution had disappointed his hopes, in common with those of all honorable men, he left France, and, while sojourning within the confines of the imperial dominions, was seized by order of the Emperor of Austria and sent as a prisoner of state to the fortress of Olmütz, in Bohemia. Here he continued from 1794 till released, as mentioned in the text, in 1797. In his detention were also included two companions of similar principles, MM. de Latour Marebourg and Bureau de Puzy. The prisoners were in separate apartments and in close confinement, as described in the deposition of De Puzy :—"I declare that, since 18th May, 1794, to this present day (26th July, 1797), I have never been permitted to leave for an instant the chamber in which I was shut up on my first arrival ; that, deprived of all other exercise save what may be taken in such a situation, I have never breathed the fresh air except through the double iron bars with which my window is secured, and which very often (from that window being on a level with the moat of the fortress) is so infected, so noxious, as to be poisoning rather than refreshing." The depositions, which occupy a whole chapter of Bourrienne's work,

and which were taken by the Marquis de Chastler, commissioner appointed for that purpose by the emperor, are filled with details of misery, filth, insolence and insufficient nourishment, alike revolting to humanity and disgraceful to the manners and policy of the Austrian government. For the last eight months of their confinement all the prisoners express their gratitude to a British officer in the Austrian service named M'Eligot, who, appointed commandant at Olmütz, "had, during that space, in a manner as polished as it was attentive and feeling, attended to all their wants so far as he was permitted." In the text it is said that these prisoners, thus harshly treated, "accepted liberty nobly and without compromise." This is true. The emperor had proposed to liberate his captives on a condition which M. de la Fayette's deposition will explain, as also how it was received. "His majesty the emperor and king desires to be assured that immediately after my liberation I shall proceed to America. This intention I have often expressed. But, as my acquiescence in this demand, under present circumstances, might seem an acknowledgment of a right to impose such condition, I cannot deem it behooves me to satisfy his majesty on this head. His majesty the emperor and king does me the honor to intimate to me that the principles which I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he prohibits me from entering his dominions without his special permission. There are duties from which I cannot withdraw. Of these some I owe to the United States; but, above all, I owe them to France, and I ought not in one iota to derogate from the rights which my country possesses over my person. With these exceptions, I can assure M. de Chastler that my invariable determination is never to set foot in any country subject to his majesty. (Signed) La Fayette."

The reply of his companions in misfortune to the same proposition was equally firm and resolute. "What men!" might Bonaparte well exclaim.

Note E. Page 130.

This dispatch is a romance from beginning to end—a special pleading, where the arguments are descriptions of partial successes by the land forces so conveyed as to draw attention entirely from the fleet; or accounts of a correspondence with Brueys, which Bourrienne *demonstrates* not to have taken place. The passage respecting the fleet runs thus:—"On the evening of the 14th the English attacked the admiral. He had dispatched an officer to inform me of his dispositions and intentions on first perceiving the English fleet. This officer perished by the way. It appears to me that Admiral Brueys had been unwilling to return to Corfu until certain that it was impossible to enter the port of Alexandria; and that the army, of which he had heard no news for a long time, was in a position to have no need of a retreat. If in this fatal catastrophe he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death! In this case, as in so many others, the Destinies have shown that if to us they grant a vast preponderance on the Continent, they have given the

empire of the seas to our rivals. But however great may be this reverse, it cannot be attributed to the inconstancy of Fortune. She does not yet abandon us; far from that, she has, in this expedition, favored us more than ever." He then runs out into a splendid description of the disembarkation and first triumphs of the army, "which five days firmly established in Egypt." Here he introduces the famous passage—"At a distance to windward was seen a ship of war; it was the frigate *Justice* returning from Malta. I exclaimed, '*Fortune! wilt thou abandon me?—I ask but five days!*'—In these five days the squadron should have been in a situation to bid defiance to the English, whatever might have been their number; but, on the contrary, it remained exposed the whole of Messidor. Each ship received a provision of rice for two months in the beginning of Thermidor. The English showed themselves in the offing during six days in superior force. On the 11th Thermidor news of the entire possession of Egypt and the entry of our army into Cairo reached the coast; and it was not till Fortune beheld all her favors useless that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny."

In a long separate discussion, at the end of his second volume, Bourrienne, examining in detail all the circumstances, clearly proves—1. That Bonaparte has falsified dates. 2. That he pretends to have issued orders which he never gave, though complaining of their non-execution. 3. That he cites letters from the admiral which never reached him. 4. That Brueys could not enter the harbor of Alexandria. 5. That he never had provisions for two days. 6. That, consequently, no blame attaches to the admiral; nor is Bonaparte farther culpable than in accusing Brueys.

Note F. Page 132.

On the subject of Bonaparte's connection with the Mahometan religion the original contains a long and angry note upon Sir Walter Scott's "History of Napoleon." Many allusions in the same spirit are made, both in the text and notes of the original, to that distinguished writer. Bourrienne seems to participate largely in the animosity of so many of the French authors against the Scottish historian of their late idol. In most cases it is not difficult to account for this hostility; but, in the present instance, its exhibition becomes the more singular that the views entertained by Bourrienne on the character and actions of Napoleon correspond more nearly than those of any of his countrymen with the opinions of Sir Walter Scott. In other words, the work now presented to the English reader is the only one in which a Frenchman has spoken out, and truly, on the subject of the ex-Emperor. It could hardly have been anticipated, then, that one alike anxious for the discovery, and fearless in the exposition of truth, should have been the subject of attack by an author so respectable and so honorably distinguished for these very qualities as Bourrienne. The translator, it will be observed, has omitted all such angry expostulations. He owes it to truth, and is constrained by the personal responsibility thus incurred, to state here why he has done so. After most carefully con-

sidering every passage in which, to use his own words, M. de Bourrienne charges Sir Walter Scott with "writing history as romance, and romance as history," the translator has risen from the examination more satisfied of the general accuracy of the Scottish historian. Sir Walter may have erred in a date or in the scene of a minor event; but the facts of history are in his page; inferences are, of course, out of the question. Every writer has a right, at his own peril, to draw his own conclusions from facts honestly narrated; and, in this respect, it is presumed Sir Walter's opinions will conciliate confidence and number supporters with those of any living writer whomsoever. In the present instance, the reader may judge for himself—*ex uno disce omnia.* The quotation is Bourrienne's own words, so there can be no mistake—"Walter Scott has not hesitated to conclude that Bonaparte joined himself to the Turks in the external forms of their religion; he has embellished his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber in the great pyramid, wherein the General is represented to have held conversations and discussions with the imaums and muftis. He subsequently adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. Everything that Walter Scott has said on this subject of religion is the height of absurdity and is unworthy of refutation." Now, the reader is requested to compare this description of Sir Walter's version with the facts in the text, as given by Bourrienne himself—that Napoleon was not only upon the point, but would actually have embraced the Mahometan faith, had it been for his interest, "had the conquest of the East been the price of conversion." With regard to the conversations Bourrienne's own words are—"I must acknowledge, that Bonaparte held numerous conversations with the heads of the Mussulman religion upon the subject of their worship; but in all this there was nothing serious; it was rather by way of amusement. If Bonaparte *spoke as a Mussulman*, it was in his capacity of a military and political chief in a Mahometan country." In these two accounts where is the essential difference? There is none—absolutely none. The facts are similar. Sir Walter seems to have been misinformed merely respecting the scene of these religious discussions. There was not *one* conversation in the *pyramid*, as we learn fully from Bourrienne, but *numerous* others *elsewhere.* The translator is under no apprehension that the object of this note will be misunderstood or misinterpreted. To give a complete translation of ten volumes in four left him no room for idle bickerings or hair-breadth disquisitions. He, therefore, threw them out; the reader had a right to know why. It likewise conciliates confidence for both to find that the two best writers on the subject—Bourrienne for the private and political life of Napoleon, and Sir Walter as the historian of the warrior and of his age—are not at issue on important matters.

Note G. Page 167.

Bonaparte's Notes on Egypt.

1. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Assouan to the sea.

2. That portion of the country only is habitable and cultivated over which the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the mountains of Abyssinia. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

3. The Desert produces nothing except a few bushes, which assist in supporting the camels. No human being can subsist in the Desert.

4. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the Desert; nor the shore as the boundary of the valley of the Nile. The inhabitants of the towns near this boundary are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

5. The Mamelukes hold the villages in fief. Being well armed and well mounted, they repulsed the Arabs, of whom they were the terror; but were too few in number to guard this immense line.

6. On this account the frontiers and roads are respectively protected by the Arabs of the province, who, armed and mounted, are bound to repel the attacks of the wandering Arabs. In requital of this service they enjoy villages, lands and privileges.

7. Thus, while the government is stable, the domiciliated Arabs, respecting it, remain quiet, and then Egypt has little to fear from foreign invasion.

8. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt: in this case, they abandon their habitations to rove in the Desert, and, joining the stranger Arabs, pillage the country where they make incursions into the neighboring provinces.

9. These foreign Arabs do not live in the Desert, which cannot support a single inhabitant: they have their settlements in Africa, Asia, or Arabia. They obtain information of any disorder in the government; they then quit their country, traverse twelve or fifteen days of Desert, establish themselves on different points of its frontier, and thence make desolating incursions into the interior of Egypt.

10. The Desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and of these the greater part are salt, bitter and sulphurous. There are, however, but few routes on which wells do not occur within every thirty hours.

11. Camels are employed with bottles (of skin or leather) to carry the water which may be required. One camel is able to carry water for one hundred Frenchmen during a whole day.

12. We have said that Egypt is only the valley of the Nile; that the soil of this valley was primitively the same as the surrounding Desert; but the inundation of the Nile, and the slime which it lodges, have rendered the valley which it traverses one of the most fertile and populous districts in the world.

13. The Nile increases in Messidor and the inundation commences in Fructidor. Then the whole country is inundated; communications are difficult. The villages are situated on heights of from sixteen to eighteen feet. A small causeway sometimes serves to maintain a communication: more frequently there is nothing but a foot track.

14. The rising of the Nile becomes greater or less in proportion to the quantity of rain in Abyssinia: but the effects of the inundation depend still more on canals for irrigation.

15. At present the Nile has only two branches—those of Rosetta and Damietta. If these two mouths were closed as much as possible the inundation would become greater and the habitable country more considerable.

16. If the canals were kept in good order, well contrived and more numerous, the water might be kept the whole year on the lands, and so increase both the valley and the soil for cultivation. In this manner the Oases of Scharkyyeh and a portion of the Desert from Pelusium were watered; the whole of Bohahyreh, Maryoutt and the provinces of Alexandria were cultivated and rendered habitable.

17. By a skillful system, the fruit of a good government, Egypt might acquire an increase of eight or nine hundred leagues square.

18. It is probable that the Nile has issued by the Dry River (*Bahun Belâmeh*), which from Fayoum passes through the middle of the Natron Lakes and joins the sea beyond the Arab's tower. It appears that Mœris joined this branch of the Nile, and thus formed the celebrated lake of whose origin even Herodotus was ignorant.

19. The government has more influence here on public property than anywhere else; for elsewhere anarchy and tyranny have no influence on the progress of the seasons and on rain. The land may be equally fertile in Egypt. A dyke not opened, a canal not repaired, may render a whole province desert: for seed-time and all the productions of the earth are regulated by the date and magnitude of the inundations.

20. The government of Egypt having remained in the most careless hands for a period of half a century, the country has annually disappeared in many places. The Desert has gained upon the valley, and has even formed sand-hills on the very margin of the Nile. Seventy years more of the same government as that of Ibrahim and Mourad-Bey, and Egypt will have lost a third of its cultivated territory. It would be easy to prove that fifty years of such a government as that of France, England, Germany or Italy might probably triple the extent of cultivation and number of inhabitants. Men would never be wanting for the soil thus gained or recovered, for they abound on every side both in Arabia and Africa.

21. The Nile, from Assouan to eighty miles northward of Cairo, flows in a single bed. From the latter point, named the *Cow's-belly*, it forms the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.

22. The waters of the Damietta branch show an evident tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle in our administration to aid this tendency, which is for the advantage of Alexandria and all the direct communications with Europe.

23. If the dyke at Farâ-ou-Nyeh were cut, the province of Bohahyreh would gain 200 villages, and that, with the canal which extends from Fayoum, would bring the inundation to the wall of Alexandria. This operation would do most injury to the provinces of Scharkyyeh, Damietta and Maussourah; therefore it ought to be adjourned to a fit season for executing it. The design, however, should one day be carried into effect.

24. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria ought to be deepened, so as to be navigable at all seasons of the year. Ves-

sels of 100 tons will then be enabled to pass for six months yearly from Alexandria to Cairo without encountering any impediment.

25. A work to be undertaken at some period will be to construct dykes to dam up the two branches of the Cow's-belly. By this means the whole waters of the Nile may be thrown successively east and west, and thus the inundation may be doubled in extent.

26. During the inundation the waters reach within forty miles of Suez. The remains of a canal are quite distinct; and there cannot be the least doubt that boats may one day transport goods from Alexandria to Suez.

27. We have said that Egypt, properly speaking, was the valley of the Nile. A great part of the Deserts which surround it form, however, a part of Egypt, and in these Deserts there are oases just as in the ocean there are islands. On the western side the Deserts forming part of Egypt extend ten or twelve days' march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three oases, Syrahs and the Natron Lakes. The first oasis is distant about three days' journey from Syouth. No water is to be found on this route. In this oasis are some palm trees, several wells of bitter water, a portion of productive soil and almost constantly malignant fevers.

28. To proceed from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated country, there are thirty days' of Desert to be crossed; during five of these no water is to be found.

29. The Natron Lakes are situated about twelve hours' march within the Desert of Tarranneh. Excellent springs are found there; several natron lakes; and four Coptish monasteries. These monasteries are fortresses: we have stationed there a Greek garrison and several pieces of cannon.

30. On the east the Deserts which belong to Egypt extend to within a day's journey of El Arych, and beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyyeh is a species of oasis; there are 500 or 600 palm trees and water for 6,000 men and 1,000 horses: it is distant about fifteen miles from Salahyyeh. A little water is to be found in two different places on the route. We have established a fort of palm trees in this important oasis.

31. From Quattyyeh to El Arych are sixty miles. El Arych is an oasis. There was on this spot a very beautiful village which we demolished, and 5,000 or 6,000 palm trees which we cut down. The abundance of water and the quantity of materials induced us to construct a fortification, which is already in a respectable state of defense. From El Arych to Gazah are forty-five miles; water is found several times. The route leads by the village of Kan-you-Ness (in Syria).

32. Tor and Mount Sinai are distant ten days' march from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits and make charcoal. They import grain from Cairo. Throughout the whole of this oasis there is water, very good and in abundance.

33. The population of all the Fellahs or Arabs who inhabit the oases, both of the eastern and western Desert, and not comprised in that of the fourteen provinces, does not amount to 30,000 souls.

34. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper, Middle and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the provinces of Dgirgeh, Manfelout and Mynieh; Middle comprises those of Fayoum, Beni-Youcef and Cairo: Lower comprehends Bohahyreh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbyyeh, Menoufiyyeh, Maussourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh and Scharkyyeh.

35. The coast extends from Cape Durazzo to within a day's journey of El Arych. The first post where we have an establishment is at Marabout, six miles east of Alexandria. The harbors of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts which, both by sea and land, place it in security against any attack. Fort Cretin is a model of fortification. Aboukir, situated thirteen miles from Alexandria, is a good road-stead. Lake Maad'yeh, into which formerly flowed that branch of the Nile called the Canopii, extends to within three miles of Alexandria, six of Rosetta, and on the south reaches within three of Birket. The Rosetta mouth has a bar which is very difficult to cross. From Rosetta to Bourlosh are fourteen miles. The Lake of Bourlosh contains about a hundred dgerms and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The embouchure of the lake forms a very good harbor, having from ten to twelve feet of water. The Damietta mouth is defended by Fort Lesbè. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, or, in other words, which is about seventy miles long, commences at little more than a mile from Damietta. This lake communicates with the sea in two places, namely, at Dybeh and Omm-Farege. There is a great quantity of craft upon the lake. The canal of Moses disembogues into this lake. Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is about twelve miles from Quattyyeh. We have already spoken of the route from Quattyyeh to El Arych. The coast is, throughout its whole extent, low and bad, with sand-hills extending three, and, in some places, from six to nine miles inland.

36. The population of Egypt is about 2,500,000. The Arabs, domiciliated and under the protection of government in the different provinces, form a total of 12,000 horsemen and 40,000 infantry. There are about 24,000 Copts, 15,000 Christians of Damascus, and 6,000 Jews.

37. The Porte had given up the government of Egypt to twenty-four Beys, of whom each had a military establishment more or less numerous. This establishment, or house, consisted of slaves from Georgia and Circassia, whom they purchased for from 3,000 to 4,500 francs a head (£125 to £188), and brought up to a military life. There might have been against our army 8,000 Mamelukes on horseback, well mounted, well disciplined, well armed and very brave, the property of the reigning Beys. Double that number may be reckoned for those who, descended from other Mamelukes, were established in the villages or living in Cairo.

38. The Pasha had no authority. He was changed every year, as also the Kadiaskier, whom the Porte sent from Constantinople. Throughout the rest of the empire were, besides, seven other auxiliary bodies. Of these the chiefs were named the Seven Grand Odiag-lys. These bodies are so diminished by the war that there now remain only about 1,000 old and infirm, without masters, and even attached to the French.

39. The Sheriffs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or, to speak more correctly, the descendants of the first conquerors. They wear the green turban. The ulemas are the men of law and the church, but who, in no respect, resemble our judges or priests. The chief of the ulemas of Cairo is named Grand Sheik. He is held in the same veneration by the people as the cardinals were *formerly* in Europe. The ulemas pronounce the prayers each in a mosque, which brings them some revenue and great credit. The grand mosque of Cairo, called El Ashar, is large and beautiful, and has a great number of teachers and others attached to its service. Of these there are twenty-four principals.

(*Here Bonapa. s Notes cease to be numbered.*)

There are many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the inhabitants pass the greater part of the day in smoking; the poor and travelers lodge in the mosques during the night and in the heat. There are a great number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe and relate the news of the town. The mosques have endowments much the same as *were* those of our own churches.

The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to the prince who bestows them. In consequence of this a cess is exacted, which the peasant is obliged to pay to the landholder. The peasants constitute real proprietors, since they are respected; and, in the midst of all revolutions and overturnings, the right of the peasant is never violated. Hence there are, in Egypt, two classes of men—the proprietors of the soil, that is, the peasants, and the proprietors of the fiefs, the feudatories, or seigneurs.

Two-thirds of the villages belong to Mamelukes, for the expenses of the administration. The *miri*, properly so called, is an imposition sufficiently moderate, being a kind of cess destined for the Ottoman Porte.

At present the revenues of the republic in Egypt consist of five articles:—1. The custom-houses. 2. Diverse established rights. 3. Miri, or duty of the Kaschefs and others. 4. The hundredth, or seignorial right on two-thirds of Egypt, the fiefs being now vested in the republic. The custom-houses of Suez, Cosseir, Boulac, Alexandria, Damietta and Rosetta yield from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 (£170,000 to £200,0000). 5. The miri and manorial rights amount to 15,000,000 (£625,000). The *avanies* formed one of the greatest sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

Egypt, then, may yield, including all, about 24,000,000 annually to the republic (£1,000,000). In time of peace it may yield 30,000,000. Four-and-twenty years hence the revenues of Egypt may amount to 50,000,000 (£2,085,000). In this valuation I do not include the prospect of a trade with India. But, during war, the suspension of all commerce renders the country poor, and every branch of revenue feels the effect. Since our arrival in Messidor, to Messidor of the present year, that is to say, in the space of twelve months, there have been drawn from Egypt—

	Francs.
Contributions from Alexandria,	500,000
" " Rosetta,	150,000
" " Damietta,	150,000
" " Copts of Cairo,	500,000
" " Natives of Damascus,	500,000
" " Turkish coffee-houses,	1,000,000
" " Various merchants,	500,000
" " Wives of Mamelukes,	500,000
" " The Mint,	300,000
Territorial impositions,	8,500,000
In all,	12,600,000

There were still due from the villages pretty considerable sums, of which military affairs had prevented the collection.

Note H. Page 204.

These letters are well known and have been often printed; and, as space must be husbanded, they are omitted in the translation. These documents are—I. A note from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, dated 26th December, 1799, inclosing, II. A long letter, thus addressed, "Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain and Ireland" (same date). III. Lord Grenville's reply, 4th January, 1800, to Talleyrand's note, inclosing, IV. An official letter, with the concurrence of his Majesty, in answer to the First Consul; but signed, of course, by his lordship, as Secretary of State. V. A note from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville (14th January, 1800), inclosing, VI. An answer from the First Consul, in reply to his Majesty's official note. This note is without signature; and, after pressing the necessity of peace, concludes—"The First Consul offers to grant all necessary passports for this purpose."

Note I. Page 284.

Louis Charles Antoine Desaix was a native of St. Hilaire, the third town of Auvergne, born of a noble family, August 23, 1767. The mild and grave disposition of mind so frequently found to accompany great talent and deep internal enthusiasm displayed itself in Desaix from the very commencement of his military career, upon which he entered at the age of fifteen. The Revolution opened up to the young soldier, as to many others less deserving, a speedy road to distinction. Among the warriors of that period, whose most common merit was a daring valor, Desaix became honorably known, not more by the intrepidity than for the prudence and skill exhibited in the conduct of his enterprises. These were uniformly successful; and his popularity as a leader increased proportionably among the soldiers. He showed himself, by his skillful combinations, a worthy disciple of Moreau, under whom he principally served; but probably surpassed his master in the celerity of his movements and the active decision of his measures. Before joining Bonaparte in Italy he had attained the rank of general of division, in which capacity he led on the left wing of the Army of the Rhine to victory at Rastadt. The friendship of two such men was natural; the perspicacity of Napoleon could not fail to appreciate a mind like Desaix's; while, to the enthusiasm of the latter, the conduct and character of the former as yet held out only an example worthy of imitation and of admiring emulation. The text supplies the future incidents in the career of the young gen-

eral; and, while it dispels the false romance attaching his fall, the truth of its sober statements renders, in all respects, our regret for that premature event only the more sincere. Desaix seems to have formed his system of military art from combining the science of the old with the energy of the new school. The scene of his last achievement, the field of Marengo, is represented in the vignette. The view is taken nearly from the center of the ground over which the battle was fought. The road running in front of the village—for Marengo is merely a village—is that leading to Genoa, along which Desaix, by a most wretched calculation of Bonaparte, had been dispatched early on the morning of the battle. The highway conducting to Alessandria, by which the discomfited Austrians retreated, is seen extending obliquely towards the foreground. Behind the straggling wood on the right Kellermann concentrated his mass of heavy cavalry whose subsequent charge decided the fate of the day. A little onward the ground swells into gentle acclivities, at the bottom of which, when the translator some years ago passed the greater part of a day in examining the field, the wreck of man and horse, strewed in considerable profusion over the surface, still marked where more than an ordinary carnage had raged. Nor is the vulture in the vignette an ideal accompaniment. All over the field, too, the peasants yearly dig up arms and remains. But where in Italy are not the exuviæ of deadly strife? to what portion of her soil is not her own poet's question applicable?—

"Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade?
Perchè 'l verde terreno
Del barbarico sangue si dipinga?
Vano error————"

Vain error, indeed! for Italy has ever been the sufferer. The tradition of the place reports that on the night after the battle the body of Desaix lay in the house on the left, nearest the spectator. This might be; but he fell considerably beyond it. The angle where the two roads meet is the spot fixed upon by certain of our Italian tourists for the pretended interment of Desaix "on the field of his glory." We are even treated by some to a romantic account of his disinterment at midnight, by mysterious personages, in order that his remains might be rescued from the insults of the Austrians! On the point in question, the French did erect a pillar by way of trophy, which has been removed; but, as the reader will find towards the close of the present volume, whatever of the brave Desaix "earth yet holds" reposes on the lone summit of the Alps.

Note J. Page 290.

Jean Baptist Kleber, whom Bonaparte acknowledges to have possessed (with Desaix) the greatest talents of all his generals, was originally an architect. He was a native of Strasbourg, and born in 1745. His first profession he studied in early life both in his native city and in Paris. Subsequently he entered as a pupil the military school at Munich, and in 1771–2, being then the most distinguished scholar of the institution, obtained his first commission. But he appears to have become disgusted with the service; for in 1782–3 he resigned his lieutenancy (for so far only had he attained, after having been nine years a soldier), and returning to Strasbourg became inspector of public works for the province of Alsace. On the breaking out of the Revolution he resumed the career for which nature appeared to have intended him, and rapidly acquired rank and reputation. He deserved both; for among the brave he showed himself the bravest; while among the prudent he surpassed in skill. Of his talents and conduct as adjutant-general and general of division on the German frontier, and in La Vendée, there could be no better proof than his selection by Bonaparte for the Egyptian expedition. The text afterwards supplies all the particulars of his life. His character is admirably detailed by Bourrienne: he was a blunt, downright, blustering soldier—"bravery personified;" but withal exhibiting vast talents and foresight, and "selfish exceedingly." In person Kleber was tall and manly, and possessed prodigious bodily force. Bonaparte has related at St. Helena that, while the army was at Cairo, provoked by the conduct of a group of dissatisfied generals, whose conversation he one day overheard, he pushed in amongst them and, seizing the tallest, exclaimed, "You have just held seditious language; but take care lest I be obliged to perform my duty: your five feet ten inches shall not then save you from being shot." This has been applied to Kleber. Bourrienne, in a note, denies the words having been addressed to that general, who seems to have been a grumbler, indeed, by profession, but to have entertained very exalted notions of military subordination. Many readers probably have seen in the royal museum at Paris the skeleton, or rather mummy of Soleyman, the assassin of Kleber. It is one of the literary, antiquarian, scientific, or natural curiosities—one knows not how to class such a nondescript—brought by the French *savans* from Egypt, and may help to answer Bourrienne's question, "What now remains of that mighty expedition?"

Note K. Page 303.

Here, as Bourrienne subsequently informs his readers, should have been introduced this famous "Parallel;" but having mislaid the original, he could recover it only while composing the sixth volume of his Memoirs, where it appears rather awk-

wardly. It was one of those pieces which he took the greatest possible care to conceal by burying them in the earth; and, having been placed next the bottom of the iron safe, has, of all his credentials, suffered most from damp. The pamphlet is introduced here entire as being one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting, of the fleeting records of the times; as being in a great measure, if not altogether, the composition of Bonaparte; and as certainly presenting the portrait of the man and of his actions which he himself wished should be considered as the true resemblance, and as settling the position to which he deemed himself entitled in history.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CÆSAR, CROMWELL, MONK AND BONAPARTE.—*A Fragment, translated from the English.* (Such is the title of this celebrated piece; and, as Bourrienne well remarks, it is strange, with a profession of being translated, that the first lines should speak of *our Revolution.* "This," continues he, "would be inexplicable to me had I not remarked that Bonaparte may be observed to have sometimes united a species of stupidity with the grandest conceptions of his genius.")

There are men who appear at certain epochs in order to found, to overturn, or to repair empires. All bends beneath their ascendancy. Their fortune has in it something so extraordinary that it drags along in its career all those who at first deemed themselves worthy of becoming rivals. Our Revolution, until now, had produced events greater than its men. Chiefs too weak for their purpose, who aspired to conduct it, have fallen one by one. It seemed as if urged forward by some indescribable and blind force which put away and overthrew all before it. During the lapse of ten years had been sought some firm and able arm which might arrest all and support all.

While there remained to be established, so to speak, a certain proportion between the greatness of circumstances and of men—between the force of things and of talents, the people and the state always were doomed to roll onward in one eternal circle of changes and destruction. There was wanting at this memorable era, to bring back order, some personage worthy of being in himself the founder of an epoch to the French nation. This personage has appeared. Who will not recognize *Bonaparte?*

His astonishing destiny has occasioned him more than once to be compared with all the extraordinary men who have appeared upon the theater of the world. I see not one, during these last ages, who bears resemblance to him. Some superficial, or perhaps malevolent observers have, as is said, compared him to Cromwell. Some madmen have hoped to find in him another Monk: France and Europe behold greater conformity between him and Cæsar.

Cromwell began by knavery and hypocrisy the part which he finished in tyranny and remorse. His first appearance was not marked by that splendor which announces to the universe those who are created to become its masters. I open his history and behold his youth wasted in obscure debauchery. All of a sudden, changing his game, he affects great sobriety of manners; is converted into a fanatic and a preacher; and desires to be made a priest and a bishop. Disgusted with the church he throws himself into the career of arms. He was a follower of Buckingham in that wretched expedition against the Isle of Rhé, where the genius of Richelieu triumphed over the English. Cromwell, at this season, announced not by any

striking quality the fate which one day awaited him. Nothing distinguished him from the herd of ordinary officers. The means of his elevation were prepared by others, not by himself. The troops that rendered him victorious had been formed under Fairfax. In a word, historians praise him rather as an useful subaltern than as a great general. Moreover, his military talents, whatever these might have been, were never displayed save against his country. He was the apostle, chief, and, if it so please, the hero of civil war. *But he was not one of those conquerors who are born on a day marked as an epoch in the regeneration of the world.* Still less can he lay claim to the glory of a pacificator. One of his first exploits was to pillage the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the asylums of science. The most unworthy treatment was inflicted upon the professors, who were beaten with rods almost in his presence. A gloomy fanaticism, the enemy alike of letters and of art, directed all his actions. The spirit of his army was barbarous as his own. What finally resulted from all his successes? A frightful crime which the most determined enemies of kings dare no longer justify.

What! will not the most distant posterity cry out against the enormities of Cromwell? How atrocious was his conduct towards the unfortunate Charles, from whom he had received no injury and who had confided in his promises. Cromwell, at once the jailer, judge and executioner of his master—Cromwell, who from a neighboring window of Whitehall had the cruelty to look on while the august head condemned by himself fell upon a scaffold—Cromwell, in the most famous epoch of his life, could serve as a model only for such men as the savage Robespierre or the execrable Orleans. There wanted to these two monsters but courage to complete the resemblance. And what shall I say? Writers deserving of credit inform us that Cromwell, by his mother, inherited the blood of the Stuarts—that the assassin was the relative of the victim. This one resemblance more between Cromwell and Philip of Orleans must render the former still more hateful and more guilty. These facts show the English usurper to be but an able villain, not a brilliant hero. He is the chief of a party rather than the head of a nation. He had a strong judgment, but his mind possessed no one quality of the sublime; his character exhibits some imposing traits, but his conduct was execrable; he will ever preserve a fearful notoriety, but his sullied name cannot obtain glory.

How can such a man, under any aspect, be put in comparison with Bonaparte? The youth, the education of the French hero, were altogether those of a warrior. He was already famous at an age when Cromwell, engaged in contemptible fanatical controversies, could not even suspect that he would one day make some figure. Let the period when Bonaparte obtained the command of the army in Italy be recalled. He had scarcely completed his military studies; but even then did he show himself worthy of taking his place by the side of the greatest generals. A few soldiers, dispirited, without provisions, without pay, without magazines, feebly defended the eastern frontier against combined nations. Bonaparte appeared. In a little time he created an army; to all obstacles his activity opposed all resources. The fortresses of Piedmont fell before him. The ancient and renowned tactics of General Beaulieu yielded to the boldness of a captain of twenty-four years. Experience was vanquished by genius. Wurmser's lot was that of Beaulieu. The whole of Italy was reduced. Bonaparte pursued his success. He changed, placed and displaced at pleasure the boundaries of states. He respected the worship of the conquered people. He made the pride of kings to tremble, and, at the same

time, did reverence to the weakness of the Head of the Church. He disdained to march upon Rome, which he could so easily have reduced; but advanced within thirty leagues of Vienna, and signed, with the Archduke, the treaty of Campo-Formio, which, from that date, would have secured the peace of Europe had not the most ridiculous of all tyrants, the Directory, rendered fruitless so many triumphs. It is in fighting the enemies of France—in giving us new provinces—in covering with the rays of his own glory *crimes not his*—that Bonaparte has raised himself to the first place. What real reproach can the friends of the Revolution bring against him? *The evils which that event produced began before him.* The splendor of his services alarmed, more than once, the despots of France. He silenced in their presence the voice of his fame. To escape from their jealousy, according to report, he carried his greatness and victory into other climes. But, granting this to be the true motive, the rapid and almost marvelous conquest of Egypt no less recalls the remembrance of Alexander and of Cæsar, who triumphed in the same region. The return of the conqueror astonished yet more than his departure. He returned when our misfortunes had become extreme—when our defeats daily increased: he returned and France assumed confidence! he returned, Italy is regained in a single battle! and peace gave ease to the closing wounds of the country!

Will any one still dare to compare Cromwell to Bonaparte? We are struck with astonishment or terror while reading the history of the first; we admire and we hope on contemplating the progress of the second. The one destroyed; the other repairs. The former excited civil feud and tore her bosom to reach his country; the latter came to her, triumphing over foreign foes and calming domestic strife. Cromwell was an obscure man at forty; from his earliest youth, Bonaparte has been a hero. The one deceived, the other enlightens his age; the former insulted, the latter honors learning; the first desired to reign by ignorance, the second would govern by intelligence. Cromwell took some towns; Bonaparte has conquered empires. The Englishman became the executioner of his sovereign; the Frenchman hastened to abolish the odious festival which had been instituted by the murderers of a king; and, while the name of the *Protector* stands forever inscribed upon the roll of tyrants, the *First Consul* has already his place by the side of the greatest heroes of antiquity.

Ought I to reply to those who seek in Monk for comparisons not less absurd but more unworthy still of the Conqueror of Italy? General Monk compared with Bonaparte! Monk, the deserter of all parties! Monk, who possessed not a single quality of a superior order; who was by turns the partisan of the army, of the parliament and of Cromwell; and whose equivocal and wavering character leaves history still in doubt whether he really wished to decide for the republic or for monarchy! Is it in the leader of some obscure expeditions amid the rocks and wilds of Scotland that we are to look for the model of him whose trophies cover Europe, Asia and Africa? Is it in the delays, the irresolution, the indolence of the first that we are to seek comparisons with the most active, the most enterprising of captains? The title of Duke of Albemarle satisfied the aspirings of Monk and gratified his indolent old age; but is it to be supposed that the truncheon of the marshal or the sword of the constable could satisfy that man before whom *the universe is silent*—the destroyer and the founder of empires? Is it not known that there are certain destinies which demand the first place? that Bonaparte is too great to play a second part?

and, moreover, is it not evident that if he could even condescend to imitate Monk, France would be plunged again into the horrors of a new revolution? The tempest, instead of being stilled, would rage anew. Dethroned kings may have been able to regain their power when they possessed courage, *but kings when contemptible are without resource.* Every illusion by which their power was sustained has then disappeared forever. They must yield to that invisible and secret power which governs the universe and involves thrones in its course like meaner things. The annals of all nations—our own also—teem with such changes. Our ancestors beheld in the halls of the Sluggard kings a race of brave men spring up to replace the line of Clovis. In the decline of the Carlovingian monarchs, when the throne tottered on the brink of destruction, all on a sudden appeared a strange personage, whose real origin even is unknown to history, but whose great qualities placed him at the head of the French. Time, athwart the immense variety of events, brings into repeated action the same causes, operating the same effects; and he who is well informed of the past may predict the future. With the Martels and the Charlemagnes, not with the Monks, is Bonaparte to be compared.

We must glance back over 2,000 years to find a man in some degree resembling him; that man is Cæsar.

Cæsar in his youth gave signs of his coming greatness. He escaped, as by a miracle, from the prescience of Sylla, who beheld in him a second Marius; triumphed in three-quarters of the known world; subdued the most barbarous and the most enlightened people; rendered himself immortal in Italy, among the Gauls, and in Africa. Bonaparte, at the same age, is famous in the same countries. The predatory bands of Asia and the best troops of Europe have acknowledged his superiority. Both were born amid civil wars, and both put an end to these contentions; but Cæsar by bearing down the juster party, Bonaparte by rallying the people against lawless robbers. Here Bonaparte and Cæsar, agreeing as warriors, differ as politicians.

Cæsar, in truth, stirred up the fury of the multitude against patrician wisdom—the true bulwark of liberty; Brutus, in attacking Cæsar, defended social order against anarchy, property against the agrarian law, the people against the populace. Robespierre and his adherents, while they invoked the name of Brutus, stood confounded both by his actions and by his principles.* The ignorance of the Revolution confounded all things; it is time to re-establish the true doctrines of history and of politics. *It was against the demagogues that Brutus armed; Cæsar was the leader of these demagogues.* He attained supreme power by stifling the voice of honorable citizens through the giddy clamors of the multitude. The acclamations of his soldiery were the sole suffrages of the Dictator; the power of the First Consul has received the sanction of 3,000,000 of citizens, voting in the plenitude of their liberty. The First Consul, far from setting at variance, as Cæsar did, all ideas tending to maintain society, has restored to these their ancient reign. He protects all classes of the state, while he especially holds in honor that class which propriety, education, duty and interest call most essentially to the maintenance of the public weal. In one word, Cæsar was *an usurper and tribune of the populace*—Bonaparte is *legitimate consul.*

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* See the famous letter of Brutus to Cicero.

This different march of these two great men may perchance be ascribed to the circumstances in which each was placed; but it cannot be denied that, in other respects, their character and destiny present striking analogies. Behold Cæsar in the midst of the Strait of Epirus, in a frail bark tossed by the tempest, saying to the fisherman, his only pilot—"*Fear not, you carry Cæsar and his fortune!*" Behold him again stop for a moment at the Rubicon, and casting at once his fortune to the opposite bank, follow the voice which called him to the empire of the world!

Is it not the same genius which, at the moment when he was about to land in Egypt, in sight of an English fleet, inspired Bonaparte as he exclaimed, "*Oh! Fortune, but two days more!*" Might we not believe ourselves reading a dispatch of Cæsar when Bonaparte writes, in one of his messages from Italy—"*I behold the coast whence Alexander embarked for the conquest of Asia*"? and when we think that a few months after he was master of a portion of the conquests of Alexander!

Bonaparte, like Cæsar, is one of those dominating characters before whom all obstacles and all inclinations yield! His inspirations seem so supernatural that the belief of his being directed by a genius or particular god could not have failed to have been entertained in those ancient ages, when the love of the marvelous overflowed in all minds, and when religious opinions, by elevating the destiny of the hero and the legislator, gave security to his institutions and guarded the repose of nations.

Bonaparte, Alexander and Cæsar have often the same theater of glory; all three have triumphed in the persons of their lieutenants; all three have carried arts and sciences into barbarous countries. The two great names of antiquity exercised a mighty influence upon the future. Will the influence of the French hero be likewise durable?

Doubtless he promises to France a new age of grandeur; all hopes are bound up in his glory and in his life. Happy republic, *were it immortal!* But the lot of the great is subject to more hazards than that of common men. O new discords! O fresh calamities! if suddenly Bonaparte were to be lost to the country! Where are his heirs, where are the institutions, which might preserve his example and perpetuate his glory? The fate of 30,000,000 of the human race depends on so frail a tenure as the life of a single man! Frenchmen, what would become of you were a funereal wail to arise at once, announcing to you that this man had lived? You would fall back again under the rule of an Assembly! Alas! ten years of disaster, of errors, of misfortunes, have warned you what to expect. These terrible days are not yet afar off; near you still are those terrible days when power, interminably divided, left your fate at the mercy of factions; when tyranny was throughout all because real authority existed nowhere. To-day you are still blessed with this guardian power; *but nothing assures its enjoyment either to yourselves or to your children!* You may then again find yourselves in the midst of informers, prisons and scaffolds; to-morrow at your awaking you may find yourselves thrown into the bloody sloughs of the Revolution!

If the despotism of your Assemblies terrify you, where will be your refuge save in the military power? Where is he, the successor of Pericles? Where is that hero whom the unanimous confidence of the people and of the army will bear in peaceful triumph to the Consulate, and who will maintain himself there? You will doubtless

find great talents among your military chiefs; but who will assure you that the army will not divide its affections? that each of your generals will not have his partisans? After the death of Alexander nothing was beheld but fatal discord, bloody battles, fearful revolutions. His successors, formerly friends—companions in the same achievements and the same conquests—raised to supreme power, some by their own ambition, others by the voice of the warriors whom they commanded, soon co-operated in the ruin of the empire they had once so gloriously defended. O my country! shall thy misfortunes, like those of the ancient Republics, be equally unfruitful?

The adherents of a degenerate race will uplift their voices against these warnings; will say that they wish neither *Assemblies* nor *Emperors;* that the lawful king is upon our frontiers. The lawful king! Unfortunate France! scarcely escaped from one revolution, do thy sons invoke a new one? Look at England on the return of Charles II. On all sides blood flowing in streams over her land; men of no note—men of reputation—the philosopher and the warrior fall beneath the sword of vengeance. Look at Naples; hear the sounds of carnage re-echo through her streets, in her palaces, in her public squares; follow in their flight those exiles whom misery and grief bear beyond sea. Such is your lot if ever the Bourbons reascend that throne whence their own vileness hath driven them. You will have a revolution of another ten years—of twenty years perhaps; and to your children will be transmitted civil war as an inheritance!

Frenchmen! such are the perils of the country; each day you are in danger of falling again under the domination of assemblies, under the yoke of the S——, or under that of the Bourbons. Each moment may your tranquillity be snatched away. You sleep upon an abyss! and your sleep is undisturbed! Insensibles!——

"To how many reflections," adds Bourrienne, "does not this writing give rise. Without speaking of the profoundness of the comparisons, the justness of the appreciations, the treasures of historical discernment with which it is gemmed, let us think only that it is his own; and, for my part, I find here a proud conviction, an insolence of glory, which gives me back wholly the image of Bonaparte!" Recent events in France—events yet passing while these sheets are in the press—are calculated to awaken other and still deeper reflections. Nor can the reader fail to be struck, on perusing these volumes, with the light which they throw upon events actually taking place by explaining the remote principles, and showing that occurrences seemingly the effects of existing causes are, in fact, but the fulfillment of measures long in operation, and whose results will be found predicted in these pages often many years before.

Note L. Page 409.

Pichegru was born near Arbois, in 1761. The early events of his life are narrated in the text. His rise, not from the ranks, as has been said, but from the lowest grade of officer of artillery to adjutant-general, general of division, and commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, is among the most rapid on the records even of revolutionary rank. His abilities equaled and vindicated his good fortune. He had also very considerable interest through certain representatives of the people belonging to his native province. When in the command of the army on the German frontier he either came over or allowed himself to be brought over to the royal interest, and entered into a secret negotiation with the Prince of Condé. This was long doubted, or rather, doubts were affected to be entertained. Bourrienne, however, produces documents which were captured on the person of the Count d'Entraigues, so celebrated in the history of the Revolution, and who resided in Venice on some diplomatic mission when that state was menaced by the French arms, as related in the first volume. In attempting to escape the Count was taken prisoner; and the papers in question were copied for his own use by Bourrienne, who sat up during a whole night writing, being engaged through the day in his official employments. He moreover informs us that D'Entraigues was kindly treated by Bonaparte, whose conduct in this case has been much misrepresented. The paper introduced in the first volume by Bourrienne is not important beyond establishing the fact of Pichegru's treachery; and is more than supplied by the following letter from Moreau, which is most interesting in itself as having been addressed by that general, while in prison, to the First Consul, explaining his conduct:—Thus,

"In the short campaign of the year V. (1797), we captured the baggage of the staff of the enemy's army. A great quantity of papers were brought to me, which General Desaix, then wounded, amused himself in running over. It appeared to us from this correspondence that General Pichegru had had engagements with the French princes. The discovery gave us much pain, and me especially: we agreed to allow it to remain a secret. Pichegru, at the Legislative Assembly—(he had been chosen representative for his native province on being superseded in his command)—could less easily injure the public cause that peace was secure. I nevertheless took precautions for the safety of the army relative to a system of espionage which might have been injurious to us. The events of the 18th Fructidor were announced; inquietude became very great; two officers who had knowledge of this correspondence induced me to send information to government. I was a public functionary, and could no longer preserve silence. During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, Pichegru sometimes proposed to me very distant overtures, tending to ascertain whether it were possible to bring me over to the interests of the French princes. I considered this so ridiculous that I never even took notice of these attempts. As to the conspiracy in question, I equally assure you that I have had not the least part therein. I repeat to you, General, that whatever proposal

was made to me I rejected it from conviction, and regarded it as the most signal folly; and when the chance of a descent on England has been represented to me as favorable for a change of government, I replied that the Senate existed as an authority round which every Frenchman would not fail to rally in case of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under its orders. Such overtures made to me, an isolated individual, wishing to maintain no connection either with the army, nine-tenths of which have served under my orders, or with any constituted authority, could not receive on my part any other answer than refusal. An information was too repugnant to my character; almost always judged with severity, it becomes odious and impresses a stigma of reprobation upon him who thus stains himself in reference to those to whom he is under obligations of gratitude or with whom he may have had relations of former friendship. Such, General, is the information I have to give you concerning my intercourse with Pichegru: it will surely convince you that very erroneous and very hazardous inductions have been drawn from a conduct and from actions which, imprudent as they may perhaps be, were very far from being criminal.

END OF VOLUME I.